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Yours

Henry Morgan

The poor man's preacher and the
prisoners friend.

MUSIC HALL DISCOURSES,

MISCELLANEOUS

SKETCHES,

MINISTERIAL NOTES,

AND

PRISON INCIDENTS.

ALSO, SONG OF CREATION,

A POEM.

BY

REV. HENRY MORGAN,

PASTOR OF THE BOSTON UNION MISSION SOCIETY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

BOSTON:

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MY MOTHER'S HOME.

Newtown, Ct.

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

HENRY MORGAN was born in Newtown, Ct., March 7th, 1825. At the age of four years he lost his father, who was an inn-keeper, and who left but little for the support of the family. The family consisted of a mother and two sons. The elder son was brought up by the family of a relative, but Henry, during his boyhood, remained with his mother, and received from her the formation of his character.

In a cold snow-storm in the month of December, three persons might be seen leaving the large white house, out of which they were ejected by the debts of the father, to seek shelter in a single room of a neighbor's dwelling. A cold day was that — one of the coldest of a severely cold winter. The banks were high, and the winds blew, and as the cutting blasts pierced that thin-clad company, it seemed to say,— "There is but little charity in this cold, heartless world." Through the drifting snow the mother led the way, and the children followed. The younger boy, brave beyond his years, as he battled with the opposing elements, and strove to keep his little entangled feet above the snow, seemed to say — "Mother, do not cry. I shall be bigger by and by, and then you shall not suffer." At the opening of spring, an old store was fitted up for their reception, and there the mother

and one of the sons lived for many years. There Henry received the rudiments of his education, and his first knowledge of books. There, in gazing at the stars through the shingles of the roof, he took his first lessons in astronomy, and his first notions of the sublime. The pristine purity of that old building had never been tarnished with paint; and since it had ceased to be a place of merchandise, it was never assailed by robbers. However, to compensate the want of art upon it, a variety of flowers were creeping upon lines and lattice work over the clapboards, which made the premises more picturesque than magnificent. There twelve of the happiest years of his life were spent in studying plans for the future, in climbing the ledges, and wandering in lone musings over the hills about that lone dwelling. There yet remain the trees of his planting, which have grown with his growth; and there also stands the rock which was the rostrum of his early eloquence, where, "with shape and gesture proudly eminent," he recited Milton to the cabbage heads.

"His look drew audience, and attention still as night."

"For he in height or depth still first and last sole king."

As he lived several miles from any church or academy, he never went to sabbath school, and made but little proficiency in learning. There was nothing remarkable in his youth, but an indomitable perseverance over obstacles and blunders. In almost every thing he was engaged in, he so far overleaped or jumped aside, as to bring upon him frequent gibes from his compeers, and frequent failures. The first time he attempted to speak in debate among the school-boys, he failed; the

first time he declaimed before his teacher, he failed, and sat down to cry over it; the first time he held a religious meeting, he failed; and the first time he was advertised for a temperance address, he completely and totally failed; and the first six times he applied for preacher's license in the Methodist Church, he failed. Yet in youth he was ambitious, though it was perhaps a grievous fault, as Antony would say, for it was to excel in every thing but his books. He was first in sports, first in the race, first in the ball play, and first in the scuffle; and in riding the fastest colt in the neighborhood, no matter about the looks of it, if it would only *go*. "Action! action! action!" according to Demosthenes, was the first principle of his eloquence. Then driving Jehu-like, whether on the sled or skates or horse, he was in his natural element; though twice was he thrown from a fractious colt and taken up as one dead. When muster times came round, among the urchins he was invariably chosen commander-in-chief of the light infantry. But in boyhood the subject of this sketch was no friend of book-learning. While his mother was anxious for his improvement, especially on the sabbath, he would rather be climbing the rocks and trees and waterfalls, and watching the thunder clouds. There was one place where he was not first. It was in his class at school. He speaks of once being crowded down by a fair little miss, much smaller than himself, because he failed to spell his word; and when he saw the rod was coming for his dereliction, as he envied the girl for her station, he crowded up to her to shun the rod, and let the most cutting part of it reach the object of his envy. When the mistress saw the tears flowing from the wrong eyes, and witnessed his

chucklings over his escape, she paid him his deserts with interest. However, that trait of bad spelling was not whipped out of him for many years; but, when travelling South he saw some of the letters of Patrick Henry, he thought that he had arrived at the "Appii Forum" of literature, and thanked God and took courage.

His Christian experience in his own language is as follows: — "I was awakened to a sense of guilt and condemnation under the preaching of the Methodists, who were holding a protracted meeting several miles from the place where I was teaching; but I resorted to every expedient to quench my convictions, until the Congregationalists from Greenfield Hill, formerly Dr. Dwight's church, appointed a meeting in my own district. In a private house, on Sunday evening, there was a great crowd, and one old man made a remark in the earnestness of his speaking, against which, after meeting, I took exceptions. On the way home that meeting was the object of my ridicule. And, I suppose assisted by the evil one, to drown my convictions, and shake off religious restraint, I was ruder than I intended. For, in the midst of railing, as if Satan might rebuke Satan, the wildest young man in town came to me and said in jesting, "Morgan, this is too bad; you are the hardest case that walks these streets; you better repent, or you will be damned." If I had been shot, I could not have reeled sooner out of the ranks. I knew he was jesting; but God chose it as the arrow piercing my soul, which never should be extracted except by the blood of Jesus. I flew from the company, jumped over the fence, and trod over the fields, over the marshes, over the brambles and hedges, not knowing

DWIGHT'S ACADEMY,

Greenfield Hill, Ct.

whither or for what, but that I might go onward and still onward. Like the stricken deer, I desired to be alone, and hide my head in the thickets. I came to a large rock, in the borders of a grove, and there spent nearly all night in prayer. It was the fall of the year; the whippoorwill had sung his last note for the season, the leaves were falling, and the sound of the cricket foretold the coming of winter's desolation. I prayed, but could not weep, my heart was so hard and my feelings so desolate. Towards day I returned to my room, and waited on the Lord till the dawn of the morning, when I found some little relief, but no assurance. There was to be a meeting in a day or two at Dwight's old academy, and I resolved to go. The deacon knew the state of my feelings, and told me if I wanted an active faith I must exhibit some action in taking up the cross. He requested me to kneel down by his side, and after him to pray. It was a great cross; but I at last consented. I had said but a few words before the light broke in upon my soul. And there, as one walking in darkness, I saw a great light, and there was broken from me the yoke of my burden. I was afterwards called to teach in that academy; and the place where I knelt, and the circumstances connected with that meeting, were ever dear in my recollections. As long as that building remained, I had appointed seasons for kneeling in its venerated walls, and renewing my covenant with God. There I made my first public prayer; there I first read a commentary upon the Scriptures; and there I made my first speech. Around that academy there were also other associations of hallowed interest. There, as a teacher and a preacher, President Dwight had left a halo of glory; and the asso-

ciations connected with his teachings,—the building, the panes of glass, scratched over with diamonds, bearing the names of some of his pupils, the marked and bruised benches and desks, all now old and dilapidated, and the antiquated rostrum, in ancient architecture,—seemed to draw the curtain of the past and introduce the venerable man, seated in his chair, before the school. The public green, the spacious old church, and the private dwelling where the pupils boarded and studied, also were objects of interest.

However, soon after my conversion, as might be expected, the members of the church treated me with a little coldness, because I joined the Methodists. Perhaps it was an ill-advised step; but as my mother was a Methodist, and my sympathies were with them, and they were building a new church and gathering a new society in the northern part of the town, I trusted to God for the consequences, and joined them. God only knows what was for the best. I have been an unworthy member among them for nearly sixteen years, and perhaps, have many times grieved them and tried their patience, by the boldness of my declarations. But I believe they have not had occasion to charge me with misdemeanor, reproach me for avarice, or impeach the purity of my motives. God only knows what, in the hidden future, is in reserve for me; the past has been tracked in tears of anguish, over unexpected trials and disappointed hopes.

At sixteen, he commenced to teach school in Hopewell, a district of his native town. His wages were next to nothing, his school small; but, as he had been favored with no advantages for learning, and had no friends to assist him, he considered it a triumph; and,

by his success, he made a triumph out of it before the year closed. At seventeen, he opened school in Greenfield, and there made a profession of religion. From that time he spared no pains to improve his mind, and increase the sphere of his usefulness. The whole bent of his mind seemed to be upon the art of eloquence; this was the thought of his dreams, and of his waking hours. For seven years, though teaching much of the time, he made the art of persuasion his chief study. The school-room was the theatre for his practice; and without the use of the rod, he commanded strict obedience, and poured such enthusiasm into the young hearts of his pupils, as was rarely witnessed. Midnight and sunrise often found them at their studies; and such was the ardor of their young minds, that their parents were often compelled to interpose for the safety of their health. And such was their unbounded love for their preceptor, their untiring devotion to his pleasure, and the many sacrifices for his interests, that the parting with them was many times more affecting than the farewell greetings of his present thronging audiences.

But he longed for a wider field; he felt that men are but children of a larger growth, and moved by the same passions; he would try his talent in speaking upon temperance. His first efforts, however, were complete failures. He had borrowed the language of the learned; then endeavoring to deliver it with his hot, fiery temperament, he made himself simply ridiculous. He had not learned, until now, but that the lofty language and rounded periods of Blair and Johnson might be thundered with the vehemence of a Demosthenes. A few failures convinced him of the necessity of a lan-

guage of his own, and a knowledge of men and nature rather than books. He therefore resolved to travel; not to visit foreign courts and palaces, and not to measure the grades of royalty, but to frequent the almshouses, prisons, and hospitals of his own country, and there, with an ear tuned to the voice of their wailings, take a lesson of sorrow, and learn the language of grief. He had two objects in this; one was his own improvement in obtaining statistics, and lecturing, and the other to administer spiritual comfort to the afflicted. On foot, and with only an exhorter's license, he commenced his travels. The sabbaths were generally spent in prisons or poorhouses, and during the week he lectured in the intervening villages, drawing his arguments from his sabbath observations.

Several years were spent in this mission, and with no small advantage to himself. Now in the prison, taking notes of sympathy and sorrow in nature's own language; now reading her lettered pages upon the hills, the rivers, and the sky; now upon the plantation, familiarizing himself with slavery; and now with the vociferous acclamations of freedom; now communing with the spirits of the caves, and tuning his harp in the silence of their subterranean abodes, and now battling alone with the storm-fiend on Mount Washington, meeting its sunshine and its storms, and narrowly escaping death; now conversing with the roar of Niagara, and now with his own spirit, while a lone night wanderer, losing his way amid the darkness, cold, and snow of the wilderness; and, despairing even of life, here, amid such scenes in the classics of nature, he became familiar with her smiles and frowns, found a key to the hidden treasures of her affections, and opened the well-spring

of her tears. He is a favorite child of nature, and he has loved her from his youth. The high rocks near his home, the mountain wilds and waterfalls, yet present to him many a sacred spot, where he spent the livelong day in harmonizing the beauty of the poets and the passions of the psalmist with the voice of nature. It is said of Patrick Henry, that he neglected the business of trading, to study nature from the countenances of his customers; and, though his business went to ruin, his talents soon became the most brilliant in America. And, with the subject of this sketch, he made all things subservient to one object,—all books, all faces, all scenery, all hours, whether of labor or recreation; and these were laid at the shrine of eloquence. He was ambitious, and spent all he had, of time, talent, and wealth, upon its altars; but his was not the ambition of a military leader thirsting for blood, nor that of the millionaire for hoards of gold, nor that of the statesman for political renown; nor was his fame to be at the expense of others' ruin, but for the good of all mankind. The height of his ambition was to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, to comfort the mourning, to bind up the broken-hearted, to reclaim the back-slidden, and "vindicate the ways of God to man." Notwithstanding his efforts and desires for good, for a long time prospects were against his succeeding. He so far broke away from the restraints of custom and the trammels of the schools, determined to be himself or nothing, that he must necessarily give offence to the book-worm and formalist, and also make many failures. Determined to have no studied language, but to let nature speak her own, and having no "firstly, secondly, and thirdly," to help out the dull monotony all was risked upon the

command of the moment, and all his creative powers were taxed for a grand triumph or a total defeat. The first place where he took a text to preach was at Goshen, Ct., the land of light, an appropriate place for a young preacher; but his mind was thicker than Egyptian darkness. The house was full and there was no preacher. As the elders of the church politely invited him to officiate, he could not resist the temptation, but started for the pulpit, and took his text rather at random, and preached after the manner in which he took his text. Several pious old ladies were somewhat affected with the discourse, as they looked only at the good intentions of the preacher, disregarding criticism. But it was without system, or even forethought, and this trying ordeal convinced him of the necessity of order in his discourse, although the divisions might not be named to the audience. One member remarked, that had the text been a target, and the preacher a marksman, the safest place for deserters would be in range of it. We next find him addressing the prisoners at Wethersfield. Here was a field that harmonized with his feelings, and suited the melancholy of his soul. The analogy between the bondage of the body and that of the soul was here so striking, and the freedom of the one so like that of the other, and the prison-house of the damned so like the dungeons of earth, that a double meaning could be conveyed in almost all his language. This double meaning, like the expressions of many of the prophecies, is what dazzles the imagination, and fills the mind with crowds of images. As a speaker, this is the key-stone of his eloquence. He spoke from these words: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me

to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Never to that day had he been blessed with the like freedom of spirit and language. He rose, pale and attenuated and melancholy, with the fatigue of his pedestrian travels, and with continual reflections upon his mission, and with a morbid imagination, in fit mood to sympathize with the forlorn and unforgiven. In that discourse he seemed, like the pearl diver, to go to the bottom of sorrow, to fathom the depths of melancholy, and bottle tears from the fountain of grief. The published discourse can give no adequate idea of its effect, as the pathetic parts could not be recorded; and being oft repeated and enlarged it has lost its original force. The prisoners wept, and the keepers wept also; although they stood in rather an unfavorable light, according to the figures of the discourse. This experience in speaking where full scope may be had for the passions, was of service to him, although, at first, he did not profit by it. He had not as yet learned to suit the subject to the occasion; and not distinguishing between the solemnity of a congregation of forlorn prisoners, and the excitement of a wild, hooting rabble coming out to hear the witticisms of a temperance speech, he must necessarily miscarry. He gives the following account of a failure in a letter to his mother, dated Nov., 1849: "Alas! how changeable are all things, and how easily overturned are the prospects of man! After producing so wonderful an effect among the prisoners at Wethersfield, I had hopes of nobly succeeding in my calling. But now how changed! I cannot command the respect, or even the undivided

attention of the audience; I am every day losing confidence in myself, and matters are growing so much worse that I have thought to come home in despair, and perhaps to die with disappointment. God knows my heart and the sincerity of my motives; I have but one object, and that is to do good, and to be morally useful in the world. Some have declared that I ought to be advertised, and stopped from going about to injure the cause. One deacon turned me out of doors at a late hour of night, so that I was obliged to walk all night; and a minister remarked that my calling was towards home, and that I had better obey it as soon as possible, for I never had been, and never would be, called to preach. I am very sorry to relate this, for I know that the news will severely affect you; but you will know better how to pray for me, and, if I am compelled to come home, you will not cast me off in the time of my disappointment, but will sympathize with my misfortunes." Another letter we give, dated June, 1850: "Last Sunday I was at Schenectady, N. Y., and was invited to make my home at the house of President Nott, of Union College. He was exceeding kind to me, gave me advice like a father, and also several valuable presents. Oh, how feelingly that venerable old man prayed for me! too old to kneel, yet, with his hands over me in prayer, I felt like the sons of Jacob receiving their blessing. He sent me in his carriage to the almshouse, and would have gone with me, but for preaching in his own church at that hour. At six o'clock, by his direction, I had assembled for me, in the Methodist church, the largest audience that I thus far have ever addressed. President, professors, students and ministers, all hung spell-bound upon my lips;

and when I contrasted the education of those students with the subjects of my mission, the drunkard's children, schooled in vice and trained for prison,—when I presented the firmness and power of an educated will to resist temptation, a mind exercised to denial and disciplined in danger, fed on the intellectual rather than the sensual and gross gratifications of the flesh, and the strength of a character rooted and grounded in decision, in contrast to the imbecile, vacillating, lustful, soul-destroying habits of the sons of neglect, I found response in many a countenance, that told me my words were not in vain. I had not felt the full importance of my mission until I contrasted the sons of crime and graduates of vice with those students. I so entered into the spirit of their cause, that I seemed the embodiment of forsaken and forlorn orphanage, or of children worse than orphans. I seemed from the low places of untold misery, and the low, back under-world of woe, to rise before them, with the tattered garments and supplicating voices of their own distress. In imagination I seized the young innocent, wiped the filth from its lovely face, combed its silken locks, and dressed it in beauty, and then, presenting it to the audience, inquired wherein it differed from the son of fortune and of fame? The address was listened to with marked attention, and many friendly greetings were ministered to me." From Schenectady he visited the alms-houses in the northern counties of New York, and also the State prison in Clinton County. At this prison he obtained much valuable information concerning the evils of intemperance and infidelity, and several anecdotes of the most thrilling kind. While witnessing the care-worn culprits, working out in the

dark, damp mines the penalty of their crimes, their pale and dejected countenances untinged by the light of the sun, the doleful look of despair at sight of a preacher of the Gospel, and their trembling at the name of the Bible — that Bible, the disregard of which had wrecked all their hopes; while witnessing their penitence, and their hard, rewardless labor, in pecking at the ore and digging deeper their own dungeon, and the engines for draining the fast-flowing floods, and the strictness of the armed guard, marching to and fro with weapons of death,— it appeared to foreshadow the place where "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." From this place he travelled through various parts of Canada, and, returning through Vermont and New Hampshire, arrived the next year at Boston.

At Boston, he lectured in Tremont Temple, and to the sailors, soldiers, to the poor and prisoners, and elicited some very flattering notices from the press. After eight years he arrived again in Boston, and commenced to preach in Music Hall. The "*Ministerial Trials*" of those years are the subject for a future volume.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

Two Discourses, or a Sermon in two parts, delivered in the Boston Music Hall on Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 27, 1859.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In appearing as a religious teacher before a Boston audience, it may be necessary for me to define my position. For several years I have been laboring among the poor and prisoners in various States, and in a mission which is vulgarly termed "on my own hook." What led me to this mission may be seen in a volume of prison incidents, now in press. It may be asked, "Why not labor among your own denomination? Why not be sustained by some established society? and why not go where you are called?" I answer, that the poor to whom I am sent are not of any particular denomination; and although I have preached in nearly every Methodist church in this city, and I suppose very acceptably, yet the sermon that I shall preach to you upon "Preaching for the Times," I apprehend would be acceptable to but few churches of any denomination in this city. However, ye are to be the judges whether it be the truth, though the truth is not *always* to be spoken, and I fear not in *all places*. As to being called, there is a vast difference between being "called" and being "sent." We are often called to the place of the highest salary, and the loudest call has the sweetest silver-tone. But we are generally sent the other way, down among the poor. Says Christ, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." "I am sent to the lost sheep of the house of

Israel;" therefore, we are often *called* one way and *sent* another. And brave is the man who can resist the silver "call," and obey the copper "sent." My object in Music Hall is to present the gospel to the working classes and to the poor. This can be done by no one denomination, and by no common missionary arrangement. If you furnish a small, separate building for them, and a third-rate, broken-down preacher, the poor will not have the gospel preached to them, for they will not go there. If you say there are some free seats in the churches, still the self-respect of an American mechanic will not receive as a gift what others purchase; and if he cannot compete with others in seat and dress for his family, he will stay at home. Nothing can meet the demands but a large popular hall, where all seats are considered alike, and all persons are on a common level.

With regard to the expenses, I have nothing in Boston with which to bear them but faith. And I must confess that this is a currency in not very high demand on 'Change in State Street, and the agents of the hall here will be loth to receive it without some discount. It alarms my friends wonderfully to think that without a single backer, or a single dollar pledged, I should come, an entire stranger in the city, and while other preachers have their established churches, and members covering the whole ground, that I should hire the hall for a whole year, when three weeks rent would cost more than I ever had for preaching in my whole life. Yet such is the case. But the Lord prospered me while in youth. By teaching, I obtained enough to give a thousand dollars for my church near Bridgeport, and to give a thousand dollars to my unfortunate brother; and still "the oil and the meal are not wasted." I may be mistaken in the generosity of Boston; but, as seven years ago, when but a mere boy, I lectured in Tremont Temple, and had the expenses refunded to me, I have yet to learn that in the same community bread cast upon the waters may not again return.

SERMON I.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned. — MARK, 16 : 15, 16.

PART FIRST.

1. NOTHING could be more unpromising than this, the last commission of Christ to his disciples. To human appearance it was wanting in all the essential elements of success. It was wanting in the popularity of its author; in popularity of doctrine, and popularity of its heralds. First, the Author. — Had he started from a distinguished city of some vast empire, and from the first schools and authorities of his times, and been exceedingly popular among his own countrymen, and had presented attractive doctrines, and been followed by accomplished disciples, the world perhaps might give him a hearing. But he was from a small province, and from a small and despised city of that province. The whole of Judea was less in extent than the State of New York, and so small that Cicero affirms that "Their's must be a small God, to govern so small a territory." Could he have boasted of authority from Rome, the seat of the world's empire, or honorary degrees from Athens, the seat of learning and home of Plato and Aristotle or even from Jerusalem, the capital of his

own country, human calculation might have looked on the enterprise with favor. But to be nurtured in the most insignificant city, of so small a domain, the inhabitants of which were a byword of contempt, and the name Nazarene a reproach; to be a working carpenter, the son of a carpenter, housed in a stable, cradled in a manger, born in poverty, bred in poverty, and ever living in poverty; then to be condemned by his own countrymen, and by the laws of the very religion he preached, condemned as an impostor, slain as a malefactor, — for the followers of such a leader to think of succeeding, and those disciples themselves of low birth, mean condition, without learning, without popular influence, in fishermen garb and Gallilean brogue, for them to aspire to the seats of the Aristotles and thrones of the Cæsars, what could be more preposterous! And for such disciples of such a leader to preach a *doctrine* the most repugnant to human nature, commanding to mortify the deeds of the flesh, condemning the natural lusts and passions of man, which lusts have been deified as gods and worshipped by kings and princes, orators and sages the most renowned of earth; gods that give full indulgence to every evil yet agreeable to fallen nature; — a Bacchus for the appetite, a Mars for ambition and murder, and a Venus for the lusts; — such gods as lecherous man, all greedy, would wade through hell to worship; gods supported by laws and customs of a thousand years, and by earth's chiefest philosophers and poets, whose works are even now the classics of our schools, — for such fishermen preachers to dare disturb the shades of Demosthenes and the manes of Homer; what but a superhuman power could make them venture even the first attempt! But they were

commanded, and they went in their Master's name. And though laws and customs, principalities and powers, nature and philosophy, death and the Devil, all combined, were against them, nevertheless buoyed up and urged on by an invisible power, they felt wiser than Solon, stronger than Hercules, and braver than Cæsar. They had a secret power the world was unacquainted with; an ineradicable principle, which neither fagots, stones, nor steel could crush. Poor, yet rich in faith; foolish, yet destroying the wisdom of the wise; weak, yet mighty to the pulling down of strongholds; fighting, yet not with flesh and blood; conquering, yet not with carnal weapons, but by faith, by endurance, and by suffering. And here is the secret of their success — in bearing, enduring, suffering. The hope of immortality made them obedient unto death. The world had not seen the like. When from Jerusalem the Pharisees and disciples of Gamaliel, in their long-robed dignity, stood round a dying Stephen, and saw him praying for his persecutors, amid a shower of stones, as he was looking to Jesus at the right hand of the Father, and shouting triumphantly in death, they were astounded at the spectacle, and saw the Jewish hierachy crumbling before the suffering constancy of martyrdom. When Imperial Rome witnessed the chained martyrs marching smilingly to the rack and to the stake, welcoming the flames, which to them were but a fiery chariot to glory, — welcoming the chain of iron which is soon to be exchanged for a golden crown, — welcoming their mockery and ribaldry, when hearing far above their blasphemy, the watchword, "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life;" and seeing the heavens open to their enraptured vision, while they

were shouting victory! victory!—Rome at such a sight, shook to her foundation; Jupiter astonished, leaped from his capitolium; Bacchus reeling backward, hid his vine-clad brow; and Venus,—naked, blushing Venus, flew in terror from her pedestal to hide herself in shame; while Mars found a new warfare, that shields and helmets could not resist, nor steel repel. Ah yes, the fishermen conquered. Against the world's customs, the world's philosophy, the world's laws, the world's gigantic vices, and the might and majesty of empire, they fought, and they conquered. Heathenism flew to the dens and caves, and Idolatry, as if smitten with a thousand thunderbolts, was scattered to the moles and bats. Satan fell as lightning from heaven. The banner of the cross waved over the capitol of the Cæsars, and unnumbered millions of redeemed voices swelled in loud acclaim with the angels of God,—"*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; the whole earth is full of thy glory.*"

2. *We now consider the "manner" of their preaching, in contrast with the ministrations of the present day.* —No one will deny but that the pulpit is the great bulwark for the stability of government, the seat of the highest poetry, the home of the sublimest oratory, the fountain of the purest eloquence, and the "*Legio Fulminea*"—the thundering legion against vice, if it be properly manned. But the watchmen of the American pulpit have yet to learn, that to be "stuck over with titles wins no battles," and that reading an essay on metaphysical dogmas, "coldly correct, and critically dull," without one pointed thrust, or strong appeal, is not preaching. They have yet to learn that this fastid-

ious elaborateness; this overweaning nicety in technicalities; this "darkening counsel by words without knowledge;" this uttering things too wonderful to be understood; this cushioning the face of the hammer of God's word, lest it be too harsh for some dignified pew-holder; this diluting and dulcifying the word of God to make it palatable for high life, and so palatable that the Devil himself might drink it without turning his stomach; this hiding the sword of God's truth beneath diamonds, ribbons, and rhetorical flourishes; this fighting with kid gloves, silver canes, and buskins, — will never overturn Satan's kingdom.

How would Peter look after being commissioned by heaven to preach, in coming to Gamaliel for schoolboy lessons, and copying enough of the Targums and Talmuds, to weave into a discourse, then start for Athens with manuscript in hand, and with the gruff voice of a fisherman, and brogue of Galilee, an unlearned and ignorant man, as he and John were said to be, even after they had received the Holy Ghost, and there upon the forum of Demosthenes read a dissertation on the moral and intellectual merits of the Nazarene? How ridiculous to stand before the household of Cæsar to demonstrate, from a written essay, the necessity of abandoning all the gods and religion of their fathers, all the customs, philosophy, and poetry of a thousand years, that they might be saved by a malefactor, crucified in that little rebellious province of Judea. What a tremendous excitement he would raise! What a bluster in the court! What a furor would the reading of such a document excite! and this too, from harsh lips, used to cry, "Let go and haul! pull on the oar! look out for a storm!" How soon would the terror-

stricken gods leap from their pedestals? How soon would Plato and Aristotle seek the shade, and blush and bow before the unlettered Galilean? How soon would the Pantheon be turned into a Cathedral? and the whole Roman Empire turned *upside down?* It may be affirmed "that those times demanded earnest preaching, for they were less refined than ours." I ask what times do not demand it? Nature is the same in all times. And when in New England, in the face of these giant-growing sins, was more vehement preaching ever demanded? As to the refinement of those times, remember that Christianity was introduced into the Roman empire in an Augustian age of literature, an age of superior learning. And the sages of those times we call masters, and their works are the text-books for our diplomas. And the same preaching now will have the same effect as then. And the world is to be Christianized by such preaching, if Christianized at all.

3. *Object and Language of Preaching.* — The apostles had but one motive, one object, and one aim; and that was the conversion of sinners. If that were attained by preaching, they gave God the glory; and if by their suffering and death, they rejoiced to be counted worthy to die. In perils by sea, in perils by land, perils in the city, and perils in the wilderness, perils by robbers, and perils by false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, watchings and fastings, hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, in deliverance or death — they were alike invincible. Such were the first preachers of Christianity. In language they were untrammeled with the technicalities and dialectics of the schools, the

prolific source of so many deists and atheists of our day; but coming direct from the people, their sympathies were with the people, their language was simple, earnest, vehement, and overwhelming. Goldsmith says of Dr. Johnson, if he were to write a fable about the fishes, he would make the little fishes talk like great whales. And Macaulay affirms that "All the doctor's books are written in a learned language, which nobody hears from his mother, or his nurse; a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives a bargain, or makes love; a language in which nobody ever thinks or dreams!" And here is the great fault of modern preaching. Its language is from books, not men. Religion is a social principle, entering into all the affairs of life, and should be preached in a social manner. The very name of homily, once meant a social discourse. Religion should be preached in naturalness. We are natural in every thing else but preaching. Away with your multitude of "firstly, secondly, thirdly," and forty other arbitrary divisions, subdivisions, and sub-sub-divisions. They are not allowed in other oratory, and by whose authority are they inflicted on the pulpit? By preachers, not by the people. The people demand social colloquial preaching; such as Jesus delivered in parables by the sea-side; when preaching about sheep, fishes, and harvest fields. Such was the preaching of Paul, when he preached all night at Troas. Such was the preaching of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, when receiving vociferous applause from the audience. But now even a loud "amen" in our sleepy times, would start dignity from his boots, and shock a fashionable audience like an earthquake. Origen, who first intro-

duced metaphysical subtilties, also introduced dangerous heresies. And in the present day, dogmatic theology and mechanical preaching are making more infidels than all the infidel writers in Christendom. The Bible has been belied by its pretended defenders. O ye followers of the fishermen! Infidelity laughs at your sham fighting, your blank cartridges, and paper bullets. She mocks your fastidious folly in cushioning the hammer, covering the sword, veiling the pit, and stupefying the nostrils with metaphysical essences, to prevent the smell of brimstone. She derides your mock dignity in standing above the stature of common men. Come down from your scholastic stilts and walk like men. Doff your formal strait-jacket before your audience is congealed into an iceberg. Away with your essences and quintessences, and give your hungry people bread. Throw off the cumbrous armor of Saul, and choose the pebble-stones and the sling. Cry out, "Fire! fire! fire!" like a faithful watchman when the city is in danger. Not "*Ignis! ignis! ignis! fuge iræ Dei Tonitrus!*" But "Fire! fire! flee the thunders of God's wrath." Let your words be simple. Some of the strongest expressions in language are composed of monosyllables. "God said let there be light: and there was light" — is one of them. Sanctimonious dignity would say, "The Omnipotent commanded; and forthwith corruscations of effulgence descended upon the sable brow of Erebus." O supercilious pomposity! Presume, O Professor Bubble, to teach language to the Almighty! God's word is yea, nay, and amen. Jesus Christ could use satire. Concerning Herod, who was threatening his life, he said, "Go ye and tell that fox, Behold I cast out devils to-day

and to-morrow, and cannot perish out of Jerusalem." Elijah could mock the priests of Baal, and say, "Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." John the Baptist said to the proud Pharisee and Sadducee, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Peter said to them, "Ye have killed the Prince of life." He call them murderers to their face. Paul could be all things to all men with a language suited to the meanest capacity. But we, forsooth, to silence the batteries of hell, must flee from common language, and flee from common men, and fortifying ourselves behind the pulpit, we must give out orders in Latin, exercise in buckram, and fight with puff balls!

4. *Need of Change.* — Thus we contrast with the preaching of our fathers and the apostles. What but a thorough change can meet the exigencies of the case? Infidelity assumes new forms, erecting new batteries in our very midst, yet we must meet them with old stereotyped, man-made tactics, and sheathing the blunt blade of God's eternal truth, fight with split hairs, peacocks' quills, and ostrich feathers. Intemperance grows gigantic, unmet by either law or gospel. Maine Laws are but cobwebs, and pulpit essays but gossamer; yet they tell us "there is no need of change." "Is there not a cause?" said David when the Philistines threatened Israel with total overthrow, with none to meet the giant; and is there not a "cause" for a change of warfare in our Israel? a cause for simpler weapons, and for a stronger arm of faith? Walk ye down these streets where Infamy holds her diabolical reign; Debauchery her gilded

chambers of death; Intemperance her hell; Blasphemy her orgies; Incendiarism her midnight torch; and Murder her drawn dagger, checked neither by Church nor State; then tell me there is not a cause! Tell me that a gospel able to save to the uttermost, the odds and ends of earth, the lowest of the low, cannot be made to bear in their case! Tell me that a gospel which in olden times could overturn Roman prostitution, Roman laws, customs, philosophy, government, and all, cannot now avail with law and government in its favor! "Oh, Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the Philistines rejoice, lest the uncircumcised triumph." I ask if all the harlots and inebriates were to reform to-day, how many churches of this city would welcome them on a level with themselves? How many would receive them, and, Christ-like, have it said, "He eateth with them?" How many would present a gospel they could understand? How many to reform a drunken sailor would welcome him to their velvet cushions and millionary pews? How many of the preachers have time to visit these outcasts? And if they should, how many are competent to sympathize with the mourning, and bind up the broken hearted?

5. *Methodists.*— Shades of the Wesleys! Fathers of Methodism! Where now your ancient glory? Tomb of Whitefield! Shrine of the brave! Where that voice that once shook the world? Oh, stir your venerable bones! rouse your hallowed dust; and from your sacred ashes let there rise the phœnix of a new reformation. And ye fathers of American Methodism! Ye once despised Methodists! ye whose names were cast out as evil! ye graduates from Nature's own uni-

versity — from kitchens, schoolhouses, camp-meetings, and barns. Ye whose diplomas were written with the finger of God; and whose only criterion was success! Look down from your glorified seats, upon us your children. Bow your reverend heads and weep, if immortals can weep, over our condition. Look upon the heritage ye have left us. Where the example ye have taught us? Where the followers ye may call your children? Where that untiring zeal which drove you through all weather, all reproach, all sacrifice of body and soul, for Christ? Where that zeal for the conversion of sinners, which rejoiced with joy unspeakable at their coming home to God; which considered every sermon a failure without immediate results? a zeal that cries, "Give me souls else I die!" Where that sympathy for the poor? that Christ-like compassion for them which made many a multitude rise up and call you blessed? Where that apostolic success which broke forth on the right hand and on the left? which made the wilderness and solitary places to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose? Where those Boanerges thundering along the line, breaking the ranks, and scattering the foes of God? Where those loud shouts that made many a Jericho fall, and many an enemy cry out, "It is the power of God?" Where that unconquerable faith which took no denial; which laughed at impossibilities; which looked for great results, expected great results, and had great results? Alas! alas! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished." Alas! "The bow that turned not back, and the shield of the mighty are vilely cast away." Oh, what a falling off is here! And why is this? Is sin less abounding?

Are the poor less needy of the gospel? Is a world lying in wickedness now more easily converted? Is there no need of the burning exhortations of our fathers? Is there no need of watchmen that will cry aloud; lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins? Has human nature changed, that men must be converted by other means than preaching? Shall sinners go unwarned to hell? Hear it, Almighty God! Shall they people the regions of dark despair without one inviting voice? *No!* NO! by yonder Common, where Jesse Lee preached; by yonder Old Elm, whose umbrageous boughs overshadowed the first Methodism of this metropolis, no! by the tomb at Newburyport, it shall not be! no, so long as Whitefield's bones remain in glorious repose upon our shore, our text shall yet ring in the castle walls of infidelity, and the ungodly shall hear it; "He that believeth not, shall be damned." Not condemned merely, as some would have it, but damned, *eternally damned in hell fire!* Alas, how few dare to preach the doctrines of their creed!

6. *Modern Whitefields.* — A certain divine stated to me his reasons for this spiritual dearth, in New England. He said that he thought there had been too much preaching, and too great preaching; there were so many Whitefields now-a-days, that their preaching ceased to have the effect of early times. Oh, wonderful age of Whitefields this! I ask, who among the modern Whitefields preaches from seven to fourteen times a week, and when preaching six or nine times, considers it short allowance? Who, with deep emotion before every audience, speaks.

> "As if he ne'er might preach again,
> A dying man to dying men."

Who, in agony of soul, and strong cries and tears, feels the destiny of immortal souls hung upon the efforts of every moment, either for heaven or hell? Who feels his knees trembling, his veins swollen ready to burst, his heart bursting with grief, and his eyes a fountain of tears while praying, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and still feeling, "Wo is unto me, if I preach not the gospel"? Who sacrifices all for Christ — home, friends, ease, wealth, reputation? Who goes from house to house, and from town to town, like a blazing comet, preaching at all hours, in all places, and in all weather, and giving every dollar for Christ! O ye modern Whitefields! Ye who use your voice only one day in seven, and always harp, harp, harp on the same key, never exerting more than one muscle, and that the tonsil of the throat, killing yourself, and, if possible, killing your audience deader than yourself! Great indeed are your labors, and great your sacrifice! Ye have distress it is true, but it is a bronchial affection; and ye have deep-seated agony, but it is in the *constipation of the digestive organs*, rather than the soul!

7. *Is there no Remedy?* — O America! has it come to this? Shall science advance with railroad and telegraphic speed, and preaching retrograde? Shall infidelity triumph on Puritan soil? Shall its blights and blasts and mildew hang over us like the plagues of Egypt? Shall its pitchy cloud of locusts, eat up every green thing, with no rod of Moses to drive them into the sea? Shall it part the sacred ties of husband and

wife, destroy the confidence of society, desecrate the Sabbath, tear down our altars, break up our Sabbath schools, undermine the pulpit, trample upon the Bible, blaspheme the Holy Trinity, break over all law, all order, disorganize all government, throw off all responsibility to God, fill the retreats with spiritual maniacs, transforming men into hobgoblins, pale, walking, melancholy ghosts, shapes jostling together like icebergs, crushing every hope, whose tempers are as touchy as friction, jealous as fiends, and morose as the damned? Shall these pall-bearers, leading the van of all evils, open the box of Pandora, the floodgates of hell, and send streams of infernal lava in every circle, to every fireside, with no prophet to cry against it? Shall the giants of Gath with shield and spear, and loud menacing, blaspheme and defy Israel's God, with no David and sling to meet them? Shall the ark, the covenant of all our hopes, and promises for earth and heaven, fall into their hands, with no Eli to mourn its loss? Shall this spiritual famine continue, with no Carmelite Elijah to pray for rain? While the walls of Zion are crumbling, and the mason work of our hopes is washing away, shall we still daub with untempered mortar? While the dead and dying are lying around us, can we find no balm in Gilead? Hark! the sound of conflict is heard! The battle is already begun; the enemy have sounded the charge with the voice of the trumpet; and shall we flee to our tents, fold our arms, and cry "Peace, peace" when there is no peace? God of Sabbaoth forbid! No! no! the foes of God shall hear a rumor; the coming of a blast is upon them; the wing of the death angel is heard; there is a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees! God with a

shout, is in our camp! The Dagon of infidelity, shall fall before the ark of the Lord. Through the long night of our past experience, Gideon's torches now blaze the sky, and shouts go up "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The Midianitish hosts shall tremble at the boldness of the faithful. Already their swords, are turned against their fellows. To the spoils, to the spoils! O Israel! Sound the battle! On! on to the charge! The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; for one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Awake! Awake! New England? Arise and shine, for thy light has come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

8. *Demosthenes.* — Could Demosthenes and Cicero have had the themes of the pulpit for their oratory, what models of eloquence might have come down to us? And what would be their indignation, could they see the cold, lifeless essayists now occupying our pulpits, with false dignity striving —

> "The parts of a hair to divide
> Betwixt the north and north-west side,"

when the interest of immortal souls, destined for an eternity of pleasure or pain, are hung upon their efforts — an interest which the angels of God are more concerned in, than in the fate of empires, — an interest which robbed heaven of its high occupant and brought the Son of God to earth, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, — an interest which grasped the world's iniquities, and with ten thousand deaths pierced him to the tree; brought upon him the concentrated agonies of all ages, all pains, all penalties,

for all time, and eternity; that made the earth quake, rocks rend, graves open, heaven frown, angels weep, hell shudder, and even the Father to hide his face, when justice dropped her unpitying thunder-bolts upon the son of his love, — an interest which spans three worlds, earth, heaven, and hell, — an interest so deep in the hearts of angels, that while they pass over the consultations of courts, cabinets, and kingdoms, and the overturning of thrones and dynasties, in their high commission, they settle down in some obscure prayer circle, and there finding a penitent Lazarus, bind up his wounded spirit, pouring in the oil of joy for mourning, and presenting him the white stone, with a new name written in it, which shall be his password at the gates of heaven. These messengers of mercy, then carrying the glorious news back to heaven, make all the angels of God rejoice over one sinnner that repenteth. They are more interested in a sinner's welfare, than for an empire, because the soul is immortal, and its kingdom, which is to be won or lost, eternal. It shall reign in heaven, or wail in hell, when the empires of Alexander and Napoleon are sunk like a millstone into the sea of oblivion; and when our beloved America, grown gray with years, and corrupt with the political vampires now at her vitals, shall have performed her mission among the nations, and found her tomb; and when the world itself is dissolved like the "baseless fabric of a dream," and the stars are fallen "even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind," and the sun, and systems of suns are all blotted out; "and the heaven is departed, as a scroll when it is folded together, and passed away with a great noise, and the elements have

melted with fervent heat." Then shall the soul, secure in its own immortality, smile at the "wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds." Could Demosthenes have had the themes of the atonement for his orations, embracing all worlds, all intelligences, all interests, present, past, and future, — and could he pour into them the self-sacrificing spirit, the courage, energy, and vehemence, which pervades his Philippics, what models of eloquence might have been ours! Then, could he see with what indifference these themes are handled by modern divines, how lifeless, and tearless their efforts in the face of the most appalling infidelity, and enormous sins, he would swear by the gods that they were bribed by Philip; or affirm as a Christian, that they were leagued with the Devil.

9. *The Conflict.* — How long, O Lord, shall these things be? How long shall the broken-down walls of Zion lie desolate? How long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall the watchmen sleep? How long shall the dry bones of backslidden churches, "very many and very dry," fill the valleys and whiten the plains, with no trumpet to sound a resurrection, and no prophet to call breath upon them? I behold a vast multitude before me. What meaneth this gathering but the coming together of bone to its bone, at the call of God's spirit? What meaneth the heaving of these sighs, these deep, suppressed groans, struggling with the travail of your pent-up spirit, but the rattling power of the resurrection? What meaneth the gush of these tears that thread your cheeks, this net-work of tender hearts, but the sinews that bind bone to its bone? What mean these gifts, these generous

contributions, these benevolent offerings, but the flesh that covers the dry bones of your profession? What meaneth the burden of these prayers going up as incense before God, but the skin that hideth your good works beneath the sovereignty of Heaven? But shall this be all? Can these dry bones live? Shall there be no breath of faith? Shall you come together in vain? give in vain? weep in vain? pray in vain? Shall we see the beauty of form only, — the fair countenance, the lovely eye, yet eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that beat not, with no breath in them? Then come from the four winds, O breath, and let these bones live? *O Breath!* BREATHE upon these slain! Bid them rise, and stand upon their feet, a mighty army, terrible with banners, filling the valleys, covering the hills! and led on by the Captain of our salvation, and by the chariots of God, which are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels, they shall *charge* the principalities of hell! *rout* the powers of darkness! *pull down* the pillars of infidelity! *storm* the castles of impiety! and with he torch of God's fiery indignation, entering the pandemoneum of iniquity, shall burn the palaces of her lusts to the lowest hell. Then, on to the strife! Why stand ye idle? Why wait for a more convenient season? Why close your eyes to danger? Why fold your arms with indifference? Why stand in stupidity? Why gaze in astonishment? Why stare like dumb brutes when religion is assailed and God is blasphemed? Hark! the chariots of God are now raging! they leap upon the top of the mountains! His coursers cry *ha! ha!* at the sound of the trumpet and the thunder of the battle. Then, on to the strife! I see you blush at your former stupidity: you are

ashamed of your indifference; you weep at your little faith. But now you scorn the foe. Already I see a thousand eyes flash with victory; a thousand hearts beat to the tread of battle; a thousand hands grasp the sword of God's eternal truth; and a thousand spirit voices shout, to arms! to arms! victory! victory! until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever!

PART SECOND.

10. *Now for the Doctrine.* — "He that believeth shall be saved; and he that believeth not, shall be damned." I have not come among you to preach politics, but faith in Jesus Christ. And I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. I shall not preach upon the much-mooted subject of slavery, bad as slavery is — for I know its evils; I have witnessed them in almost every Slave State; yet I know of worse evils, and nearer home. As a missionary of God, from State to State, for several years, I have walked down the abodes of poverty and imprisonment. And there, among the forsaken, the forgotten, and the unforgiven, I have fathomed the abyss of their sorrow, have taken a measurement of their woes, and a dimension of their crimes; and have found the great source of all their misfortunes to be the rejection of the principles of the Bible. Unbelief in the all-seeing eye of God, unbelief in his judgments, and the atonement of his Son, hath wrought their ruin. Hear me ye imprisoned apostles! hear me ye martyrs! who went from chains and imprisonment, bonds and afflictions, up to

glory! I would rather be, for my enjoyment here, and hopes of heaven, the meanest, cringing slave of Georgia, hard fed, hard driven, bought and sold, mauled and maimed, than the proudest infidel that ever shrieked freedom this side of hell! O infidelity! thou curse of curses, bane of banes! thou death of life, and bane of death; thou despair of the tomb, gloom of the grave, and barrier of heaven! What hearts hast thou not broken! what graves hast thou not dug! what dungeons hast thou not peopled! and what souls hast thou not damned! Thou mother of abominations! floodgate of crimes! portress of hell! great deep of damnation! bottomless pit of all that is grovelling, sensual, devilish, malignant, infernal! rather than bow to thy shrine, I would be the sport of folly, the wreck of fortune, the target of devils; be chained, racked, tortured, burned, maligned after death, and have my very ashes traduced as a malefactor. Bad as the Catholic Church may be called, it is better to believe too much than nothing at all. I would rather have the faith of an Irishman than an Infidel. I would rather be like the Paddy, under conviction, in a Protestant meeting, when the minister asked him why he kept praying to the Virgin and to the saints. "O Misther praste," said he, "I ba sich a grate saner, it would same as if that Jasus couldth not save ma alone, and may be the saints might help a latle." Well may we say that even such faith is better than no faith no faith at all.

"Ah me! the laurel wreath that murder wears,
Blood-stained, and nursed with widows' tears,
Is not so noxious, half so dread
As wreaths of nightshade round the sceptic's head."

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Ah, sir, he, and he only, that believeth shall be saved, be his sins few or many, venial or heinous. But it was not in the power of Christ, the Omnipotent God, to perform miracles against unbelief. This is the only barrier against the salvation of the world. And among all the sins and crimes that ever darkened judgment, blackened the book of doomsday, or savored of the pit, counted in numbers or magnitude, this is the only one that transcends the power of the atonement. It is the blasphemy which shall not be forgiven in this world, neither in the world to come! Come, thou vilest wretch that ever breathed, with debauchery festooned upon thy face, murder in thy heart, blood on thy hands, a drop beneath thy feet, and a halter on thy neck, believe, and thou shalt be saved! Come, thou dying thief, hung by a nail, one foot in hell, fiends at thy feet gnashing for thy soul, and winged shadows of the death angel coming and going from thy dizzy brain, turn, in one of thy lucid moments, turn to Jesus, *look* and *live!* Come, thou malicious spearman, whose bloody hands pierced the Son of God, and with the sanguine current still staining thy flesh, *believe* in the power of that blood, and *thou* shalt live! Come, mockers! come, scorners! come swearers and harlots and whoremongers! come all, all but thee, O unbeliever! barred, forever barred are the gates of heaven to thee! Thou who dost deify thy morality, and, with all thy heart's rottenness, makest thyself an angel of purity, thou who wouldst "sit upon the sides of the north, ascend above the heights of the clouds, exalt thy throne above the stars, and be like the Most High, thou shalt go to hell, and to the sides of the pit."

11. *Doom of the infidel.* — O thou who livest in the noontide of Christianity, and in the Eden of its habitations; — thou who art surrounded with Puritan altars, Puritan prayers, Puritan hills, every tree and leaf of which is labelled with Bible truths, truths attested by the accumulated testimony of eighteen hundred years, and by ten thousand times ten thousand dying saints; — thou who canst trample upon the promises and threatenings of God in the face of such testimony, and in the face of that convicting Spirit, now witnessing with thy spirit that his word is true, what hell is deep enough for thy sins? It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for thee; though, as St. Jude declares, they are now suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. They had but one preacher, and he a venial man, yet they have already suffered four thousand years! and still it shall be more tolerable for them than for thee! Hear it, O unbeliever! In sealing thy judgment, the time, place, and circumstance of thy sinning will be considered; and when and where couldst thou oppose greater light than in this the nineteenth century, and in New England? Oh! it shall be said to thee, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity! ye knew your duty, and ye did it not. I gave you space to repent, and ye repented not. Give unto him double; reward him as he hath rewarded me — double for double. The unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Down, ye, to the nethermost hell! Down, beyond the fate of Admah and Zeboim; beyond the Jewish high priests of iniquity; beyond the murderers of Christ; beyond the deep-down cell of Judas; down, down!" — there is no

bottom. Ah, sir, methinks I hear you cry; "oh that I had a cloak for my sin! oh that I had lived in some dark age of the world; some barbarous clime; some island shore! Oh that I had been the meanest, untaught slave! Alas! alas! for me. Oh, pity me ye stars! ye shall no more beam hope to me! Farewell hope! farewell mercy! farewell heaven! Make way for me ye ebon sons of bondage! make way for me ye sons of Korah! make way for me ye Zidonians and inhabitants of the dark ages. I knew my duty, but I did it not. O ye Ninevites! ye are as far above me as heaven from hell. Ye had but one sermon, and I a thousand; and still I repented not. Oh that I could kneel at a mother's feet, and hear once more a mother's prayer! Oh, could I hear once more the inviting voice, 'Come, ye sinners, come!' oh, could I see that bleeding side once more, and feel its blood applied! Oh that I had believed! Alas! I did believe in part, but chose rather with half the testimony to believe a lie. But now my fate is fixed. I am a chained culprit, borne down to the prison-house of woe. O ye damned of other ages and of other climes! before your dark abodes I pass, I pass you all. I see written over your cells the age and nation in which ye lived; but none suits my case. Deeper, far deeper is my doom. O ye antediluvians, I pass your doleful regions! and ye Galileans, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell; O ye of Chorazin and Bethsaida, I pass as far below you as from the 'centre to the utmost pole.' Make way for me ye Sodomites! clear the burning track for a sinner of the nineteenth century! Open the gap of flames for a Bible-reading, Puritanic infidel of free America! Oh, hush your groans, ye of

Gomorrah; silence your sobs to the sound of greater agonies. Far down I see there, with smoking mouth, beneath a burning crag, dropping pitchy sulphur, hot with hell, a cave; and over it written, '*Infidels and backsliders of the nineteenth century from New England.*' There, there is my doom! There comes a harmony of feeling to my soul. Hail, thou infernal den! hail, ye grim-visaged shapes, mouthing my woe, and gibing my agony! Hail, horrors, hail! and ye deep-down dungeon cells, ye reverberating, circumambient walls, sounding my wailings, '*echo with me the* EVERLASTING GROANS, unpitied, unreprieved, unrespited ages of hopeless end!'" — O my God! am I out of hell? Do I yet breathe this buoyant air? Doth this heart beat with the current of life? Am I still standing on the shores of time? Is this brain tortured only in imagination? Do I see human faces before me, or are they gibbering shapes, mocking my calamity? Are these glimmering lights where hope may be found? May prayer yet avail? May I yet believe and be saved? Hear me, O thou bleeding Son of God! if, —

> "While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return,"

hear me, and save me from this untoward generation! oh, save me from this vile heart of unbelief!

12. *To whom shall the gospel be preached?* — "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Judging by the splendid churches, fancy ornaments, and cushioned pews of our times, we must preach most, where they pay most, and of course preach very soft doctrines. These rich Pharisees hold-

ing the chief seats in the synagogue will cool off amazingly! a preacher's zeal for strong doctrine! and for the poor! "Woe to the shepherds that feed themselves, and not the flock, that feed upon the fat, and are clothed with the wool. Ye have not brought back them that were lost, and the diseased ye have not strengthened." To whom then are we to preach offered mercy? To thee O penitent! whoever thou art, and however deep thy crime. Come, then, ye daughters of affliction, and ye sons of adversity; your hearts are in tune to hear His pardoning love; He shall give you the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!" Come ye from the dark cells of the prison; "He shall proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Come ye from her "whose house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death;" "Whosoever will, let him come; whosoever believeth shall not perish; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Hear it ye!—"all the world, and every creature!" ye vilest of the vile, lowest of the low, dregs from the surfeit of sin, ye sweep of the streets, ye filth and offscouring of the world, hear it! "he that believeth shall be saved;" whosoever, *whosoever*, he may be! Oh that glorious word "whosoever! thine arm stretches from pole to pole! it reaches to the chiefest of sinners, it has found me. Come, then, ye publicans and sinners; come ye adulterous Davids; come ye blind, lecherous Samsons; come, ye Rahab harlots; ye Mary Magdalenes, full of Satan, seven devils deep, "look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Come, then, ye "ends of the earth;" ye of the refuse of humanity, ye apostates from every moral

sense, ye outcasts, ye footballs of contempt, kicked out of the backdoor of humanity, scorned and trod upon by the Devil himself, ye fag ends of the earth look! look! only look! and be saved. Come, thou tottering, reeling, palsied wretch, staggering, falling backwards to the very "ends of the earth," rise, from the gutter, paw no more in the filth of the sewer, raise thy slimy hands towards heaven, part from thy brow, the matted locks, all thick with the gum-resin of the sulphur pit! wipe the bituminous film from thine eyes; look! look! and even *thou* mayest be saved! for God is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto him, through Jesus Christ! What a glorious gospel is ours! how omnipotent for the salvation of the whole world, and every creature, even to the uttermost, all that believe.

13. *The anxious inquirer.* — "Oh that I knew where I might find him." Many of you now convicted of sin, like the Philippian jailer cry "what shall I do to be saved!" I hope to tell you so clearly, that hundreds this very night may leap into life! It is the simplest thing in the world if ye only know how. Believe, believe! and that only. Here lies the difficulty; you want to do some great thing, perform some crusade to Jerusalem, and lay your offerings at the tomb of Jesus, and win by noble deeds your own salvation. This you cannot do; Jesus must have all the honor to himself. Thy pride must come down, be humbled to the very dust. You say, "I am humble, my heart is broken, I shall die without religion, I would give all the world for it." All the world will not buy it; if so, there would be no need of Christ. Christ was made

sin for thee, who knew no sin; then cast thy sin upon him. "But I am so great a sinner, I would not dare tell what I have done." Thou art just the sinner for Christ. They that are whole need no physician, but they that are sick. He came not to call the righteous but sinners. The greater sinner, the greater glory to Christ; sin recommends thee to him. "Oh, if I could live my life again, I would do better, I would lead a new life." Nay, nay, thou wouldst do worse, nature grows worse; but believe, and thy life becomes new. "But I have done nothing to win favor, and can do nothing." Do! do is not in the text: believe, is all. "But I cannot see through it; I cannot believe, unless reason and philosophy lead the way." Then reason and philosophy must save you; not faith. You can see that you are a sinner, and that Christ is able and willing to save you. You can see his bleeding side, and cast all your sins in the fountain of his blood, you can look only and live. "But I am so unworthy I would give all my goods to feed the poor;" yes you might, and your body to be burned, and still be damned. "O sir, you will drive me to despair!" Just what I want; despair of being saved by works, "lest ye should boast." Where is boasting, then, it is excluded. By what law? By the law of faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Believing, then, is all. One says, "Mine is a peculiar case; I have rejected so many offers, made so many vows, and broken them, until I have grieved the spirit, and driven it forever from me." Yes, thou art worse than the Hottentot, or the Sodomite; a condemned sinner of the deepest dye; but David said — "Have mercy on me, O Lord, for mine iniquity is great." As if the

greatness of his sins, was his only recommend. So with thee, the magnitude and heinousness of thy crimes, will bring thee sooner to Christ. If they are pressing thee down to the pit, and driving thee to despair, the more anxious wilt thou flee. "Oh, then I will flee to Christ! to-morrow I will go to some friend, some preacher, and try to find a Saviour." To-morrow! thou mayest be in hell! Now is the accepted time, — not to-morrow, — behold now is the day of salvation. "Oh, if I could kneel at some consecrated altar, with praying saints around me." What then? the altar cannot save you, nothing but faith in Christ.

Now, how much do you believe? You cannot doubt his ability to save, He, who made the world; you cannot doubt his willingness, He, who died for thee. Then, if ever He were willing, it is now; — now, while the waters are troubled; — now, while the wing of Mercy's angel is still flashing hope over thy countenance; — now, while the Spirit is moving upon the face of the waters, upon this sea of upturned faces, and like a mighty rushing wind, heaving each bosom with thoughts of immortality; — now, this very moment, without even falling upon thy knees, without stirring a finger, or speaking a word, or moving a lip. Look! look! look to Jesus and live! I have heard of a certain English gentleman who was convicted while passing the place where a humble company were praying. They had become so engaged, so lost in the will of God, so close in the fight that they used very short weapons. "Now, Lord!" was their cry, "now, Lord! now, Lord!" The gentleman was indignant at such noise and such language, and resolved on prosecution. He thought they were a nuisance to the neighborhood; they were com-

mitting horrid blasphemy. His anger raged still higher as "Now, Lord!" followed him home. Haman-like, however, he found no comfort in revealing his anger to his family. "Now, Lord!" haunted his dreams, drove slumber from his eyes, and turned the morning into darkness. No morning meal could be relished, and no solace from a kind wife could soothe his troubled spirit. "Now, Lord!" seemed his hell. Oh, the anguish of his soul! Where could he go for relief? Now he felt he had too hastily condemned those poor praying saints. He would ask their forgiveness. He came and fell upon his knees. They prayed for him, but had not prayed long before they felt the appointed moment come; and nothing was needed but to believe. "Now, Lord!" they cried, and he cried, "Amen!" Soon it was his time to cry, "Now, Lord!" Faith grasped the promises: he felt them his own. "Now, Lord, bless me,—poor, unworthy me. Now, Lord, I feel thee near. I do believe; help thou my unbelief. Now, Lord, I will praise thee; hallelujah! Glory to God!" Sinner! Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good. Now believe on him; now take the balm of his love for thy sin-sick soul; now let go thy grasp on the trembling verge, and fall into the arms of his love; now, chased by the blood avenger, flee! flee to the refuge; now, falling into the pit, lay hold of the hope set before thee; now, starving as thou art, feed thy hungry soul with the bread of eternal life; now, clothe thy nakedness with the robe of his righteousness; now bathe thy black soul in the fountain of his blood; now, hearing his dying groans, and seeing his bleeding side, look! look! look and live!

BY REV. HENRY MORGAN.

To your arms! to your arms!
O ye warriors of heaven;
Sound the trumpet's alarms
For the challenge is given;
There the foe rushes on!
And his forces are legion.
Oh! for God and his Son,
Fight and die for religion.

Seize the shield and the sword,
And the helm of salvation;
As a hammer the word,
As a rock hold your station.
Now the shock! oh the shock!
Heaven's thunders in rattle
Smite the foe as a flock,
And they're fleeing in battle.

By a glance of the sword,
Infidelity's retreating;
By the power of the word,
Vice and crime are abating.
Shout, hosanna to God!
For earth's kingdoms he gaineth.
"Hallelujah! the Lord
God Omnipotent reigneth."

Rise! ye wounded, arise!
For, though sad your condition,
There's a balm for your eyes,
And a heavenly physician.
Rise and look! look and live!
For your faith wins a heaven:
When you ask—He'll forgive,
When believe—you're forgiven.

Christians! on to the fight!
For the prize is before you;
Let your armor be bright
For the regions of glory.
Oh, be shouting in death,
When the victory's given,
And your last fleeting breath
Shall be singing of heaven.

SERMON II.

PREACHING TO THE POOR.

Delivered in Boston Music Hall, March 6, 1859.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. — LUKE, 4 : 18.

1. THESE are the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, quoted from Isaiah concerning himself. He came to Nazareth where he had been brought up, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and after reading the words of the prophet, said unto them, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Here is the sign of a true gospel minister; he commences his mission by preaching to the poor. The reason assigned for his preaching the gospel to the poor is, because he is anointed of the Lord. He must, therefore, have the Spirit of the Lord upon him, for but few persons without this Spirit would seek so unprofitable an employment. This text shows the reason for a man's preaching, and a sign for his having a call to preach. His heart goes out in holy affection for the poor, and he longs for the salvation of the needy. He has the spirit of his Master who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. He has a self-sacrificing spirit; and will humble himself that others may be exalted. He himself is generally poor, yet making

many rich. He binds up the broken-hearted, and seeks the outcast, and the lost. He feels himself sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Whitefield and the Wesleys under God commenced their reformation among the poor. The lamented Summerfield was converted among a few poor soldiers, and he made the forlorn and the outcast the first objects for his religious labor. Dr. Chalmers and Rowland Hill opened the way for their glorious mission, and enlarged the mighty sphere of their usefulness by their noble efforts for the poor. The early Methodists of America were noted for their poverty, as well as for their holy living and their faith. Purity and poverty were twin sisters of Methodism. The Waldenses, inhabiting the valleys of the Alps, who have held to the purity of the doctrines of God's word in spite of the persecutions of Rome, have ever been poor. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Jesus Christ made the poor the objects of his ministry, and the common people heard him gladly. When John the Baptist drew after him vast multitudes from Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, the rich, proud Pharisees were the last to come to his baptism, and were the first to meet with cutting reproof. "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" When John sent his disciples to inquire whether Christ were he that should come; Jesus answered, "Go and tell John that the poor have the gospel preached to them." This was a strong sign, for it was as unnatural for a Jewish teacher or a proud Pharisee to do it, as for many of the dignitaries of our times. Nevertheless, God will raise up men that will follow their Saviour among the

lowly, and preach the gospel to the poor. They are the most willing to hear the gospel; but are unable to pay for its support. They are the most needy of its consolations; yet are the most neglected. They have ever been the most willing to embrace it; and yet are too often the last to be benefited. Where the gospel is set up for the highest bidder, they have no means to purchase. Where mammon rules the sanctuary of God, they have no voice in the government. Where gold and glitter seem the highest objects of ambition, they cannot compete in the contest. Where metaphysical science and subtile dialectics are preached, they have no learning to comprehend them. They are longing for the strong meat of the word, and are treated with spices and essences. They hanker for the bread of life, and receive only chaff. They thirst for the wells of salvation, but find the ministerial fountain exceedingly "dry." The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. There is no use in talking of equal rights and the spiritual privileges of the poor, when they are treated as inferior beings in the sanctuary of God, and seem to be allowed there only as an act of charity. So long as the churches are too nice for the worst of sinners, so long the poor will be deprived of the gospel. There is no use in saying that the poor have the gospel preached to them from that pulpit which far

> "Outshines the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

There, they have no wardrobe to compete with the fashion; they are not treated as equals, and must occupy some sequestered seat, as one who has no right there. The gospel is a mighty leveller; it places a

poor Lazarus in the bosom of a rich Abraham, without regard to either their riches or their poverty, but through the measure of their faith alone. I was amused at a circumstance that occurred in a town where I was recently preaching. There was, for once, in a meeting, so much life as actually to elicit many responsive "Amens." The deacon spoke, and then the other influential members, and all were responded to with a lively " Amen." At last a poor colored woman arose, and told her simple, unadorned story, which was very affecting, but it brought no responsive " Amen." Then suddenly arose a young man, whose enthusiasm surpassed his reverence for the elders of the church, and said, " When the rich and the learned speak we can say ' Amen ; ' but when a poor colored woman tells how good the Lord is, no man makes any reply ; but God Almighty hears it, and he says ' Amen,' and his angels say ' Amen,' and Jesus Christ says ' Amen,' and all the saints in heaven say ' Amen,' for the widow's offering is not lost in his sight, and he will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and defend the rights of the poor." And this is true ; all God's hosts say "Amen" to the offerings of the poor. I ask, who of us obey the injunction of our Lord in making a feast. Who do not invite the rich, but the poor, the maimed, and the blind ? I imagine if such persons were to be the guests at our dinners, our feasts, like angel's visits, would be " few and far between."

2. *Blessings of Poverty.* — Poverty, both temporal and spiritual, are blessings in disguise. Temporal poverty tends to wean us from the world, spiritual poverty to wean us from our sins. It seems necessary in the

providence of God to deprive us of worldly blessings, that we may obtain the heavenly; to strike from beneath us the prop of wealth, that we may lean upon the staff of religion. As colts need curbing, trees need grafting, and vines need bleeding, so does man need chastening, to bring him to God. He needs to be stripped of his pride and self-righteousness, that he may be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. He needs to be robbed of his earthly gains, that he may obtain the true riches. He needs to be bruised in the mortar of affliction, that he may be healed with the balm of Gilead. He needs to be broken by the hammer of conviction, that he may be melted and moulded in the image of God. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." — "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Suffering is the lot of humanity; it is an active principle in both the natural and moral world. The lamb that skips and plays to-day, is doomed to bleed for man to-morrow. The fish in frolic with the finny tribe is caught for the food of man; the dove, in its love caresses, is shot for the table of the epicure; the bee is killed for its honey; the pearl oyster dies to yield the pearl, and the silk-worm expires to adorn the beauty of some fair bride. Nature is full of suffering, and her well-springs are running over with sorrow. Humanity is taught to bleed with our common mother, and draw tears, as nourishment, from her bosom. We are taught to feed on affliction as our daily food, and drink anguish as a common cordial. We are tuned to mourning from infancy, and schooled in bereavement from childhood.

The world is full of graves, they are thicker than the stars, and we tread upon them daily as trap-doors to the tomb. The stars are only lamps to the tomb, and the pale moon the last watcher of bereavement. The weeds of mourning cover the world as a garment, and the pall of death is more frequent than the shades of night. Yet suffering has its benefit. By the dissecting knife of faith, we may find a jewel in the ugly head of misfortune. Like the pearl-diver, we may dive down the waves of sorrow, and find a gem at the bottom of bereavement. Jesus Christ, the captain of our salvation, was perfected through suffering. As pounded spices emit the strongest odor, so does the bruised and wounded Christian savor most of heaven. As grapes yield their juice by bruising, flowers scent most when crushed, and juniper smells sweetest while burning, so does the saint emit the sweetest odors of heaven when most afflicted. "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." As silver is purified in a furnace of earth, and gold is tried in the fire, so is the saint purified by fiery trials. The sacrifices acceptable to God are, a broken spirit and a broken and contrite heart. The Psalmist says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word." Hence we see that

> "We need affliction's rod
> To whip us back to God."

When we forget God and engross our whole attention with the world, affliction makes us let go of our grasp, and makes the world seem small in our sight. As genius sometimes soars highest from a pale and attenuated frame, so does the soul come nearest to heaven

when deprived of the things of earth. Then poverty, natural and spiritual, is the saint's boon. "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall rejoice. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil. Rejoice ye: for great is your reward in heaven." — "Woe unto you that are rich: for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full: for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh: for ye shall mourn and weep." — Then who are better fitted for the gospel than the poor? Who are most needy? Who receive the greatest consolation from the gospel? Who are intended by Christ to be most benefited by the gospel? As bruised flesh feels soonest the balm, and hungry people best relish food, so does crushed and starving poverty receive first the gospel. Hence we see the importance of preaching the gospel to the poor. The preacher who will do it is God's chosen, and God will remember such when he makes up his jewels. And on earth there shall go up, from many a hut and hovel, a prayer for his prosperity; and when the eye sees him, it shall bless him; and when the ear hears him, it shall bear witness of his God-like deeds. I would rather have the prayers of God's poor saints to follow me in my walk, to comfort me in my sleep, and bless me in my dreams, than the greatest boon that all America could give me. The sweetest ecstasy that I was ever in, was when I was one thousand miles from my mother's

home, a stranger, and without a friend. My lungs had bled profusely and I was not allowed to speak. There as I lay upon my couch, imagination called up the scenes of my missionary labors. I thought of my labors in Boston the winter previous, the blessings that I had received from many a poor sailor, and many a widowed mother, and from the orphans, and boys of the Reform School. I thought of the letters that some of those boys had sent me, with many thanks and many blessings. I thought this to be my last sickness, and seemed to hear that text, — "Their works do follow them." I suppose it was imagination, but if it was a cheat, it was a glorious one; I saw scores of little orphans dressed in white, as they are for an exhibition, and they came down, as from a cloud, and stood round my bed. Their little hands were raised, and they sang and clapped their hands. Their song was "Blessed be the dead that die in the Lord: come up hither, come up hither." Oh! how unworthy I felt, and how ashamed that I had done so little for the cause of the poor. And now, while I condemn others for delinquency, let me take the chief part to myself, for I can see a hundred ways where I might have done more good, and been a hundred fold more faithful to my calling.

3. *Ministerial Delinquency.* — I ask who of us voluntarily make ourselves poor for Christ? Who feels it his duty to go out into highways and hedges and compel them to come in? Who make this a sign that they are sent of the Lord, they are poor and are preaching to the poor? Who put their sentimentalism, whined out before rich congregations, into practice, and go down personally, from house to house, among

the poor? Who have any heart for such work? Who, if they were compelled to do it for a living, would stay in the profession twenty-four hours? Who like a faithful surgeon, takes the worst cases first? Who rejoices more over the return of one lost sheep than the ninety and nine? How many, all engrossed with the the politics and novelties of the day, have time to look up the lost sheep? How many can leave the news office long enough to visit these outcasts? How many could refuse the gas-light splendors of the rich parlor, and resist the charms of its luxury and music, to go down among the lowly? Who could bend their dignity so much as to stoop to such characters? Who could lower their pride so much as to be seen speaking with them in the street? Who could doff the gown and slippers and the patent leathers and kid gloves and golden-headed canes, so as to come in contact with the inmates of the filthy cellar? Who would be seen going in there? And if he should, what heart, what sympathy, what compassion has he for them? Who of us is schooled in language and experience for the work? Who is competent to comfort the mourning, and who is willing to do it? Let them who are, answer; for them have I not offended. Then is it a wonder that the gospel has proved almost a failure? Is it a wonder that it is the sport of infidels, when it retains the form only of religion but denies the power? And when its great fundamental principles are so palpably and pertinaciously violated, is it a wonder that crime increases, that jails are filled, that poorhouses are flooded, laws are broken, Maine Laws are but shadows, intemperance reels in the streets, houses are burned, men are murdered, and blear-eyed debauchery stalks abroad

in open daylight? Is it to be wondered at, when the gospel is taken from its proper channels — taken from the poor, elevated on a pedestal of popularity, and made a mere myth of fancy for mammon worship? Is it to be wondered at that reform schools are needed for every tenth poor boy of the city? and that houses of correction are filled with the cyprian daughters? Is it a wonder that the poor have no desire for a gospel that seems to have no sympathy for them? Is it to be wondered at that the gospel reforms not where it is not applied, and regenerates not where it is not preached? Then come down from thy pride, O thou man of God, — come down, like the Son of God, among the poor. Come down from your scholastic stilts, and learn a language from nature as well as books. See that bookworm, hardly able to leave his arm-chair, — hardly able to get out of his nest. He has studied so long that he has lost all independence of thought, and forgotten what of value he once knew. His body is weak, his health wasting, and he is dying for want of exercise. But exercise now becomes onerous, it crosses the grain, and it is easier to take a pill to help digestion than a fatigue sweat. So down goes the pill, and downward goes the health of the patient. How dark his mind! How dark seems the world to him; and how shy he is of his parishioners, except it may be of a select few, to whom he may confidently unburden his grief, and tell them of the melancholy condition of this wicked world, and of a preacher's sad calling. They pity him; and doctor him with a few more drugs, and he starts to make a long-neglected visit to the poor. He has no heart in the work, no hearty, joyous congratulations, no sympathy that wins their love. He smiles, but it is

a bland, artful mockery; he speaks as if he would come down to their case; but he only grinds out tones of sympathy like a hand-organ; there is no heart in the business. If he prays, his mind is wandering far away; and he has no concentration, and no faith that would bring an answer. He leaves with the sad thought, that a preacher's is a hard lot, and that such a forced visit does but little good. He has left a shade of melancholy and gloom behind him, and made religion seem repulsive; and now thinks that such a visit *ought* to have done good, because it cost so great a sacrifice!

4. *Contrast. — Minister's Blessing.* — Some will say, "Can any good come out of this visiting? any good out of these low cellars, any good out of Nazareth?" I answer, "Come and see." Come, ye proud professors of religion, who have never known true humility, meekness, and love. Come with me and learn a lesson from the poor. See how gladly they will receive the messenger of heaven; how eagerly their hungry souls will feed on the words from his lips, and how grateful that they have been counted worthy for a saint of God to visit them? And if he be hungry, how glad to divide the last morsel with him, how thankful for his words of consolation, how ardent in joining in the prayer; how tender their hearts when rising from the altar; how they seem to form new resolutions to serve God; how they love their children more, their neighbors more, their Bible and Jesus more! How they will weep at the parting; how the tears will choke the utterance, as they say "Good-by." The gracious hour has seemed but a dream; and the

occasion like an angel's visit. Their last words speak a thousand thanks, their last looks tell a flood of gratitude, and their last prayer is for a thousand blessings on his head. Then come, my brother, and learn the luxury of doing good; Oh, come and see that the Lord he is good to the poor. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." Oh, the glorious pleasure in preaching to the poor! Oh, the comforts of blessing the needy! Oh, the joy that echoes back to your own souls when ye have made others happy! And what health and comfort a man must enjoy to have meet him in the streets, and by the wayside, and at every cottage door — the blessings of the Lord's poor. What a consolation to feel that their prayers are continually ascending for his prosperity! With such blessings all around him, with smiling countenances at every corner, and "God bless you" from every lip, a preacher must be cheerful; and cheerfulness produces health, and health makes us physically happy, and happiness is a quality of our religion, and it is the perfection of heaven. Let us then be up to our duty! Let us, like a mighty vessel, leave a wake behind us for the last boatman, and not like a snail, leave a slime on every thing we touch. "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

5. *The National Worth of the Poor.* — Despised as this class of persons may be considered, let us consider their worth to us as a nation and a church. I ask you who are the bone and sinew of our national labor? Who pave the streets, build the aqueducts, erect the

fortifications, thread the land with railroads, and dot the whole earth with habitations of men? Who build and work the mills, tend the spindles, guide the looms, and prepare the toil-stained goods for market! I may affirm that three-quarters of these children of toil are the poor. Who toils in the mechanic shop, tills our fields, opens our mines, transports our commerce, and sets this nation all alive with industry? Who are the great contributors to a nation's wealth? Who develop its great resources? Who give wealth to its trade, force to its enterprise, strength to its government, vigor to its defence, and victory to its arms? Who produce the food that we eat, the clothes that we wear, the conveyances in which we ride, and the houses in which we live? Who, by their honest industry, keep many of the lazy, listless, Christless progeny of the rich from starving to death? Who would have the fittest grace to write over the tomb of many a drone of luxury, many a sluggard of wealth, and many a fashionable sleeper in the castle of Indolence the following appropriate epitaph: "Here lies the remains of Royal Dunciad Donothing. He was a child of fortune, though his father was an Amorite, and his mother was a Hittite. He was born with a silver-spoon in his mouth, was fed on a gold plate, fondled in the lap of luxury, and was taught that labor was vulgar, and fit only for the poor. He learned to strut before the glass, wasted his brains on patent-leather and pomander, and died with nothing to do. He was born a cipher, lived a cipher, and died a cipher; let a cipher be placed on the plate of his coffin, let a cipher stand on his monument, and let the clods cover him."

6. *Worth to the Church.* — I ask, who, in all ages, have been the most faithful to the church? Who the self-denying, holy, earnest, praying laborers? Who the general sustainers of those vitals of Christianity, the conference and prayer meetings? Who are at their post in all weather, and though unseen by many of the rich, yet in their retired seat, watch every word that is said, and pray for every sentence that comes from the preacher's mouth? Who have the most faith in prayer? Who give the most simplicity and energy to religious exercises? Whose prayers, more than any others, bring about those general awakenings? The evils of sin afflict most the poor, and they call on God their only helper. Hence revivals start first among them. Whose prayers go up to the ears of the God of Sabbaoth from the low, damp cellar, or the comfortless hovel, where sickness and want make human life a burden, until their despair moves the God of pity, and he declares "I will arise for the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy!" Who, trusting not in the world, have that undying faith, that unwavering trust in God, that laughs at the precautionary schemes of human wisdom and worldly-mindedness, laughs at seeming impossibilities, and cries, in the name of God, "It shall be done." Who love the church most, and prize it above all other objects? Who feel that when father and mother forsake them the church will take them in, and be dearer to them than a mother. And when religion is unpopular, and vital piety persecuted, and rich men leave it, who stand by the cross? When the rich Judases bearing the bag, sell out their consciences for a few pieces of silver, who still bathe the feet of their Saviour with tears?

Who are less encumbered with the world, and can come boldly, in broad daylight, to Jesus, while a rich Nicodemus must come secretly, and in the night? Among whom has started every Christian reformation, and almost every moral reform? Who are the first to embrace religion in time of a revival? the first at the altar, first to give up all for Christ, first to believe, first to find a pardoning Saviour, and the first and boldest to proclaim it to the world? Almost every revival that I have witnessed has commenced among the lowly and the poor. Elder Knapp speaks, however, of one exception. He states of great preparations once being made to have a revival start in the upper circles, to give it tone and character. Multitudes of prayers ascended, and prodigious efforts were made to have it start with a distinguished colonel. At length their long-deferred hopes were gratified. Amid many rejoicings, and in stately pomp and dignity, the colonel was seen bending his martial feet towards the altar. Thus the revival commenced with the colonel, and for a long time it continued only with the colonel. And finally, alas! it *ended with the colonel!*

7. *Hopes for the Poor.* — Who are they that forsook their nets on Galilee's shore? and were schooled in poverty, inured to hardships, and exposed to danger? They, who, from infancy, were stamped with decision for martyrdom? They who by faith and decision were prepared to unfurl the blood-stained banner of the cross over the capitol of the world's empire. Come, then, oh ye sons and daughters of poverty, the debt which the nation owes you shall be paid, and the church shall yet acknowledge its gratitude for your

labors. A better day is coming! A day wherein it shall be no disgrace to be honestly poor! When the church shall no more be a cloak for retired bankrupts. Bankrupts with rich wives! men who have "ground the faces of the poor, and spoiled them of their substance, and the spoil of the poor is in their houses." Whose families "walk haughtily, with stretched forth necks, and wanton eyes, and whose daughters are clothed with ornaments, and with changeable suits of apparel." — "Woe unto you that turn aside the needy; that take away the right of the poor; that rob the fatherless, and make the portion of widows your prey! What will ye do in the day of visitation? to whom will you flee for help? and where will you leave your glory?" — "Blessed be ye poor for yours is the kingdom of heaven." Take courage, then, ye heirs of penury! be reconciled to the lot of the apostles, and follow the footsteps of your blessed Lord. In hunger and cold and nakedness, remember that your fathers have trod the same thorny path, and climbed the same rugged steep. Toil on a little while longer, and when the world casts you off, ye may yet have consolations in the gospel. When friends forsake you, ye shall yet have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. When your bread fails you ye shall have the bread of eternal life, the hidden manna of God's love. For your raiment, ye shall be clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness; and when your footsteps grow weary ye shall have a staff to lean upon; when your sight becomes dim ye shall have a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, and when you are parched with thirst ye shall drink of the waters of salvation, and the river of God's pleasure. When the old man sinks

apace, and totters towards the grave, the new man shall be renewed day by day. And at last, when heart and flesh fail you, and your ear is dull with age, God shall be your portion, and ye shall hear a voice, saying, "It is enough!" "Well done good and faithful; ye have been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

8. *Place for Preaching.* — Then, by the debt of gratitude we owe to the church and the poor; by our duty to ourselves and our neighbor; by the commandments of God, and the example of Him who was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, we should provide that the poor have the gospel preached to them. In this provision the place of worship and the kind of preaching are to be considered. First, the place. There are disadvantages in the splendid churches of our day; they tend to make too great a distinction between the rich and the poor. The poor cannot compete with the magnificence of the place; they do not feel at home there, and the rich tell them too plainly by their actions that they are not wanted. And to erect a small out-of-the-way missionary building in some remote part of the town, and hire a man to drum up for one particular denomination, or settle a man there for life who has no life in him, — a man noted only for stupidity and dulness, though perfectly orthodox, with prayers so long, if length would avail, that they would reach heaven longitudinally, if not by faith; and with preaching at half price, therefore running with slow time and low pressure, and bringing forth things new and old, all except the "new." To send the honest, humble,

poor mechanic off to learn a lesson of humility under such circumstances, is to insult him. He wishes to meet on a platform where all meet on a Christian level, or he will stay at home. Next to the grave there is no such leveller as the gospel. Rich and poor, high and low, bond and free, are here all made to drink in the same spirit, and are all one body in Christ. Then the extremes of superb magnificence on the one hand, and the unpopular, contracted limits of a missionary building on the other, should be met in a large and commodious audience room, where the rich and poor can worship in one brotherhood. The plea that many make for not opening their churches to me is, that I draw too many of the rabble who will soil the building. Now, I contend that no building should be too nice to receive sinners. This was the plea against Whitefield, he drew too many of the colliers and peasantry into their pewed churches, until at last the churches were closed, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. If he were to pass through our country at this time, he would be barred from the churches for the same reasons. They are too expensive and too richly furnished to be desecrated by the poor.

9. *Kind of Preaching.* — The preaching that is made to order for fashionable life has no substantial food in it for the hungry poor. They cannot feed on syllogisms; and after toiling all the week with a weary frame and a weary brain, they have no mind to study and strain and labor to follow out a complicated train of inductions, that shall finally prove what every person knew before, and what could be spoken in three words. We bless God that faith in our Lord Jesus

Christ may be purchased in an easier way than by wealth and learning. If it were by wealth, but few would be able to buy; and if by learning, the number of those having large families to support who could afford time for the investigation would be small. And if heaven were peopled only by the world's honorable and the rich and the learned, its population would be sparse. A preacher may have a reputation for being a sound logician, — may have a choice assembly that admire his honeyed words, — may take three days to write out what may be said in fifteen minutes, and so study the phraseology and round the periods of his discourse as to touch no man's conscience, humble no man's pride, expose none of his depravity, self-righteousness, covetousness, and hypocrisy, and still be counted a popular preacher. But he is not a gospel preacher, nor is he sent by that Spirit that anoints the evangelist to preach the gospel to the poor. So long as the Word of God is made to pander to the fashions of the rich, — so long as worldly wisdom is made to sit in judgment on the pulpit, — so long as secular journals and sceptical reviews are to be our censors, — so long as wealth, station, and learning, rather than faith, rule our preaching, just so long the poor will not have the gospel preached to them. They may have what is called the gospel, — they may have an apology for the gospel, — they may have philosophy, science, rhetoric, logic, belle-lettres, and even discourses on morals, — but not the gospel. In such preaching there are no glad tidings to the meek, and no oil of joy to the mourning.

10. *Dignity and Death.* — Some will affirm that a "preaching suited to the humblest comprehension will

lower the dignity of the pulpit." If by dignity you mean that pride and arrogance which overlooks the poor, then down with it! And if it be the stateliness of an old hemlock stump with a few dead branches pointing upward, but as dead as if smitten a thousand times by lightning, then down with your dignity! A loaded apple-tree with its bending branches touching the ground, looks better in our eye than a hemlock pole stuck up for dignity. Then give us the preaching that will bow the heads and bring the fruit. What great battles have ever been won by cold, dead dignity? What victories achieved by titles and epaulets? What reformation started by knights and squires? What force in empty, pompous dignity? What power to reform the world? How does it comport with Jesus telling stories to the poor, and relating parables by the seaside? How would it appear in the preaching of the fisherman, when three thousand were converted in a day? Ah! Reverend Sir! I apprehend there was some noise and confusion on that day, as well as dignity! Some wringing of the hands, some shoutings of joy; and some rage and envy stirred up among the cold, formal, heartless, dignified Pharisees! Then away with your false dignity! Throw off your hypocritical garb of sanctimoniousness! Come down from your cloudy stateliness! Bend the knees of your pomposity, and stoop from your haughtiness to speak to one of God's elect. Let your churches be open to all; let them no more be like fancy parlors, exquisitely furnished, and too nice for the poor. I ask, in a working man's family, what room is so little used as the parlor? Then let our churches be fitted for working men; and be filled with working men, especially in a spiritual sense; and

let our pulpits be filled with men that will work, — men that will turn the church parlors into kitchens, dead formalities into force, fastidiousness and folly into feeling, fashion into faith, and turn your fiddles where the devil turned the swine.

11. *Better Day Coming!* — O ye poor of all the earth! Ye honest poor; ye Christian poor! Ye shall yet have the gospel preached to you. Ye whom speculation hath cheated of your earnings, and monopoly hath robbed of your substance. Ye forsaken, neglected, and despised by the speculating revellers of luxury. Ye who are treated with derision and contempt. Ye who may not walk the same streets with them, nor drink from the same spring, nor even feed on the crumbs from their table. Ye whose children may not look on their children, nor sport on the same hills, nor skip the same rope, nor attend the same school. Ye who once were in fortune, but too honest to defraud your creditors, and now are too proud to beg. Ye who have had the heavy hand of affliction upon your family. Ye who have drank in sorrow as a flood, and fed on anguish as your choice food. Who have flooded your pillow with weeping, and filled the moaning winds with your wailings. Who passing down from the Jerusalem of wealth, have fallen among thieves, who have stripped you of your raiment, and wounded you, and departed, leaving you half dead. Ye who are forsaken by both the priest and the Levite, and have no good Samaritan to bind up your wounds; no balm of Gilead, no heavenly physician, no angel visitor by your bedside, no voice of prayer to comfort you, no wine of the kingdom, no oil of gladness, no

robe of righteousness, and no waters from the wells of salvation. Hear it? O ye heirs of penury! The gospel shall yet reach you. It shall come down from its high dignity, and as a heavenly physician, with herbs and balm and oil, entering your humblest dwelling, it shall yet give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. It shall leave the temple of proud Phariseeism, the Capurnaum of infidelity, and go down among the Gentiles. It shall no more be a flatterer of the heartless rich. There is a better day coming. The Spirit of the Lord shall anoint those who will preach the gospel to the poor. Look up, then, ye comfortless! ye shall be comforted. Look up, ye friendless! ye shall have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Look up, ye poor! ye shall be rich through Jesus Christ.

12. *Poverty and Purity of the Church.* — The church is said to be the Bride — the Lamb's wife; and the only dower she brings her spouse is poverty. And in all ages her purity has been retained only with her poverty. When the Laodicean Church could say, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," then the Lord said, "Thou knowest not that thou art poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked; therefore I will spew thee out of my mouth." The purity of all evangelical denominations has ever been most conspicuous when they were weak, poor, and persecuted. John Wesley warns his followers against costly churches, and high salaries; he says, by these ye may make "rich men necessary to you, and then farewell to Methodism." "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven." How

hard to give up his riches, his honors, his pride, and his self-righteousness. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." The church in poverty is married to Christ, and in spirit becomes part and parcel of himself. As Christ was poor, born poor, bred poor, lived poor, and died poor, and as his parents were poor, — so poor that instead of giving a lamb for an offering, to redeem their first born, which was the duty of the rich, according to law, they could only give, for so noble a son, the poor man's offering, a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons, — so his bride when she has the image of her husband she is poor. Look down ye rich! ye haughty! ye proud! ye gay! ye who despise work, and working men; honest trades and tradesmen — look down and consider, that if you are saved at all, it is by a *carpenter!* Oh, ye proud puffs of vanity! ye who think the earth too mean for your silk-slippered feet, and the sun insulting that peeps into your chamber! Ye poor purse-proud, silver tinseled butterflies! There is a frost coming — a nipping frost, that shall lay thy colors low, and shroud thee in thy winter's case. Thine eyes shall soon be the socket for worms, and thy cheek become food for unclean things. Thou shalt, with all thy pride, lie as low as the poor; and many of you, I fear, without the poor man's hope of a glorious resurrection. Then welcome the poor to the same pews with yourselves. Welcome them to the same altar, to the same Saviour, and to the same heaven.

13. *Apostrophe to Poverty.*— O poverty! I love thee! I love thy very name! I love thine abode! I love thy

features, careworn and haggard as they may appear. Beneath that wrinkled brow and those tattered garments beats an honest heart, and a heart of purest love. I love thee, poverty! as an old friend, I love thee; for thou didst spur me on to diligence when a boy. When driven out in a December's snow, a boy of four years, with my widowed mother, thou wast my companion and my tutor. In the old dilapidated dwelling, when the cold winds shook the clapboards, and the snow hurried through the crevices, thou taughtest me to have courage and hope. When upon the couch of my poor sick mother the snow seemed to be weaving her winding sheet, thou taughtest me to trust God and have patience. When banks were high, and the wood was gone, and the fire was low, thou taughtest my young heart to be thankful that I had a cot to shelter me and a couch beneath me. And when night's covering was thin, and my frame was cold, thou taughtest me to remember the poor who had no comforter. When my appetite was craving, and my bread had dwindled to the last crust, thou taughtest me to think of those who had no bread. And when I returned from school, and went into the forest with my handsled to gather sticks for my poor mother, and she placed a light in the window to guide me home, thou taughtest me that my home is not in this winter world, but in heaven: and there my mother, if she goes before me, will still hold a light in the window for her wandering boy. Poverty! blessed poverty! I love thee for what lessons thou hast taught me, and I love thee because thou wast the heritage of my blessed Saviour.

SERMON III.

Deal gently for my sake with the young man. — 2 Samuel, 18: 5.

In addressing the young men, I address the highest interests of this nation. And in presenting a character for your consideration, I can find none of more interest than that of David. Considered in his rising from obscurity to renown, or in his misfortune by the rebellion of his son, or as a type of Christ, — in each of these three characters his life is filled with lessons of instruction.

1. *First his early history.* — In David were exhibited the great elements of a successful man; decision of character, a commanding eloquence, and a sympathy for the humbler classes and the poor. He was born a hero; he courted danger as a bride, and went to the battle field as to a banquet. When introduced to Saul he had nothing to recommend him but the two hands by which he tore both the lion and the bear in pieces; and this was enough to stamp him a man of courage. When Israel was exposed forty days, and threatened by the Philistines who were now sounding the charge, and when he accepted the challenge of Goliath, he there exhibited the courage, skill, and unflinching faith in God, which attended him through life. He knew better than to meet the giant in his own mode of war-

fare, with shield and spear and coat of mail; but choosing simpler weapons, and relying upon agility and skill, and the power of the all-potent Spirit, he went forth with the God of Sabbaoth to nerve his arm for the conflict. He was to conquer not only for his country, but to overcome family prejudices against himself. Jealousy, that bane which followed him to the throne, that plague which haunts every great mind, commenced early with him. He had been privately anointed in preference to seven older sons, and three of these were now in the army. The tall, disdainful Eliab said, "I know the pride and naughtiness of thy heart; why hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?" David said, "Is there not a cause?" Has not the trumpet sounded, the battle commenced, and ye first-born hereditary cowards, not one of you dare accept the challenge? "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" And turning to the champion he said, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied. This day let all the earth know that there is a God in Israel." Then seizing the stone and hurling it thrice around his head, in circles all omnipotent with death, he hurls its whizzing vengeance at the head of the giant blasphemer. And with shoutings he rushes toward his falling foe and leaps upon him, and plants his foot upon his neck, and with Goliath's own sword severs his head from his body. When he raises the trunkless head and shouts Victory! victory! to the armies of the God of Jacob, the Philistines see their disastrous doom in their fallen champion, and trembling fly; while Israel sounds the charge of battle, and rushing tu-

multuously on, shakes earth and heaven with the shouts and shocks of men in clashing arms. David, flush with the bloom of youth and the triumphs of victory, lays the champion's head at the feet of the king. But, as might be expected, when from out of all the cities the people ascribed to David the greatest praise, and the women with tabrets and dances sang "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands," jealousy was excited against him, and he was obliged to leave the courts of Saul, flee from the habitations of men, and seek refuge in the wilderness. Woe to the underling who wins greater victories than his master. He may soon expect the loss of his station, or the loss of his head. Woe to the stripling who dare question the infallibility of ruling authorities. Woe to the genius who doubts that all intellectual greatness belongs to the critics. Woe to the reformer who disbelieves the perfection of old institutions. Woe to the preacher who goes out of the beaten track of warfare, and wins victories without the cumbrous armor of Saul. The greater his victories the more will he be persecuted, and the sweeter he plays, the swifter will come the javelins of priestly jealousy.

2. *Banishment.* — David was now a wanderer. His kind heart, and tender affections, and his popularity (strange to say), these alone produced his banishment. He wandered in the desert with no brother's comfort, or parent's care. At last he fled to dens and caves, some of which were large enough to hold an army; and there he poured out his prayer to God. He was innocent of any intention against the king, yet he was hunted upon the rocks of wild goats, and chased as a

partridge upon the mountains. He was in jeopardy every hour, and the "Sorrows of death compassed him, and floods of ungodly men made him afraid." He had one comfort, it was in the music of his harp. This was to him a solace; he seized it, and flung his fingers over it, and felt a melancholy sweetness in its mournful numbers. Retired from the busy world, weary with fatigue and excitement, and humbled and subdued by misfortune, his chastened spirit was in a proper frame to receive the visions of inspiration. In the caves of Adullam and Engedi, while his trembling fingers flew o'er the vibrating chords of his harp, his visual organs were clothed with prophecy. In his sufferings he saw typified the sufferings and banishment of a second David. He sung "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? My tears have been my meat day and night; while they continually say, where is thy God? My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The music rolled down the long, labyrinthian cells, and with lessening echoes died away in the shadowy, unknown distance. As the divine afflatus swelled his soul, and visions of immortality burst upon his gaze, he saw down the dim vista of future ages, the Messiah arise with sorrows to compete with his own. Innocent like himself, yet a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, he was despised and rejected of men. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and was taken from prison to judgment, and in death there was none to deliver. Oh how like himself! How mournful the vision, yet not without hope. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy One to see corruption." — Now the scene changes. The slow mournful dirges give way to live-

lier strains. The crystal walls of his cave, the stalactites hanging like icicles by the droppings of a thousand years, and the variagated tapestry woven by nature's own handi-work, seem lit up by the chariots of God, and his harp resounds with strains of victory. He sings, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men, yea for the rebellious also." Thus he saw the holy One submitting to judgment and to death; but submitting rather as a conqueror than a captive. The powers of darkness quailed at his approach, and recoiled at so potent a personage in their dark dominions. He opens to the light of day, the gates of the citadel of death, and through the resurrection, pours upon their portals the beams of the sun of righteousness. Then gathering the hosts of death's captives, with sound of the trumpet, he leads them to the gates of the New Jerusalem and cries, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." — A voice from the watchman cries, "*Who is the King of Glory?*" — "The Lord, the mighty God, the Lord of hosts is his name." — "*Who are the hosts to be admitted with him?*" — They are the captivity led captive: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." Such was the song of David at the cave of Engedi. His own trials and triumphs foreshadow the sufferings and resurrection power of Christ.

3. *The Lesson.* — To David the desert of adversity was a better school for bringing out the creative ener-

gies of his mind, than the courts of Saul. Here, were developed all the stronger passions of his nature, and all the deeper resources of his soul. While he was a wanderer and an outcast from his countrymen, four hundred persons that were in debt, and in distress, and discontented with their condition and with their masters, joined themselves to him, and he became a captain over them. They most likely had come for plunder. And for a man to govern these vagabonds, this refuse of the kingdom, and mould and fashion them into honest men, required more skill than was ever exhibited by Alfred, or Peter the Great. For David, himself a fugitive from his king, under the ban of his country's curse, without wealth or resources of his own, without even the means of sustenance, save what he hunted from the mountains; for him to gather such a rabble about him, and, without the help of law or government, to change them into honest men and heroes, and even make them join in worshipping the most high God, — for such a man, under such circumstances to so transform these renegades into honest men and heroes, and hand over their names to history and immortality, among the bravest men that ever drew the bow, or shook the spear, bespeaks a character fit to govern mightiest monarchies. Israel's throne must soon be vacant for such a man. Success must finally crown his efforts, for the "root of the matter" was in him. Take courage then, O young man who art banished by thy superiors. Take courage and hope on, when fortune seems to frown upon you. After many a defeat thou shalt finally come off victorious. In the battles of life thou hast many Goliaths to meet, and every success may awaken jealousy in

thy compeers, but toil on, fight on, hope on, and thy day of triumph will finally come. You may be called from the sheep cote to many a great action. Let it be said of thee as of David before he left the flock, "He is a mighty man and valiant." If David was valiant as a shepherd, he would be valiant as a king. So if thou art noble in little things, higher spheres of usefulness will soon be vacant for thee. Murmur not at thy low condition; the true man, the true genuine metal of man, is seen better in a cottager than in a king. Then be steady to thy purpose, and flinch not at trial, poverty, and opposition. Welcome the contest that shall plant thy foot on the neck of difficulty; welcome the occasion that shall place thee in danger; the place of honor is the place of danger. Welcome the fiery trial that shall mould thy gross metal into steel. Welcome the furnace that shall refine the gold of thy nature. Welcome the rough wind that shall force the sleepy seeds of genius from thy bosom, and scatter them to the world. Welcome the pestle and the mortar that shall bruise thy withering spirit, and bring out sweet odors unknown to the world before. Welcome that vintage which may crush thy clustering hopes, and express for the world's benefit the purest juice of thy Christian experience. And when driven into the wilderness of misfortune, there make the desert subservient to thee, and there discipline thyself for more lucky adventures. Wherever thou art, exercise thyself for noble deeds, and make both friends and foes feel the power of thy moral greatness. Choose one object and let it be the bent of thy lifetime. If you fail once or twice, failures may strengthen you for greater actions. The discipline of defeat is often better than victory.

The defeats of Peter the Great by Charles the Twelfth, taught Peter the art of war, and by this he became the Autocrat of all the Russians. Then, O young man, take courage in thy defeats. Kites rise only against the wind; and vessels sail better with head wind than no wind at all. Young trees root deepest when shaken, torches burn best when beaten, and camomile spreads most when trodden upon. Then press on and hope. Trust thy fortune in the hands of God, and it shall be well with thee. Be firm as a rock against temptation; and compromise not with the devil. Keep not back part of the price, give all or nothing. Be honest in thy purpose, honest with thyself, and honest with thy God. Have an inflexible purpose to do what is right, let come what will; and have the "unconquerable will, never to submit or yield" to what is wrong. Finally, look up. Let thy moral and Christian standard be high, and then implore God to bear thee to it. Look up! look up!

4. *An Incident.* — When Alexander had conquered nearly all Asia, he came to one fortress which seemed impregnable. It was a high rock, called Petra Oxiana, accessible by a single path only, which had been cut through it, and defended by thirty thousand men. Arimazes, the commander, on being ordered to capitulate, haughtily replied, "if Alexander had wings he might come and take the fortress." Alexander was highly exasperated at this insolent answer, and calling three hundred of the most dexterous of his young men, men who had been schooled on mountain crags, he bid them climb on the opposite side, and wave a signal when they should arrive back of the fortress. An

immense reward was offered to each, and the twelve first ascending were to have treasures that would make rich a king. And a greater incentive was, that they were to be continually under the eye of their commander. Alexander dismissed them, and ordered them to beseech the gods for protection. They spent one day and two nights in climbing amid the winds and snow, with wedges, cramp irons, and ropes which answered for scaling ladders, and after seeing thirty of their companions dashed in pieces, the others, on the second morning, unfurled a white flag at the top of the rock. Alexander never watched a battle with more interest than he saw those brave young men toil up the ascent. All the day long he gazed upon them, and when the next daylight came, he was first to see the signal. Arimazes was then summoned to surrender; but he replied more insolently than before. He was then ordered to look upon the rock behind him, and see that Alexander's soldiers had wings. At this moment they waved their flags, and shouted, and from the army below, the trumpet sounded, shout answering to shout, and so astounding were the noise and confusion, that the barbarians, not observing whether there were few or many behind them upon the rock, at once surrendered. — Young Christian Warrior! behold in this thy upward course. Thou hast enlisted under a Captain greater than Alexander. His eyes are continually upon thee; they "neither slumber nor sleep." The world, the flesh, and the devil oppose thy progress. The world weighs thee down, the lusts of the flesh set thee on slippery places, the lusts of the eye dim thy sight, and the wiles of the devil hedge up thy pathway. These are worse enemies than warring elements.

But thy Captain bids thee on; he watches every effort, and smiles to see thee overcome every difficulty. And now I see thee stand upon the beetling crag of venture. The tempests of despair whistle around thee; you have come to the slippery sides of unbelief. With exhausting effort thou has taxed every nerve, and nature seems yielding. To look down is death, thy dizzy brain is reeling; thou art sliding over the brink of despair. Just at this moment a voice comes from above "To the promises! cling to the promises! Look up and believe." Now I see that despairing eye look upward. You grasp the rope of God's promises. I see the saints rejoice at your undying grasp. Ministering spirits come down to help you. They whisper, "Hold on the end." "Hold fast that which is given thee." "Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." O young man, look up! Many of thy companions have fallen; they have fallen, where no trumpet can awake them. Look up, then, for below is death! Look up, for the prize is before thee! Look up, for thy Captain sees thee! Look up, for the saints watch thy struggle! Look up, for hope gleams in the distance! Look up, for the star of Bethlehem beams over the mountain. It is the Day Spring from on high. Look up, for the night is far spent, the day is at hand, the morning light is breaking. Look up, for thy trials are almost ended, a few struggles more, and all is done. See there! some of thy companions have reached the goal! They have arrived safely. They beckon thee onward. There stand thy mother and thy friends to welcome thee. They wave the palms of victory! They sing the song of the redeemed. And now the music rolls down the delectable mountains,

and from the land of Bulah afar off, echoing, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory, honor, and power unto our God and the Lamb forever."

PART SECOND.

5. *The rebellious young man.* — We now consider David's misfortune in the rebellion of his son. "In all Israel there was none so much to be praised as Absalom for his beauty; from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." He was a proud, enterprising, ambitious prince, and seemed worthy of the throne had he waited the demise of the father. The father was a warrior. He had conquered from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates, and was the most renowned king then reigning upon the earth. For a son to grasp the empire from such hands, and enroll under his rebellious banner such vast multitudes of once loyal subjects, shows the powers of no common mind. But woe was decreed against that father, for he had sinned. And now seeing how few were his followers, and how strong the rebellion, he, for the first time in battle, fled before his foe. He might have held out for some time in the strong towers of Jerusalem, but he considered himself smitten and afflicted of God, and now fleeing, praying, and weeping, he leaves the event with his Maker. With sackcloth upon his head, barefoot, and with the voice of lamentation, he goes over the brook Kedron, where the second David afterwards passed, and with his few weeping followers he flees beyond the Mount of Olives. Oh, what cowards does conscience make of the bravest men! When Shimei, the son of Gera, from the house

of Saul, cursed him and said, "Come out thou son of Belial," and casting stones and throwing dust, David had no courage to oppose, but said, "The Lord hath said unto him curse David, it may be the Lord will look upon my affliction and requite me good for his cursing this day." Upon himself then he charges the guilt and the misfortunes of his kingdom, and considers Absalom only an instrument in the hand of God. He loves Absalom as his own soul, and even now is more interested for his welfare than for his own, or for that of his kingdom. Guilty, treacherous, perfidious as was that scape-gallows of a son, nevertheless it was a father that mourned over his misguided ambition, one that mourns as a father only can mourn over such brilliant talents, over energies worse than wasted, and over the irretrievable wreck of an heir apparent to the throne. Absalom seemed his only care. When calling the three captains, Joab, Abishai, and Ittai, to give them orders, he said, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with my son Absalom." When watching at the gates for messengers from the battle, his inquiry was not Which way went the battle, not Is David's kingdom taken from him, not whether twenty thousand brave men of his kingdom are slain, but "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And when Ahimaaz the first courier came, all other considerations were absorbed in this one inquiry, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And when Cushi the second messenger came, his first words were, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Cushi answered and said, "The enemies of my lord the king be as that young man is." "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept, and as he went, thus

he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son. And the victory of that day was turned into mourning, and the people gat them into the city as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle." "But the king covered his face, and with a loud voice he cried, O my son Absalom! O Absalom! my son! my son!" And to paraphrase it: O Absalom! so beautiful, so enterprising, so brave, and so powerful to win more than half of my kingdom. Oh, if I had not sinned thou mightest have reigned in peace, and thy flowing locks, thy beauty, and thy talents have been an honor to my throne. But I, an old warrior whom the legions of Saul could not defeat, nor the hosts of the Philistines vanquish, have in a moment been conquered by my lusts. I have become a worm and no man; my enemies shoot out the lip and laugh me to scorn, and shake the head, and cry Aha! aha! he trusted in God, let Him deliver him. My example has desolated my kingdom, disgraced my family, slain my son, and left me a floating wreck of misfortune, the rotten fragments of hope, remaining above ground only to grieve that I had not died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son. O ye vile of all coming ages, and all the earth! take the name of David as a passport for your lusts, a pattern for your crimes, a stumbling-block over which thousands may fall to hell; then blame me for lamenting that I had not died for thee, O Absalom, my son! my son! Ye infidels! and apostates! ye that shall come in the latter days! search out the word of God till you come to my name! then seize it, and gloat upon it, and feed upon its crimes as vermin do on corruption! wallow in its slime, and

crawl in its filth, and through my sin trample upon the word of God, fleer at it, contemn it, and deny its Author, and say that David, a man after God's own heart, taken from the sheep-cote and established in glory above kingdoms, that he became a curse to his people, the ruin of his empire, a reproach to his God, a mockery for the heathen, contemned by his family, rebelled against by his son, and then say that I ought to have outlived thee! O Absalom! my son! my son! O ye scoffers! and blasphemers! howl it to the end of the world! that I, the beloved of the Lord, the sweet singer of Israel, the inspired prophet, the type of the Messiah, holding communion with heaven: that I, *David* (shout it in hell! echo it through the regions of dark damnation!) — that I, O my God! I, David, a man after thine own heart, should become a vile *adulterer!* and a *murderer!* and yet should have lived instead of thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!

6. *Application.* — Behold in this the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. David sinned and suffered for it; he suffered for his own sins; but Christ suffered, "who knew no sin," being made sin for us. As David wept over his rebellious son, so Christ weeps over the children of men. David sinned, but Absalom dies, yet you sin and the "*Everlasting Father*" dies. He sees thee, O young man, hung like Absalom by the locks of thy pride. Three great champions, like Joab, Abishai, and Ittai, are after thee — Law, Justice, and Judgment. Law seizes thee by the locks, Justice holds the scales, weighs thy crimes, and notes thy punishment, while Judgment hurls the arrows of death at thy defenceless breast. While thou art hung between heaven and earth, be-

tween hope and despair, and while these three captains of the Great King, clamor for thy blood, here comes the Son of God the "Mighty Counsellor," the "Everlasting Father," and cries, "Deal gently with the young man; and though he is guilty, yet save him from deserved wrath." But Justice cries, "He hath rebelled; he is a traitor, and shall be dealt with according to law. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. To the law and the testimony, an eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, death for death; he shall pay the utmost farthing, even the last jot and tittle; now, traitor! thou shalt die." "Hold! hold!" says Christ, "I will deliver him from the law, I will pay the penalty, even death for death. Hold, O Justice! Stand back, ye spearmen of the Law. For my sake, deal gently with the young man. He is penitent, let him live. For my sake, I say. Behold my hands, my feet, my side. On me, and me alone, let Judgment's arrows fall. I will cover him with a shield. That shield is faith. Now thine arrows may glance from him to me. Come then, O Justice! weigh the utmost of his crime; and come O Judgment, and spend on me the thunderbolts of thy wrath. Even to the grave do I go, and meet in the dark empire of death, the penalty of a broken law. Then for my sake, save — oh, save the purchase of my blood." Thus Christ dies that those who believe might live. Then behold, O young man, hung as thou art, like a thief upon the cross, behold the substitute by thy side. Hear his groans; behold his bleeding side, hear him cry, "Father, forgive, for my sake. Oh, deal gently with the young man. Behold these scars; for my sake, O Father, let a repenting rebel live." Hear it! O young man! Hear his prayer

for thee. Stop! stop thy rebellion! It is against thy best friend; thine own father; one who has a kingdom for thee. Oh, forfeit it not! Accept his mercy. Absalom could not live, his life was forfeited; his father's weeping could not save him, his voice could not reach him, and his arm could not stay the hand of Joab. He was too far off. But thy helper is near thee; our God is a present help in time of trouble. A Saviour's arm reaches from the highest heaven, down! down! to the deepest pit out of hell! He stops the Joab of Justice, he satisfies the claims of Law; and he diverts Judgment from thee, if thou wilt accept his terms. Come down, then, thou proud rebel! Come down, thou who art hung in the locks of sin! Come down, thou wounded, dying transgressor! and Christ will abide at thy house. Oh, taste and see that the Lord he is good. Can it be possible, guilty as thou art, that you will refuse offered mercy. What more can be done for thee? What more can God do than give his son? What more can the Son do than give his life? What more can the Spirit do than follow thee in thy mad career toward the tomb; follow thee like a child — one that loves thee and clings to thee in spite of bad treatment; follow thee to thy bedchamber, weep upon thy slumbering eyelids, soothe thee in thy dreams, make easy thy pillow, bless thee in thy waking, and strive with death struggles to paralyze thy rebellious arm; and when thou wouldest yield, to indite thy penitent prayer, and intercede for thy travailing soul with groanings which cannot be uttered. What more can be done, than has been done? Yet thou art unsaved, art still rebellious. I see thee stand like Absalom at the gates and bow to the unwary,

and seize their hand, and kiss them to win them from allegiance to thy Father's throne. There, thou standest with thy golden locks, thy beaming eye, thy sparkling wit; and thy matchless beauty from top to toe without a blemish. Thou art lofty in thy pride, haughty in thy step, and yet thou art "Crouching and humbling thyself to catch the poor; thou dost catch the poor, when thou drawest them into thy net." And there thou standest to entice to death. "Like a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places." I see thee drive with thy chariots, and thy fifties like a king; high and scornful thy looks, disdainful thy pride, yet captivating to those who listen to thy entreaties. I see thee force many an uncautious one into thy ranks, many a luckless son of a praying parent. I see thee chuckling over some great captain thou hast won; some Amasa whom thou enrollest under thy banner. I see thy malicious sport over many a backslider whom thou hast shipwrecked from faith to his king; many an only son of a widowed mother, and over tears, and blood, and broken hearts, "as bones scattered at the grave's mouth." I see multitudes going after thee, like the two hundred after Absalom in their simplicity, knowing nothing of the dreadful doom that awaits them. O my God! is there mercy for such a wretch? Mercy for one whose talents and influence can bring so much ruin on young men. Absalom was a wholesale murderer, and a murderer of the unsuspecting and the innocent. He would be a fratricide, a parricide, and a regicide, but thou wouldst be still more; thou wouldst be a *deicide!* and pierce afresh the Son of God. Merciful heavens! can there be mercy for thee, a ringleader of rebels against God?

Thee! thou vile blasphemer! striving to oppose his religion, overturn his government, ridiculing his mercy, deriding his faithful subjects, seducing them from allegiance, mocking their prayers, and trampling upon the word of his law? Is there hope for thee, dead as thou art in trespasses and sin; dead to every moral sense; dead to all gratitude, all love, all favor, all hope? Yes, there is hope for the hopeless. Our God is a great God, and is able to save to the uttermost. Here comes the "Everlasting Father!" and as he wept at the tomb of Lazarus, so he weeps over thee. O my son, my erring son; so well favored, so beautiful thy form, so lovely thy silken locks, so commanding thy eloquence, so winning, so brilliant thy talents, fit for a king, have all these gifts been wasted, and art thou dead? Have all my grants, my boons, my blessings, my watchings, my warnings, my love, and my life, been lost on thee? O, my son, it is a father that still loves thee. He loves thee because thou art his own son, because he has redeemed thee, and wasted a heaven of blessings upon thee. He loves thee, and rebellious as thou art, if thou wilt now submit, he restores thee to life and favor, he stamps his image upon thee, he gives thee the new name, the signet of his favor, that thou mayest bear his honors, his titles, and the glories of his kingdom. He pities thee for thy misfortunes, and weeps over thy distress. O my son, hadst thou known the death by sin, thou hadst not sinned. Hadst thou known the end of thy rebellion, thou hadst not rebelled. But yet there is hope. The flitting spirit still hovers o'er the frame from whence it was forced away. The heart of hope has a few pulsations left. A new spirit may yet touch thy

dull, dead ear. A new light may yet flash upon thine eye. He who created thee, and hast redeemed thee, shall now restore thee. Oh, let a father's voice reach thy dead soul! Oh, let the arm of Omnipotence raise thy fallen head. Oh, let thy heart beat anew with pulsations of life. Let the "wheel at the cistern" be moved by the flood-gates of atoning blood. Let thine ear awake to the "daughters of music;" awake to redeeming love. Let thy "darkened windows" see the light of life. Let hope, blessed hope! beam with the radiance of immortality. Awake! awake! thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead. Awake and sing, thou that dwellest in the dust. Now! rise and stand upon thy feet! Now, reach forth thy hand to the hope set before thee! Now, turn thy feet in the way of God's testimonies! Now, open thine eyes and look! Look, and live! Thou hast been wicked, but thou hast been tempted. And he who ruined our earliest mother in Eden, is more to blame than thee. He shall have no atonement, no reprieve, but thou mayest be re-instated, and become an heir of immortal glory. "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

7. *Richard Leedom.* — In the spring of 1846, Richard Leedom, from Buffalo, started in his boat, with his gun, sporting on Niagara River. It was a bright, sunny morning, and game was plenty; fowls came over as if by his bidding, and by his bidding they fell at his feet. A hunter's enchantment took full possession of his soul. He thought not of time nor the speed of the tide, but was borne upon the heaving bosom of the silver stream, calmly as an infant upon its mother's

breast. On, on, he was borne, thinking not of the future, but all absorbed in the interest of the sport, he was lost in forgetfulness. Still on he was carried, and on, until, before he thought of danger, he found himself among the rapids above Niagara Falls! Now he saw how swiftly the distant shore, and each projecting rock were passing, and now he resolved to turn his course. But now, when endeavoring to oppose the tide, for the first time did he feel its irresistible power. When turning his boat the waves shook him more violently than ever, and more swiftly was he borne downward, until death appeared inevitable. But having before faced both danger and death, and being brave in the hour of peril, he was resolved not to die without a struggle. Swift as thought, he took his position, and braced his feet, and placed his oars, and headed the stream. And now for an effort, come life or death. Arms! do your best! Nerves! string your strength! Oar! roll back the mighty tide! Life! life! life! is in the struggle. But all was in vain. Down! down! he flew, swifter than a weaver's shuttle, swifter than an arrow sped in air, and swifter than the swift-footed Asahel running to his own distruction. At length he saw a rock projecting above the wave, right in his course. And just below him upon the bridge extending from Goat Island to the American shore, two men were standing, and one of them started for a rope but found there was no time. Richard saw them, and saw the rock just before him, and knew not what to do. Without a moment's delay he must leap now or never, and he cried out, "Tell me! tell me! shall I jump out of the boat? Shall I leap for the rock?" But they dare not speak, lest they should tell

him wrong, and on he was carried, down by the rock, by the piers of the bridge, down! down! and now upon the brink, with the mists of death festooning his brow, and the thunderings of Niagara's roar ringing death's knell in his ears, he gazes for the last time upon that brilliant sun now shining, far up the stream, upon his happy home, his unsuspecting wife, and his two happy children at play, and he sinks! he sinks! to rise no more.

8. *Application.* — Behold, young man! behold in this, O son of pleasure, thy fate. Thou art sporting upon the gliding stream of youth, looking for novelty and watching for pleasure. Thy sail is spread to catch every gale of excitement; thou art hurried on by every tide of passion, and allured by the charms of sin. There is music in the air; celestial voices seem to greet thee; each wave dashes melodiously; corruscations of brilliancy dance upon the spray; the wing of pleasure lights upon thy prow, and fairy forms sport upon thy vision. The voices of the Syrens entice thee onward, the gratifications of the appetite, the indulgences of the lusts and the passions, the pleasures of the weed, the pleasures of the bowl, the pleasures of the dance, and the excitement of gaming, hurry thee on, on! swift as thought, swift as time, and swifter than the rapids of Niagara. In thine enchantment thou art asleep to danger. Thine eyes see not the distant shore hurrying by; thine ears hear not the sound of distant breakers, and thy bosom feels not the heaving of the tide. The god of this world hath blinded thee; thou art unconscious of thy state, and insensible to danger. Young man, ahoy! The rapids are before thee! Young man,

ahoy! Now I see thee turn thy bark; but now, for the first time, thou feelest the irresistible power of habit and of appetite. It is only when striving to oppose the tide, to break off thy habits, that thou knowest their power. Then turn, O young man, turn! turn! for why wilt thou die? Oh, turn! and stem the stream. Young man, ahoy! the rapids of eternal damnation are around thee. The smoke of hell torments, thicker than the mists of Niagara, looms before thee. The roar of ten thousand Niagaras already ring in thine ears. Oh, turn thy wandering bark! Seize the helm of thy destiny! Lay hold of the oar of resolution! Brace thy feet on the Rock of Ages! and by the power of prayer pull for thy life! Pull! till thy veins are ready to burst. Pull! till thine eyes burst from their sockets. Pull! till the blood gushes from thy nostrils. Pull! till thy bones are out of joint. Pull! *pull!* PULL! or thou art forever lost! Yet, of thine own strength, thou canst not be saved. Thou art gone too far for mortal help. But there is a bridge stretching over thy course, "A highway of holiness cast up for the ransomed of the Lord;" and on it stands our Lord Jesus Christ. He throws down to thee a cable; it is the cable of faith from the anchor of hope. It is a slippery rope, and just long enough to reach thee. His voice cries, "Lay hold of the hope set before thee." And God has but one time for thee to do it, and one promise, and that is now.

9. *Danger of delay.* — While visiting Niagara Falls, I obtained the following account of a man who perished there, because while upon a rock above the falls, he would not lay hold of a rope sent to him. On a

certain day the whole village was startled with the announcement, that a man had floated to a rock among the rapids below the bridge. Immediately the bridge and the banks were thronged with people. All eyes were turned toward the unfortunate man, and all hearts yearned for his rescue. A raft was constructed to float towards him, but it broke in pieces, and a boat was sent, but it foundered, and yet another, and another, but all their efforts proved abortive. The mad tide like demons that guard their prey, dashed in pieces every craft that came near. Only a rope could be floated to his grasp, but this he was afraid to trust. It was a long distance to the bridge, and he was fearful that he could not keep above the wave. He refused it, and called for more certain relief. The sun was setting, all means had failed, and his friends cried out to him to lay hold of the rope, for it must be his only hope. As he stood trembling, hesitating, and refusing, his wife and children stepped forward from the crowd, and raised their eyes and hands and voices to heaven, and implored him to lay hold of the rope, and fasten it around him, and trust the rest to God. They wept, they prayed, they entreated, and appealed to him by his love to them, by his desire for life, and by the counsel of all his friends to lay hold for his life. "Lay hold! lay hold!" echoed from shore to shore, and was repeated by more than a thousand voices, but all to no purpose. The man was afraid to try. He had rather run the risk of waiting another day in hopes of better assistance. He waited, but gained nothing, and lost his life. His fingers had become too benumbed to tie the rope, and his arms too weak to keep above the wave. He had waited too long, but with his chilled,

stiff fingers he made an effort, — alas! it was too late. His rattling, bony fingers struck numbly against the rope, but he could not grasp it, and he could not tie it around him. He struggled desperately to call back by exertion, life and heat to his frame, but all in vain. His foot slipped, his hand failed, and the tide bore him down. But the shock started his blood and heat again, and for some time he kept above the wave. Oh, the shrieks that rent the air when the spectators saw him driven from the rock. Oh, the wails of that wife, and the shrieks of those children. "He is gone! he is gone! my father, oh, my father." And the poor dying man, now beneath and now above the wave, when coming near the brink, as if to bid them farewell, sprung with more than half his length above the tide, and with arms extended, sunk for the last time, and rolled down the tide to eternity.

I need not enlarge. O young man, the fingers of thy faith may soon be too benumbed by sin, to lay hold of God's promises. Then delay not another night; no, not another hour, or even moment. But now lay hold. While standing upon the uncertain rock of probation, with conviction's waters supplanting thy feet, now! *now!* NOW! grasp the hope of eternal life, and now make heaven thine eternal home.

SERMON IV.

Go tell. Go say. MATT. 28: 10; JOHN, 20: 17.

Delivered in Boston Music Hall, May 8, 1859; afterwards revised and corrected by the author.

1. *Go tell. Go say.*— This was the commission of Christ, on the morning of his resurrection, to Mary. Mary signifies bitterness and exaltation. It fitly represents the sorrows and joys of the Christian, and the trials and triumphs of the Church. Bitter are the sorrows of woman, deep and pungent the pains of her anguish, but great is her exaltation in a Saviour's love. Though she be the greater sufferer under the rod of affliction, she soonest finds mercy, and is the earliest recipient of Christ's bounty. Though she were first in transgression, first in the fall, she is first to rise again. Who are they that now follow nearest a risen Saviour, and fall lowest at his feet? Who are first at the circle of prayer, first to receive the spirit kindlings of a revival, first at the altar, first to believe, and first to rejoice in redeeming love? Who can most sympathize with the distressed, comfort the mourning, and bind up the broken-hearted? Whose footsteps are swiftest on errands of mercy, nearest the abodes of suffering, soonest at the bedside of the dying, and last to leave it? Who are they that come flitting as a spirit through the sick chamber; and, gently stealing

upon the fevered vision, smile as a rainbow of promise through showers of anguish? Who bend over in looks of pity and tears of tenderness and plead in prayer for the afflicted, as Mercy weeping? Ye who have lain low with fever and become childlike in weakness and simplicity, who needed something more congenial to your broken spirit than mammon; ye who in your distress have had a kind wife or a sister to bring the cordial to your burning lips, wipe the death-dew from your aching brow, smooth your pillow, part the locks of your burning grief, calm your fevered senses, and soothe your troubled spirit; ye who have felt by your side one sharing your distress, striving to lift the weight of your agony, wooing to herself your distracted thoughts, drinking in your anguish, weeping with your tears, sighing in your sorrow, and praying in your prayer, and feeling to say "Whither thou goest I will go, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried;" ye who have felt the heaven-ordained ministrations of woman in the sick-room, and ye who have known her gifts in comforting weeping penitents, and pointing them to the Lamb of God,—ye may testify that Jesus delivered his commission into proper hands when he commissioned woman to announce his resurrection, and tell his faithless and cowardly disciples that he would meet them in Galilee.

2. *Telling, saying.* — This is old-fashioned preaching. Telling what the Lord hath done; saying, come and see how good the Lord is. Telling of experience, is the loudest preaching. And whose experience is deeper than woman's, both in sorrow and joy? Whose fidelity more firm, and whose faculty for expressing

religious experience more happy? Then by the very nature of her being, woman is ordained to preach. But not in the sense of modern pulpit ministrations; for I believe this reading metaphysical dogmas from Latin roots and Greek derivations — this setting one man far above the people, to teach dull, dead, theological disquisitions — this filling the head with syllogisms, rather than the heart with the Holy Ghost, was never ordained of God at all. She is commissioned to talk. Who does not know the benefit of talking? The physical, intellectual, and spiritual benefit? The power it has to conduce to health and happiness? The playful, active child forced into physical restraint, and compelled to sit the livelong day in silence, would soon pine away and die. He counts the moments as they pass; an hour seems an age; and a whole day, an eternity. His restless nature demands action, — exercise in speaking and playing; and if denied this, consumption must be the immediate result, or, by the aching of his little bones, the agony of his palpitating heart, and the welling up of his feelings, nature will out in bellowing cries and blubbering tears, so that even crying is a relief to him and conducive to health. The prisoner in solitary confinement, unallowed to open his mouth to human beings, soon becomes stupid, moody, melancholy, and deranged. For want of society, he soon makes companionship with the figures upon the wall, and talks to ideal beings, until his whirling mind has wandered too far to return. How many a husband and wife destroy each other's confidence by not speaking a kind word; silence at first has been mistaken for hatred, and each becomes distrustful and sullen, until they resolve not to speak for three days.

Oh, what a mute home is that! desolate as the grave. Nothing but talking can save the peace of the family. There must be a good-natured word, or snatch of old song to break the silence; some unexpected, happy freak, that shall set the nerves tingling, the pent-up spirits leaping, the blood boiling, the risible faculties dancing, and the foolish farce is ended by hearty, good-natured, side-shaking laughter. Once I knew a young wife who had been unfortunate in her choice, or her chance for a husband, and had married a spitfire of a man. Her only hope now was in speaking kind words. So she made it a study, and practised upon the art as a musician would to catch the tune. When she found the right word touched his ear, and his surly countenance lighted up, she would pour into it more of the same kind of music. At last she took lessons at a singing school for the sole purpose of singing him down when cross. And sure enough, when coming in, blustering and storming with rage, to be met with nothing but sunshine in her smiles, with laughing eyes, looking loveliness, and sudden burst of romantic song, was a new mode of warfare, which took the wind all out of his sails, and left him to sport with the breeze of his own folly. He could not stand such an attack, he must either yield or run, and by the kind words of that wife, the lion has become a lamb, and is now a devoted follower of Jesus Christ. That wife has gone to her long home. But of such wives it may be said, as of the saints coming up out of great tribulation, "Their deeds do follow them."

3. *Benefit of Talking.* — Talking not only makes a man physically happy, but makes him intellectual and

religious. Talking sets a man to thinking. If he talks about religion, he will think about it; and as a man thinketh, so is he. Thus he becomes religious. Then talking produces health, and health makes physical happiness. Talking sets to thinking, and thinking makes a man naturally religious. Then, talking is the gift of God, ordained of heaven. Talking is preaching, — and who is better fitted for the task than woman? Said a physician to his patient, "Madam, I wish to witness the fever upon your tongue." And at once the patient thrust out her tongue, but not to the satisfaction of the doctor. "A little farther," said he. And still farther appeared the unruly member. Again, says the doctor, "A little farther, a little farther, madam." "O doctor!" said she, "what do you mean? I declare, you must think there is *no end* to a woman's tongue." My object then is not to prevent talking, for this would be impossible if desired; but to have the tongue sanctified, and speak for God and religion. Women of America! How many of you are dying for want of public spiritual exercise? Dying because you have no field of labor? Dying with nothing to do? How many are standing idle, and crying even at the eleventh hour, "Because no man hath hired us?" You see the fields already white, and would gladly be a Ruth to take the gleanings; but there is no Boaz to welcome you. You hear the cries of suffering humanity, but are not allowed to speak in its behalf. Perhaps your own children are circling on the eddies of temptation, but custom forbids you publicly to implore protection. How many feel the fire pent up in their bones, and can scarce forbear speaking, yet would be silenced by the church at the utterance of the first

word? How many feel to cry out, "'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' and woe is me if I do?" Like the fiery courser, with uneasy mettle prancing, he paweth the valley, he rolleth the eye, and shaketh the mane; he smelleth the battle afar off, and crieth ah! ha! at the sound of the trumpet; so are many of you panting for the race. But against the iron cage of prejudice you are fretting and chafing and pining away like a bird forced from its native air. You feel crippled, like a chained mastiff that knows his place, that sees the thief coming, and hears the cry for help, and feels the distress of suffering innocence, yet spends its noble strength in biting its chains. By custom caged, cribbed, confined, pining away and dying for a chance to speak, your heaven-born energies are wasting, and the quick steel of your soul is rusting away. But it shall not always be so. Preaching has been pulpit-ridden long enough. Salaried functionaries dealing out metaphysics never will convert the world. Preaching must commence in small circles, in private houses, and upper rooms again. The work has already commenced. Twenty female missionaries of this city, holding twice that number of meetings per week, are busy in the work, and five hundred more are panting for the field. A mighty change is coming over the spirit of preaching, — a mighty revolution in the ministrations of the word. The dayspring is rising. The glorious millennial day is dawning, and its radiant advent shall be ushered in by the ministrations of woman!

4. *Is it Scriptural?* — To the law and to the testimony. Is woman enjoined to speak or keep silence in the church? If to keep perfectly silent, then our

Episcopal sisters have broken the injunction, and members of Sabbath Schools, and every choir. Nothing but the bellowing tones of the old organ, and a few base voices, escapes anathema. But, "I suffer not a woman to teach" by usurping authority over the man. Very well; she may teach without doing this; and let us remember under what abject servitude woman was held in those times. Like the bonds of servants, her bonds could not be broken at once. Her rights must be granted by degrees. Therefore, to allow her to assume peremptory authority would defeat the ends of the gospel. "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak." This was right for the churches of Corinth. They were in difficulty with an incestuous person, and Corinthian women in all ages have been a byword for prostitution. Had they, even though converted, been allowed to debate in church trials and difficulties, the church would have lost its hold upon the public. Some commentators have spent much time in striving to prove that Mary Magdalene and certain women from Galilee which followed Christ, had never been vile women, on the ground that they would have brought Christ and his mission into disrepute. Be that as it may, in church trials at Corinth they were not to debate; but if they would learn, let them ask their husbands at home. For it were a shame for a woman to speak on such business; she would not know when to stop. However, in the same church, she was directed how to speak on other occasions. She was ordered to prophesy with her head covered, for the honor of her husband, to show that she was in submission, according to oriental customs. And

prophesying meant preaching. The apostle says it is "Speaking unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." No preacher can do more than edify, exhort, and comfort. Therefore, if woman prophesied, woman preached. And she was ordered to preach in the same epistle in which she was commanded to keep silence. So, according to the preacher, "To every thing there is a season; a time to speak, and a time to keep silence."

5. *Call to Preach.*—Hark! What sounds pierce my ears from this under world of woe? What howlings from the caverns of iniquity? What lamentations from the cellars of North Street? What groans of despair from these graves of unburied sufferers? What bewailings that they had ever been born? What repinings that the earth does not cover them? Hark! from this cesspool of three thousand grog shops, and six hundred houses of ill-fame, hear a thousand voices of despair! Hark! Through these voices there is a cry for help. These cries make the angels weep. All heaven drops tears of pity over their anguish. And has woman nothing to do; no pity for the fallen; no hand for the rescue? There is one place where she may labor on undisputed ground. It is in the Sabbath school, and sometimes in the neighborhood prayer meetings. Then the first call I present you is from the drunkard's children. I almost feel myself the embodiment of forlorn orphanage, yea a representative of children worse than orphans. With tattered garments, dishevelled locks, and supplicating voice, I rise from these low haunts of vice, and ask your protection. Hunger gnaws upon these vitals, sorrow courses my cheek,

cold freezes this current of life, and horror racks my brain, when I enter into their condition. I fall upon my knees and seize your hands, and kiss your feet, and pray you to pity me. I now seize from that train of culprits, schooled for the prison and the gallows, one that knows not his right hand from his left, and as yet knows not good from evil. I wipe the filth from his lovely face, part his matted locks, and comb his silken curls; with a warm kiss of kindness, I brighten his downcast eye, and enliven his features with hope, and now dressing him in beauty, I present him before you. I ask wherein he differs from the son of fortune or of fame? His eyes are as bright, his hands and organs as perfect, his little mind as clear, his countenance as fair, — and, is it possible that mere circumstances of education will make a saint of one and a fiend of the other? Then Nature has done her part well; she has given him physical, mental, and moral power fit for a king, yet he is to be schooled a culprit. Even on this, the Sabbath-day, in these back and by-places of wickedness, are the schools of vice more frequented than our own Sabbath schools. There they are learning the language of blasphemy, and are being familiarized with crime, until vice appears attractive. It is their condition, then, which comes in supplicating cries before you. Behold the tearful blue eye looking up for pity. Behold the wistful, innocent countenance, in anxious suspense, imploring your protection. Behold the little tender hands pitifully raised for your assistance; hands that have never committed wrong, and never would do it, could they have an even chance in the world. Hear that importunate cry! That tongue has never yet blasphemed. Hear its pitiful

entreaties! Hear! oh, hear its cries and heed them! Yes, I adjure you by the blessings left you by your fathers and your mothers, by the happy circumstances of your own education, by your duty to your neighbor, by the high position of influence in which God has placed you, by your responsibilities as mothers, by the hopes of your own children, by your duty to God and humanity, by the widow's tears and the orphan's cries,— I adjure you by all that you hold dear on earth, and all you hope for in heaven, by the wealth of time and the worth of a soul's eternity, by the salvation of your own souls and the immortality of theirs,—hear the call that God speaks through them, turn them not empty away, and spurn them not from your presence.

6. *Call her Children.*— This was the cry of an excited company in Baltimore. They were standing around a couch upon which a mother lay for two days suspended between life and death. She had been aroused at midnight, and finding her house on fire she flew to the rescue of her children. Above the crackling of the flames she heard the cry, "Mamma! mamma! fire! fire! Willie burn! Willie die!" She mounted the stairway, dashed open the door, and started to plunge in; but suffocated by the smoke she reeled backwards and fell down-stairs. She rose again, and seeing the maddening flame at the top of the stairs, as a fiery sword between her and her darlings, and still hearing their cry above the roaring flame, she started, all frantic, to leap into the choking flame, but fell stifled to the floor. A stream from the engine brought her to her senses, and the firemen bore her to the street. But when she heard the crash of the falling building,

and thought of her children, she swooned and fell into a fit from which there seemed no hope of recovery. Once or twice her nerves twitched, her lips muttered, her eyes glared, her teeth grated, and nature rallied for a moment, but with a deep shudder she sunk into shades of forgetfulness again. Hours passed by; she knew not her friends, nor time, nor sweet cordial. Once she suddenly stretched out her hands and cried "fire! fire!" but stopped as one dead. Life now appeared extinct. Many gathered round, weeping as for one departed. By chance a child prattled in the room. The sound struck her ear as a voice from heaven. Suddenly her fingers moved, her pulse beat, a flash lighted her features, and a ghastly smile; but it seemed like the last gasp of the dying, and she became unconscious again. "Call her children," was the cry of the bystanders. And forthwith the children were seated upon her bed, but she was too far gone to heed them. At last her dearest one,—if a mother can have one dearer than another,—climbed up farther towards her head, and placing his lips close to her ear he cried, "Mamma! wake up! Willie live: Willie live!" And, as if touched by an electric spring, her eyes opened, she gazed upward in vacancy, and muttered some incongruous sounds, as if talking with spirits from another world. For a moment she gazed, then closed her eyes again. The three children now assembled close to her head and commenced singing. The music roused her senses and called back her wandering spirit, and with rapture she arose and embraced her children, with all the heaven-born tenderness of a mother's love. There is a moral in this. If a mother's sympathies for the cause of temperance and humanity have become dor-

mant, and she hath lost her interest, then "Call her children." See if their danger, their exposure to temptation will not stir a mother's blood. "Call her children" to that mother who is despairing in poverty and can find no work, and see if ways and means will not be opened, and new energies awakened. "Call her children," to that dying mother, if you would win a smile with which to bless the world in her dying moments. "Call her children" to that lifeless church whose heart-throbbings are apparently dead to all vital godliness. Let the call be, not to the watchmen, not to the doctors, for the metaphysical drugs of the doctors have already produced stupefaction; but "Call her children." Let every woman and child raise their voices, and see if they do not awaken an interest in the church, a music on many a cottage floor, that shall ring from heart to heart, and house to house, far above the wails of sorrow, as the voice of many waters. "Call her children," then, and the church shall rise and put on her beautiful garments, and shall be as the "voice of my beloved leaping upon the mountains, and as the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

7. *Another Call.* — We present another call — one all momentous to your sex. By a statement published in the Friend of Virtue, there are six thousand cyprians in this city. Their average life is four years; therefore, more than one thousand die annually. A thousand lost souls a year! Twenty at the ringing of every Sabbath's bells — more perhaps than are converted by all the pulpits of this city. They come mostly from the country, and many of them from Maine. They come flushed with health and beauty,

beaming with hope, innocent and unsuspecting, and how soon are they caught by the ensnarer! A silly dream of pleasure, hope that dies with the hour, and now shame, remorse, despair, death, and the midnight hearse rumbles; motherless and friendless they go through the dark streets, to the field where a thousand broken hearts are piled together in one year, — a thousand persons that might have been happy wives, happy mothers, and filling happy homes, — a company averaging three congregations of this city, — a company that, joining hand to hand, would extend half a mile. Think of it. One half mile of human beings, once innocent, now broken-hearted, marching in mournful procession to harlots' graves! O thou Author of Christianity! Thou who receiveth sinners and eateth with them! Thou who came not to call the righteous, but sinners! Thou whose feet were bathed with the tears of redeemed harlots! Is there no power to reach them now? No eye to pity? No ear to hear their cries? No hand to save? Look down, O Lord! in mercy, if there be mercy in store for such poor, pitiful mortals, and send thy gospel among them. If man refuse to go, and, like Jonah, take a pleasure trip while the city is threatened with judgments, let woman be called to the holy mission of the gospel again. Hark! What sound is this from North Street? A cyprian is dying. She is the daughter of a clergyman from Maine. The sound comes from a low, damp, dark cavern, far from the eyes of the street. The floor is becoming wet, yea, flooded, with the tide of ocean. In the direction of the moan, by a dim light, we wend our way. We tread upon the plank floating above the floor, and pass to the second and third back cel-

lar. A dim oil-lamp discloses two or three fiends in human shape, watching the dying. They watch not for good, but are anxious for the last breath. A pine box is waiting, the wagon is engaged, and the old hag of the den, all blossomed with rum, is uneasy that the poor victim is not dead. Impatience rankles on each visage, the cellar must be cleared for new comers, and there are no thoughts of pity. Now from the full depths of that dying heart comes a sigh, now a shuddering groan, and all is still; the current of life for a moment is suspended. There is a storm in Boston harbor; the waves roar and break in angry surges, the shore is shaken with convulsions, and the loud winds are wailing with the mothers of Maine. But she heeds it not; her thoughts are far away, on youth's sunny hill-side; and home, and now the thoughts of dying here, startle her, and a tempest swells her soul. Terrified with horrible phantoms, she wakes; she twitches and jerks like a fish upon the hook, and opening her eyes, and seeing her Satanic watchers greedy for her corse, her brain whirls, and she dreams of hell. And now the tide has turned, the willing waters retreat, and her life is ebbing with the tide. Dying cadences from a heart once taught to pray, are murmuring from her lips, like the voice of moaning winds from an ocean cave. She whispers of home: "My mother! oh, my mother! would she forgive me?" A sigh, a gasp, a look of horror, and she dies. O Maine! Thou first of the sisters of the East! Thou child of the rising sun! Weep and howl over the fate of thy fair daughters! Thy green forest winds moan and lament in sighs that shudder on Massachusetts' coast. Thy Penobscot and thy Kennebec roll down in floods of

anguish, and their reluctant waves, following thy wandering maids, madly dash for vengeance in Boston harbor. Now into these dark cellars they creep stealthily, to take the last look of fallen humanity, and weep where mothers are not allowed to shed a tear. O Boston! Thou stronghold of infidelity! Thou Babylon of iniquity! Thou Golgotha of New England! Oh, that thou hadst known the things that belong to thy peace! Thy religion hath too little vital, regenerating power in it. One or two philosophical discourses per week will not save thy people from their sins. Thy shedding of infidel tears over the poor slave on Carolina's coast, doth not prevent the death of a thousand persons in thine own bosom — a thousand dying within the hearing of thy Sabbath bells — a thousand groans beneath the very caves of thy sanctuaries — a thousand slaves whose bondage is a thousandfold more to be deplored than that of flesh and blood and bolts and bars and iron chains. Yet, fifty persons reclaimed from this bondage would awaken but little sensation, and an anniversary occasion would scarcely call out a quorum; but let a slave escape from the south, and the city is in jubilee. O consistency! thou art a jewel — a jewel rarely to be found, and thy habitation is past finding out.

8. *Woman, to the Rescue!* — In the politics of Boston I meddle not. Her public spirit, her schools, her libraries, and her deeds of charity need no encomium from me, — they are beyond praise. But as a preacher of righteousness, it is my duty to point out spiritual evils, and their remedy. I will not now speak of the religion of that congregation, the largest in Boston, which

assembles weekly to hear the Bible condemned. I will not speak of those assembled thousands who could applaud a public speaker for calling on God to *damn* Massachusetts for not breaking from the union. Such things, when left alone, work out their own remedy, if orthodoxy be true to its creed. But here is the difficulty: Orthodoxy itself cannot allow live Holy-Ghost religion, and Holy-Ghost preaching, without anathematizing it as fanaticism. Many of the best of her saints have been shut up in prison, or hospitals, and treated as maniacs. Prejudice and bigotry have seized them, and poison has softened their brains, and deprived them of their senses, and they are now conversing with ideal images upon the walls of their cells. I intend to speak of several of these cases, in a volume entitled "Scenes from the Prison," and I verily believe if some church officials could have had their will, I myself would have been one of that number. And once in the hands of physicians, who have no sympathy with spiritual effusions, who think all revealed religion insanity, who allow no worship in the institution, not even the poor form of a prayer — once taken in such hands, and I would not give a cent for my life. By their drugs and poisons I should have been salivated and ulcerated, until my brain had festered under my hair, and run out of my ears, and without a crime, without an unchristian action, without a moment's aberration of mind in my life, I should now perhaps have been a gibbering, mouthing idiot. But, blessed be God! when the Pharisees turned against me, when religious journals condemned me, when the priests and Levites passed on the other side, when the few hundred dollars I could then raise, of my own earnings, were all gone, when the one hundred my poor mother

gave me from her sewing money, were nearly exhausted, and when fate would seem to decree that I must leave Boston as a fanatic, despised and rejected of men, then it was that God called the Marys and the Marthas to my rescue, and, by their holy devotion to his cause, many a poor wanderer has been converted to God. If I succeed, under God, in doing any permanent good in this city, I owe it to the ministrations of woman. Oh! may I never prove unworthy of so generous a sacrifice; may I never forget the names of those who rescued me; and may you, in years to come, never regret that you cast your fortunes with one who was unpopular among his brethren.

9. *Woman's Fidelity.*— Who are these which are arrayed in white robes; and whence come they? These that came out of great tribulations, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? These that shall be led by the living fountains of waters, and shall hunger not, neither shall they thirst any more? These that are redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb? These that are not defiled, for they are virgins? These that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? While the disciples were few, who were the "many" that followed Jesus, and ministered to him of their substance? Who left husbands and homes in Galilee, and followed on foot for seventy miles, to listen to his teachings? Who was glad to bathe the feet of Jesus, while a proud Simon refused oil for his head? Who loved much because she was forgiven much? Who preached the first gospel sermon in Samaria? Who watched the dying Son of God when the pale and cowardly disciples had fled? When one

had sold out his conscience for money, and another had denied him with an oath, who still lingered round, and gazed and wept, sighing with his sighs and shuddering with his groans, pouring out her soul in his agony? Who followed the mangled corse to its last resting place, and sat over against the sepulchre weeping? Who were the last to leave the sepulchre at evening, and the first to visit it on the resurrection morn? Who was the first to see Jesus after he had risen? Who received the first commission to preach on the resurrection? Who preached the first gospel sermon, and how was it received by the apostles? Just as her story of the cross is received now-a-days by faithless disciples — "And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

> "Not she with traitorous kiss the Saviour stung;
> Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
> Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

10. *Accepting the Call.* — Has woman's commission expired? Is there no Mary now to proclaim a risen Jesus? No Magdalene to wash his feet? No Joanna to minister to him of her substance? No Priscilla and Junia to follow him to prison, and lay down their necks for his cause? No Tryphena and Tryphosa to preach the word? No beloved Persis who labored much in the Lord? No Phœbe to preside over the church; and no daughters of Philip to proclaim the teachings and unctions of the Holy Ghost? Are the times so changed? Should woman preach until the tenth century, and then by the hand of popery be crushed out when most needed? Shall the vitals of progressive Christianity be torn out by silencing the tongue of woman? No! *No!* God of the gospel forbid! The

same voice that proclaimed to the faithless and timid disciples a risen Jesus, shall yet awaken the dormant energies of a lifeless Christianity, and swell the throbbings of her soul with holy ardor, as in olden time. The voice of two-thirds of the church shall not always be kept dumb. The spirit of Christianity is the spirit of freedom, and freedom is immortal. Though crushed to earth, it shall rise again, and though shackled by forms, its fetters are not eternal. Come, then, ye holy women of modern times; come, and assert your rights. Come, and preach the gospel in primitive simplicity. Preach in upper rooms and private houses; preach, like John the Baptist, by exhortations; and teach, like Priscilla, the great Apollos, the way of holiness. Come from the battle field, ye that minister to the fallen brave. Come, ye Florence Nightingales. Come from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah. Your garments are red; ye are glorious in your apparel, when ye come forth with the blessings of the wounded. Come from the prison, ye that comfort the mourning. Come, ye Elizabeth Frys; your countenances are sweet, and a halo of glory circles your brows, when you follow your Master to the spirits in prison. Come from the highways of holiness. Come, ye women that tread the old paths of sanctification. Come, ye Phœbe Palmers. When the watchmen sleep, and the standard is hung at half-mast, let a woman raise it to the top-mast of the gospel. When the "highways are unoccupied, and the travellers walk through by-ways, and the inhabitants of the villages cease," because of the enemy, then let a Deborah arise — a mother in Israel, that shall guide the timid Baraks to battle. Welcome, ye heralds of mercy! Welcome, ye messengers of peace! Wel-

come, ye that bind up the broken-hearted, and ye that comfort the mourning! Welcome to the waste places of Zion! Welcome to the high position that ye once enjoyed in the early days of the gospel! Welcome to the leadership of bands, as in Wesley's time! Welcome be your voice in our prayer meetings! Then, awake, O woman, to your duty! By your gratitude for what the gospel has done for you, awake! It found you a slave, with chains forged by the customs of ages. It found you in the harem, bought and sold at the husband's will. You had no voice, and lived as one without a soul. Your chains stretched from ocean to ocean, and your silence was as the grave. The trump of the gospel sounded, and a hemisphere of women awoke to the resurrection. A few faithful women followed what appeared a lone wanderer and an outcast over the hills of Judea; then saw their leader slain. They saw him risen again, and in his resurrection the crowning glory of woman. She first proclaimed it, and a continent of enchained women heard entranced. She proclaimed it in household groups, by the fireside, and through the voice of growing children, and the gospel spread as fire through dry stubble. The apostle to the Gentiles speaks of nine female laborers at Rome before he set foot in the world's capital. The star of woman's empire rose with the gospel, and sunk with it in the dark ages. When Methodism arose, her voice was heard again, and every member was enjoined to speak. But in America, the great development of woman's gifts in spreading the gospel is yet to be.

11. *Her Sphere of Action.* — Woman's sphere of action may not be in the conflict of battle, not on the

political arena, nor even perhaps in the pulpit. Home is the throne of her influence; the social circle, the theatre of her action; and prayer, the lever of her power. Religion forms her train, charity fills her court, mercy is her prime counsellor, and humanity her subjects. Where poverty pines, she relieves it; where suffering cries, she pities it, and where innocence is assailed, she flees to the rescue. She visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and feels that, inasmuch as she has done it unto the least of these, she has done it unto Christ. Man may coldly discuss his religion from the pulpit, and clearly convince the head: She, by live, warm action, convinces and moves the heart. A holy living, full of feeling and faith, is the mightiest logic. Man may move the arm of state and of battle; she moves the heart that moves the arm. To reform an evil world, man resorts to politics and to war; she to God, in earnest prayer. Man rages as the fire, the whirlwind, and the storm; she, all godlike, speaks in the still, small voice. He may thrill and terrify; she will melt and subdue. Her influence is the leaven that worketh silently, and perhaps slowly, but surely. The sunbeams are voiceless and noiseless; yet, beneath their silent rays, winter yields, snows melt, waters flow, flowers bloom, fruits appear. So, beneath the genial smiles of woman, earth is made almost a paradise. Her influence is silent as the sunbeams, gentle as the dews of heaven, soft as the breath of violets, and sweet as the zephyr's flow. When sanctified by religion, her eyes sparkle with heavenly rhetoric, her voice charms with holy music, and her countenance beams with the radiance of the King of righteousness. Where morality prevails, she holds the universe of man; where

religion is in the ascendant, she makes the world an Eden.

12. *The Bride and her Crown.* — Woman represents the church — a bride, purchased by the King's Son. "Come hither, I will show you the bride, the Lamb's wife." "Behold a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." The church has had her tribulations, in all ages; her garments are red with the blood of martyrs; she hath been gored by persecution, and even now infidelity assails and hell moves from beneath to rob her of her crown; yet her coronation day is at hand, and all the kingdoms of the world shall be given to her for a possession. All hail! thou beauteous bride! thou bride of the Great King. He hath sought thee, and found thee in thy low estate, and purchased thee with his own blood. "He hath clothed thee with the robe of righteousness, even as a bride adorneth herself with jewels." "Oh, thou fairest among women! thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold." "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes, thy voice is sweet, thy countenance is comely, and thou feedest among the lilies!" "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh, and frankincense, and with all powders of the merchantman? Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? She cometh from beds of spices, and from the hills of frankincense. She looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Go forth, oh ye daughters! and behold the crowning of

the bride, on the day of her espousals. Awake, oh north wind; and came thou, south, with the breath of spices!" "Let us rejoice and be glad, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." "And I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia!" And the elders before the throne sing Alleluia! And a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, sing Alleluia! And the angels of God sing Alleluia! And the bridegroom and the bride sing Alleluia! And the twelve stars upon her crown sing Alleluia! And the moon beneath her feet sings Alleluia! And the suns around her waist sing Alleluia! And all the hosts of heaven sing Alleluia! For her crowning day is at hand, and the bride hath made herself ready.

13. *Apostrophy to the Church.* — O thou whom my soul loveth! Thou fairest among the daughters of earth! Thou wast once banished from thy father's house, and because of sin thou wast hurried out of Eden. The rocks and caves of the wilderness were thy portion, and the dragons of the desert thy companions. There thou wast enslaved by sin, till thy father's image was well-nigh erased from thy person. There thou didst pine, until found out by the King's Son; he heard thy wailings, left his royal mansion, and stripped himself of the glory he had with the Father, became poor and a man of sorrow, and trod the wine-press of the wrath of God for thy redemption. He hath led captivity captive, and purchased gifts for the rebellious. Yea, he hath entered the grave for thy rescue; such was his love for thee, oh thou meek-eyed, lovely bride! He

has won thee and wedded thee, but thou hast no dower to bring to thy husband, and no ornament for thy beauty, except the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Oh, captive daughter of Zion! I love thee; I love thee because of thy meekness; I love thee because of thy sufferings; I love thee because Christ loved thee, and died for thee; and I love thee because thou hast first loved me. When a wild, wayward boy of seventeen, sporting with the wine-cup, sporting with the wild chimera of free thought, cutting my cable from every strand of revelation, and dashing furiously on the breakers of infidelity, thou didst seize me from ruin, didst pour upon me the tears of thy sympathy, and feed me with the viands of thy love. Thou hast been more than a mother to me. What I am, have been, and hope for, I owe to thee. While many of my companions have filled drunkards' graves, and some of my youthful associates are now pining in the prison, and others reeling above ground, worse than dead, I have been taken from the horrible pit, rescued from the snare of the fowler, and plucked as a brand from the burning. And this I owe to thee, O daughter of Zion, thou child of the great King! To thee I owe a debt of gratitude, which nothing but a whole life can repay. What little of life I now have remaining, I place upon thy altar. Almighty God! accept the sacrifice. This body is weak, this frame is bowed with infirmity, this cheek is prematurely furrowed with care, and this heart hath been riven by unlooked-for trials; but grant me, O thou Son of God! to sound the trump of the gospel a few times more, and awake thy slumbering bride to her duty. Let me have one jewel to place among her ornaments, one soul brought home to God, one star in the crown of my rejoicing.

ADDRESS TO PRISONERS.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. — Isaiah 61 : 1.

Fellow-Prisoners! Men in bonds! I come to weep with those that weep, and mourn with those that mourn. I come to give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Suffering is the lot of humanity; it is an active principle in both the natural and moral world. The lamb that to-day may skip and play, may bleed for man to-morrow. The fish in frolic with the finny tribe is caught in the net for the food of man; and the dove from its innocent and love caresses is shot for the table of the epicure. The grape is bruised to obtain its juice; and the flower is crushed to bring out its odor; the bee is killed to procure its honey; the pearl oyster dies to yield the pearl; and the silk-worm perishes to adorn the frame of some fair bride. So in the moral world, the greatest and best men that ever lived have suffered, and many of them in prisons. A long array of prophets and apostles attests this fact, from the dungeon of Jeremiah, the prison house of Joseph, and that of Micaiah with his bread and water of affliction, down to Paul, Peter, and James. And they have all suffered

on account of sin, either for their own sins or those of others. And to the Christian afflictions are the furnace that shall purify him in his experience, as gold is tried in the fire, or as silver purified seven times in the furnace of earth. Jesus Christ is said to be perfected through suffering. Ye are suffering for sin, and for your own sins; and even to you, this suffering has its advantage. It cuts you away from your crimes, and humbles you, and bruises you in the mortar of affliction, until your wounded spirit, perhaps, chooses strangling and death, rather than life. To you, then, in the name of Jesus, I have come to bind up the broken-hearted and proclaim liberty to the captive. There is but one principle that can give you freedom. This is faith. Just by believing in Jesus, your fetters may fall off; and, like Paul and Silas, ye may, by a song or a shout, be freemen. In searching among the hidden things of God's word you will find an old key, which has been used many times by prisoners; yet it is not worn out, but is as bright as ever, and has never failed to release the captive when properly applied. This key is called promise. The hand that takes this key is faith; it lays hold of the promises of God. This is not all. You now start for the door; but the moment you do this you tremble; you are afraid of the keepers because you are guilty. You now pass through the dark apartments of contrition and repentance, to find the door and then the outer gate. This door that keeps you back is personal unbelief; that is, a belief that salvation may be for others, but not for yourself. The outer gate is general infidelity. It opens the way to the lowest cells of the prison, and to the lowest crimes, because its followers have no fear

of God before their eyes. Going inward and downward, these doors are unbelief; but going outward, Christ is the door or deliverer. In the darkness and gloom of repentance, you long to present your petition for pardon to the governor's ear; and none can do it with so much success as yourself. Therefore, while composing the words of your petition and forming your confession, you see a faint light break through the grates, towards the door. That glimmering is the light of the spirit, the light of hope; just enough to lead you on. As you come to the door, you pause for a moment at the intricacies of the lock. With the keen eye of a rogue you examine it; you have tried it many times before, have melted and forged many false keys to fit it; but all your efforts heretofore have failed. This lock is sophistry — infidel reasoning. The wards of it are so intricate, that no natural eye can see into them; and the bolts are so strong, that none but an adept can turn them. I see you now grow pale at the lock, and you fear lest the keepers should discover you endeavoring to escape. These keepers are the strong men armed of the Devil; and when they seize a man trying to escape they torment him with buffetings, lashings, strait jackets, and the choking shower bath, which many times make him despair of life. I see your hair stand erect, and your eyes roll in horror, and you almost see the guards pointing the weapon at your heart, and almost hear the sound of its death. You are half inclined to go back, so horrified is your blood through fear. At this moment you discover hanging to your key a seal; it has been the seal of many a death warrant, though so closely connected with Promise. Promises and threat-

enings go hand in hand. Holding it up to the light you observe the following words: "The fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Ah! now you tremble at more terrible powers than the watchmen, and with deeper agony than the remorse of murder. You say, "I thought a man would be punished for his crimes, and not for his belief." Yes, sir; but all crimes may be washed away by the blood of the atonement; but unbelief never can be: "he that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Unbelief is the only sin which cannot be forgiven; theft and murder can be washed out; but unbelief destroys the atonement from whence cometh all pardon; therefore it commits the unpardonable sin, by counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and treading under foot the Son of God. Then, sir, flee for your life; seize the key at once and force your passage. "But I cannot turn the key." Ah, sir, faith will do that; it is only for thee to lay hold and make an effort. "Then I cannot open the door without a great noise, a creaking of the bars, ringing of the alarm bell, and waking of the watch-dog; then come the guards upon me and I am a dead man." You will die if you remain where you are, and die if you go back; and you can but die if you go forward. Allow me to tell you a secret. When you were composing your petition for the ears of the governor, you saw a stranger passing through your apartment; he looked demure and sad, as if he were a man of sorrow, and there were scars on his hands, and on his temples. You thought him a spy, trying to discover the thoughts of your escape, and

you were afraid of him. That stranger was your friend, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He had ordered, in his will, a large possession for thee, — a splendid mansion and wide domain, — and he came a vast distance, to find thee in thy low estate. When he had intimations of thy desire to escape, he came, and overhearing thy petition, he carried it to the governor, and employed a special pleader for thy case, to intercede with groanings that could not be uttered. That friend now stands without, at the door, and waits to meet thee. The guards are all struck down with a deep sleep, as they were on the resurrection morn, and their weapons are taken away, and the alarm bell of death hath lost its tongue and terror, and the hell-dog is appeased by blood. Then away, sir, with your life, away, away! Thy friend with tears bids thee come; he tarries long for thy relief; his "head is filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night." He has a feast prepared, and invites thee to sup with him. Hear his voice. "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

"Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will — the very friend you need."

Oh! how many a prisoner has come thus far and halted. How many have become almost Christians, and yet have been lost! How many an Agrippa will say, "almost thou persuadest me!" How many a Felix will tremble, and then say, "go thy way for this time."

O sir, wilt thou not with me be a *fellow*-prisoner, a "prisoner of hope?" And may not I call you all "fellow-prisoners?" Rise, then, and stand upon your feet! Burst off the fetters of sin! Lay hold of the key of promise; and, with a faith that takes no denial, seizing the iron gates of unbelief, and nerved with the strength of Omnipotence, dash open her God-opposing bars; and Samson like, shouldering both the doors and the pillars of infidelity, stand and walk in the strength and majesty of new-born freedom, glorying in the first efforts of her growing might. There! I see one person whose countenance lights up with hope. He has been pale, dejected, and despairing, for a long time; he has heard of a chance to escape, but dare not embrace it, because having nothing but this piebald prison garb, he would not be received at head quarters, and when inquired of, would be speechless; and the latter end would be worse than the first. But now hope gleaming through the grates, shows him a wardrobe, just without the gate, for discharged prisoners, purchased by a friend to prisoners, who had died and left them these robes, called robes of righteousness. And more than this, he discovers hanging upon the wall a complete armor, which against his enemies will protect him from tip to toe. And still more, for his famishing frame, worn down to a mere skeleton by fatigue, suffering, and hunger, he sees bread there. It is called the bread of life, because by eating it he shall not die. There is manna also, called the hidden manna of love. And there, gurgling as from a well, is water, called the water of salvation. It flows from the river of God's pleasure, and is springing up unto everlasting life. And there are wine and oil, and milk, called the wine

of the kingdom, oil of gladness, and the sincere milk of the word. All this is without money and without price. Oh, the goodness and mercy of God, for this unspeakable gift! The sense of such great favors, offered to one so unworthy, quite overcomes him. So vile, so guilty, condemned even by the uneven justice of earthly courts, a worm, ay, worse, a fiend, a mere apology for a man; yet that God should condescend to forgive, what even the wicked world would not, and pity him, and feed him, and clothe him, and free him, and arm him, and still more, to crown him and give him a kingdom. Oh, it was more subduing than

> "That kind, upbraiding look,
> Which broke unfaithful Peter's heart!"

And then, when all earthly friendship fails, when his companions could assist him no more, when the last kind offices of a brother are at an end, a brother who hazarded his reputation, sacrificed his substance, and lingered around the last trial till all was over, — even then, to have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, to seek out and find the lost, to come uncalled for, and wait to be gracious, and to a stranger and an enemy, and yet more a villain, — this brings convictions of his total unfitness for the society of so good a being. Convictions, pungent, piercing, and heart-rending, now overwhelm his soul. Whether he is in the body he knows not; but in spiritual courts that soul is now arraigned for judgment. There stands stern, unpitying justice, blind to all tears, and deaf to all prayers, holding in her right hand the even balance, weighing every crime, every tittle of crime, even to the utmost atom. Nothing is presented in favor; all is condemnatory.

Broken Sabbaths, gaming, lying, swearing, stealing, down to the last thought and look, are all weighed. Inexorable judgment demands — "to the law and to the testimony," and unfeeling Law knows no mercy. To add to the horror, an unexpected witness is brought to the stand. It was his own familiar friend in whom he trusted, who did eat of his bread, yet did lift up his heel against him. His name is Conscience. When an appeal is made to the Law and to the testimony, Conscience is compelled to testify to all his secret sins, which before had been undiscovered. And no sooner is this done, than Law, Justice, and Judgment all clamor for vengeance, and he is hurried away to the dark, cold cells of despair. Oh how, out of Christ, can the sinner be saved? Oh, the agony of law-alarming conviction! Oh, the bitterness of contrition's tears! To him the darkness seems as the shadow of death; he is full of tossings, to and fro, unto the dawning of day. When the couch should comfort him, then is he scared with dreams and terrified through visions. In answer to his wailings, pestilential winds sigh through the grates. The damp droppings from the ceiling mingle with the clammy sweat from his brow; and upon his chains scalding tears mix with the blisters of his wounds. Armed sentinels of justice are watching him; and, more terrible than all the rest, there stands before him a monster, with a spear in his hand and a crown upon his head. He is called the King of Terrors. His frame is a skeleton; he has no breathing organs, and no power to use his spear; but Law gives nerve to his arm, and makes every bone instinct with life, and furious as a gored bull of Bashan. His spear is called Sin, and the strength of sin is the law. He comes

silently up to the culprit, and placing the spear near the eye, cries out, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and death for death; the soul that sinneth it shall die." The spear has several prongs, which pierce all his senses, but more especially the "lusts of the eye, the lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life." These afflictions, however, are but mortal; but now the prongs, passing through the senses, hot with hissing agony, all unite and enter the heart, linking pang on pang and year on year, with eternal tortures. Oh, now comes the bitterness of his soul! Now he would curse the day in which he was born, and cry, "let it be darkness, let darkness and the shadow of death stain it, let a cloud dwell upon it, and let the blackness of the day terrify it. O thou sword of the Lord, how long ere thou be quiet? Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for! Oh that I knew where I might find him; that I might come even to his seat! Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? O God, in thee will I put my trust; for thou alone art my strength and refuge. At this he hears a voice crying, "Arise, prisoner, and stand upon thy feet, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." "I am sought of them that asked not for me, I am found of them that sought me not." He is astonished that any voice should notice a wretch like him. Now, light and peace and joy break in upon his soul. The moment he makes an effort to rise his fetters fall off, faith makes him bold as a lion, he cries out, "I have found

him! I have found him! Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" At this the King drops his spear, the strength of his arm is broken, the doors fly open, the prisoner throws down his skull-cap for a helmet, and, seizing a sword and shield, he shouts, "Victory! victory! victory!" Now there is a mighty hubbub among the guards and prisoners. The prisoners think him nothing short of a madman, in making so bold and sudden an attempt to escape; and nothing but a maniac, in shouting at the moment of deliverance. The guards being filled with the wine of astonishment, now make a desperate onslaught upon him; but clad in mail and completely armed, he is invulnerable to their strokes. But as his example before the other captives may be dangerous, all their powers, both coercive and persuasive, are combined for his subjection. Strokes not availing, they try the goddess of Persuasion. She states to him that "It is well for all captives to be free, but not to start before the time. By this they will incur the displeasure of their companions, and be rejected at the bar. There is a proper time for these things; besides, if you go now you will be deprived of these pleasures of lust and appetite, which you have indulged in here; you have won them to your heart's content, and to leave so abruptly your fellows, with whom you have had many a sly talk and secret device, and revelled in many a hearty laugh over your hair-breadth escapes, your tricks upon the authorities, and your triumphs over their laws — to leave them thus shows a meanness of which you, as a gentleman and a man of honor, cannot be capable. And as to being reinstated at the courts; the eleventh hour will answer just as well as

the first, and there is more joy over the reformation of a great offender than a little one; therefore by the pleasures of sense, by your companions in durance, and by nature and reason, I conjure you to consider the matter, do nothing rashly, and delay a short time, if it be only to bid your fellows farewell. At this the fugitive puts his fingers in his ears and cries, "Escape for thy life, escape to the mountain, tarry not in all the plain. Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." And with that he exclaims, "Fellow-prisoners! hear ye, hear ye the word of my mouth, and give ear to the voice of my exhortation! The Lord hath heard your sighing by reason of your bondage; the Lord hears your groanings, by reason of them that oppress you, and he remembers his covenant with your fathers. He hath heard the groaning of the prisoner, and loosed them that are appointed unto death. He hath led captivity captive, he hath ascended on high, he hath received gifts for men, even for the rebellious. Hear it, O captive daughter in sackcloth, arise, and put on thy ornaments! Hear it, my fellows in bonds! The time for your deliverance has come! Now, this very moment, he proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of your prison. He hath purchased your freedom by his own life, and appeased the vengeance of the law by his own blood! Fear not then what man may say. Rise, and the Lord will loose the bands of your wickedness, undo your heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." After this he begins to sing and dance and shout, with such exultations of joy that the captain of the guard becomes alarmed, and comes down with all his reserved corps. Now a desperate struggle ensues. Other prisoners

take courage by his boldness; and those first to condemn him are now loudest in his praise, and they encourage him on. The captain demands why he attempted to escape, and by what right he demands release. "By the right of a free-born citizen whom you have imprisoned," is the reply; "and I have attempted to escape because I have a passport that bears me safe, not only out of this prison, but to the governor's palace." With this he takes from his girdle a white stone, and in the stone was a new name written; but the captain could not read it, for none knoweth it but him that receiveth it. Nevertheless, confident in his own knowledge of it, and certain of the voice that called him, he addresses himself for fight. Armed with a complete coat of mail, with helmet, breastplate, girdle, sword, and shield, there he stands, like the shadow of a great rock, bidding defiance to the coming storm of blows. The first discharges are made at his head, so that if wounded there, the heart may become vulnerable, and, by causing a diversion of the shield from the heart to the head, another discharge of arrows at the heart may bring instant death. The shock was deafening, and nearly overpowering; for the arrows were dipped in several subtle essences, which made them penetrate further than he expected, and they were poisonous. These essences were magic, mystery, and sophistry. But recovering a little from his surprise, he finds his helmet sufficient for them all, and now burnished with wearing, it gleams all over with salvation. The next assault is to disarm him of his shield; and the same weapons failing, a great iron bar is now brought from the gate of infidelity, to crush the arm holding the shield; but it misses its aim, and falls

upon the breastplate instead, and only glances upon the arm, wounding it slightly; so the fugitive is yet spared. But standing thus to be shot at, is no pleasant task, and his strength and courage will not hold out long without acting upon the offensive. Little did he think of such conflicts when he started; he is already fatigued, bruised, and wounded, wellnigh unto death; but, in the midst of his consternation, he draws his sword, wondering that he had so long let it remain in the scabbard. On it he reads these comforting words: "My grace is sufficient for thee; as thy day, so shall thy strength be; one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Then swinging it twice around his head, and cutting and thrusting right and left, he cries, "In the Lord do I put my trust, I will not fear what flesh can do; heaps upon heaps, I will not fear, though a thousand encamp against me." Now lust, sorcery, sophistry, infidelity, malice, and revenge, either flee or fall at the first stroke of his sword. Lust he pierces in the eye. Sorcery he terrifies by conjuring the name of Jesus. Sophistry he blinds and confounds by a single glance of his sword. Infidelity he smites down, as by a thunderbolt, with the arrow of conviction. Upon the head of malice he throws coals of fire, or rather kindness, ignited by love, and revenge he pierces with his sword dipped in honey; and as this mode of attack comes so unexpectedly, the foe, being off his guard, falls without a struggle. Thus, instead of standing a target for devils, he assumes the offensive, and, singing, "The right hand of the Lord is glorious in power, the right hand of the Lord hath dashed in pieces the enemy," he, sword in hand, rushes on the foe, and charges and

routs them, and discomfits them before they have time to rally, until Diabolus' forces flee and fall with great slaughter. Now, as he is elated with victory, the enemy take advantage of his feelings to lead him into a snare. While they pretend to flee before his strokes, they lead him directly over a trap-door opening to a solitary dungeon. This door is called Presumption, and this dungeon is called Doubting Dungeon. Inexperienced and unguarded at the feet, as they had not been shod with a preparation of the Gospel in his youth, he was too headstrong and too elated, and ventured too far, as many young converts do. So down he went. Great were the rejoicings among the Diabolians. They set up a loud shout when they saw Electus fall, then hastened to repair the breaches in the wall that the prisoners had made during the scuffle, and doubled the chains upon the captives, and doubled the guard; for several prisoners had escaped, and many were on the point of rebellion, who now found their bondage more deplorable than ever. Poor Electus finds himself completely in the power of the enemy — forsaken by God and man. The door of his dungeon is bolted down with a great noise, and there is in it no light, neither food nor water. Now he laments his rashness, and lifts up his voice and weeps: "O Lord! thou knowest my foolishness; to me belongeth confusion of face. O my God! I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face. I know the plague of mine own heart and the evil of presumptuous sins. My tears are my meat, day and night. Hold not thy peace, O Lord! at my tears. O Lord! I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips. Have mercy upon me, O Lord! for I am weak. O Lord! heal me, for

my bones are vexed. My soul is also sore vexed; but thou, O Lord! how long? How long, O Lord! shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they bend the bow at the upright in heart? Return, O Lord! deliver my soul; oh, save me for thy mercy's sake! For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?" The Lord hears his prayer, it is true; but as there is not enough of faith, confidence, or trust, God delays an answer. In vain does he cry — "I am weary with my groanings; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears. Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies." Now a thought strikes him that he ought to feel for a way to escape, and show some action as well as prayer; that "they that seek the Lord should *feel* after him, if haply they might find him." So he commences to grope in the dark, to discover of what material the cell is built. To his surprise, he finds it built of the most unsubstantial material possible — of mere hay, wood, and stubble. And the bolting of the door was of sound only like the cracklings of thorns under a pot. But it was dark, — "dark as the land of darkness and the shadow of death, without any order, and when the light is as darkness." Now he thinks of his former deliverance. To doubt the light and strength then given him, would be to belie his senses. He knew he had more than mortal energy. This very armor tells that he had been assisted; and this new stone, dropped secretly into his girdle, tells that there was a friend nigh. Now he thinks how much that friend has done for him — how he found him in his low estate — how he left this robe for him instead of the

prison dress, that it might never be known, when he is free, that he ever was a prisoner — how he gave him the armor — and how he assisted him secretly, when unknown to him. And now, seeking for the spring of the door, to his astonishment he touched a telegraphic battery reaching to the governor's palace. The wire of his telegraph is faith, laid here by a certain benefactor whose track was marked in blood up the steep of Calvary. And even tears and groans, if they touch the right spring, receive communications. And when Electus in great bitterness of soul cried out, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" — he touched the right spring. Then came immediately to his mind, "Seek and ye shall find; knock and the door shall be opened. The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee. I give thee eternal life, and none shall pluck thee out of my hand." Then he telegraphed the following: "Be merciful unto me, O God! for man would swallow me up. There be many that fight against me; but in thee, O God! have I put my trust." Then the ministers from the high courts, sent to minister to them who are heirs of salvation (Heb. 1: 14), came down in hot haste to know by what authority a pardoned, reinstated, and adopted son of royalty was imprisoned? "Have I not set bounds to thy habitation, O Lucifer! and said thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? Whence, then, this complaint that cometh to my ears?" Diabolus replies, "We have not transcended our limits. The prisoner, we allow, has a passport with the name of high authority which will bear him safely out. But he has no right to abuse that name by trespassing on forbidden grounds. He was not content to quietly escape by himself alone,

out he must make a great hubbub about it, so as to disturb the quiet of other prisoners, and alarm the keepers. He was not content with extricating himself from our hands, but commenced to dissuade others from their loyalty, and with great flourish of sword, he marched upon us, and trespassed on Presumption's ground, which you know is our own; therefore he is where he is, and where he ought to be." Even the Psalmist prays — "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me." How much more might such a giddy, upstart stripling need the precaution! Therefore, let him learn by this, if he has found the straight and narrow way, to walk in it, and let others alone. The messengers, however, demanded his release whenever it was his will to go; but never against his will. Yet Diabolus, more artful than honest, hits upon another plan to retain the prisoner. Perhaps on being released from total darkness to marvellous light, he may again be too elated by the contrast, too self-confident, and so certain of his final perseverance, that he may be led to compromise with the enemy and delay his journey.

Therefore, upon Electus' first coming to the light, the enemy commences a parley. "You know," said he, "the wealth and emoluments of this establishment; you know the honors of command, and how many menials there are; and if you tarry for a space, I pledge you these honors and emoluments shall be your own. You know, also, if you retain the name on your passport—the sure witness, you will finally be received at head-quarters. Therefore, consider for a moment whether you may not give less offence to us, meet with more indulgence and less difficulties yourself, and still

be just as safe in your heirship. In short, cannot we compromise the matter? Just listen to me. By going with me for a moment, you shall witness such sights and sounds and mysteries and wonders, such courts and palaces, such wealth and magnificence as you never dreamed of. Know you not that many of the king's palaces of earth are in the hands of our majesty? Know you not that the chief wealth of the world is ours? also, many of its great statesmen and warriors, and even some of its priests? Know you not that good men have fallen deep in crime, and again been reinstated? Think of David. Then, if great men have so indulged in crime, may not you commit some trivial offence? It is certainly no great offence to look upon objects of pleasure, though you may not indulge in them. And now, as you have your liberty to see and judge for yourself, I propose to reveal many wonders to you, on condition that you shall remain a short time only, and appease by your presence the uneasiness of the prisoners. At what moment you may choose to go, you are at liberty to depart." Electus, happy in his freedom, and grateful for his release, could not consent at first even to look upon sinful pleasure, and it seemed as if he should never wander, never be in bondage again so long as he lived, he so completely abhorred and detested the very sight of sin. But he did not stop his ears, and he listened to the voice of the charmer, until forbidden pleasures became familiar, and sights and sounds of iniquity less offensive. After the first transgression the way to perdition is easy; so he at last consented. The first cell they visited was the Inquisition, the floor of which was covered with bones of heretics and the walls with weapons of persecution.

"These marks of cruelty," said his guide, "are the works of the priests—that class of saints which you so much revere." The next was the hall of mirth and jolity, the abode also of sensuality, intemperance, and licentiousness. And to the surprise of Electus, there were some priests also in this apartment. They now visited Satan's biblical library. The Bible was covered with pictures in caricature. There the master was binding the slave; there was David gazing toward the house of Uriah; and there was Joshua exterminating the Canaanites. And works of science, falsely so called, were now examined. There were spiritual mysteries, and spiritual wonders, and spiritual mediums, perhaps, equalling Christ, and doctrines more agreeable than his to the flesh. He next was led to the palace of enchantment. There every sense, passion, and imagination was delighted with novelties and wonders. Wealth, talent, art, music, beauty, all combined to gratify and charm the senses; fairy dances, resplendent lights, sparkling fountains, birds of rare plumage, voices of melodious note, viands of uncommon relish, and cordials of exquisite flavor, and, to add to the enchantment, his guide, now conspicuous in the dance and towering above his compeers, is, in a moment, transformed into an angel of light. His face shines as the morning, and his garments are brilliant as noonday. Electus begins to think these pleasures are not so heinous after all; he must have had misconceptions of them; he resolves to taste for himself, and, to gratify his longing appetite, which has become strong through fatigue, he sees fruit bending on the boughs and inviting. He reaches forth his hand to pluck, and finds there the apples of Sodom,—beautiful without, but

within full of ashes. Now, in a moment, clouds come over his brow. He finds that he has been deceived. He gropes in the dark, he knows not where. He feels for his sword—it is gone; for his shield—but he lost it on the ground of enchantment; his armor, and even his robe, all are gone. Oh, the sadness, the chagrin, and the shame that fill his mind! The thought that he should look on sin, that he should listen to its voice, and even taste of its fruits, after he had been so free, so happy, harrows up his soul with dreadful horrors! Oh, weep, ye eyes that looked on sin! weep this life away! burst, ye sockets of grief! and open, ye flood-gates of woe! Howl, O my soul, for the woes that have come upon thee! Pierce me, O conscience! Let the hot iron of thine indignation sear this soul, and burn this bleeding heart! Bleed, O thou shuddering heart! quiver and groan with the agony of crime's first conviction! Strike me, O judgment, for I am guilty! let the thunderbolts of thy wrath consume! Weigh me, O justice! weigh my crimes to the utmost farthing, for I deserve not God's mercy! O despair! thou ministering angel of bad men! Come, let me comb thy dishevelled locks! Let me mix my tears with thine! Let me gaze on thy woful features! Let me mark thy frothy ravings! Let me hear thy shuddering groans; and let me share thy feelings, so much like my own! Oh, I am undone, forever undone! Had I sinned through ignorance, had I sinned through infirmity, or had I been remiss in duty, I might have been forgiven. But to transgress with my eyes open, to sin wilfully, with a full knowledge of consequences, and against so kind a Benefactor and Redeemer, transcends the utmost limits of mercy. Farewell, then, to

hope! farewell heaven!" Just at this moment, there came to his mind this passage: "None shall pluck them out of my hand." Now he began to be encouraged; to think that perhaps for his name's sake, God will restore the joys of his salvation. Yes, for his name's sake — glorious be his name! And with confidence he once more looked up and prayed; and he soon found the attendant messengers of heaven watching him and ministering to him, and recovering for him his shield, his armor, and his passport. The last we saw of Electus, he was travelling a straight and narrow way towards the Governor's palace. It is called a highway of holiness, cast up for the ransomed of the Lord, and it extends beyond the prison-house of this world. He is wiser for his misfortunes, humbler for his sins, and more careful by past experience to avoid the first appearance of evil.

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

When travelling in the State of Vermont, I obtained from an old hunter the following eagle story. He had caught and caged a large and noble-spirited eagle, but had not retained it long before it began to sicken and droop. Its lofty spirit was broken, its wings dropped, and its towering head sunk towards the earth. The hunter saw that unless the bird had more liberty it must die. He therefore fastened it with a line to the cage, and gave it a circuit of several rods for action. The liberty-loving bird immediately spread its wings to mount up-

ward. But it had scarcely got under way before, reaching the full length of its chain, down it fell. Again and again it tried, but with no better success. Finally, its courage was gone, it made no more efforts to escape, and spent the livelong day in biting its chains. It now refused to eat, its feathers were untidy, its wings dragged upon the ground, its neck was bent in dejection, and its eagle eye lost its lustre. At length, on a bright sunny morning, while pining over its bondage, it heard the voice of its companion shrieking from a mountain crag over its head. Old associations came with the sound and roused its spirit. It began to adjust its feathers, raise its head, and look on high. Again, and louder came the wild shriek of its companion, when the fettered bird stood erect, flashed its eye, spread its wings, darted upward to the length of the chain, and with mighty struggles of new-born Freedom asserting her right, burst its fetters, and, rising far above the mark of rifle or the ken of man, flew away to meet its royal mate in the radiant sky of heaven.

Sinner! this is thy case. Thou art chained by him who is as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Thou art pining under bonds of sin, and thy withering spirit refuses to be comforted. Now, by breaking off some evil habits, thou hast freed thyself a little, but though out of the cage, thou art still fettered. No good works will save thee, all the powers of earth cannot get thee free. Without the Spirit you may vainly struggle for a lifetime. Man may make a bird, and give it eyes and feathers and wings, but he can never make one that can breathe or fly. So thine own works cannot raise thee to heaven. The Spirit from a higher source must nerve the wings of thy faith, the Spirit

must make thee free. I see thee pining under thy chains, and striving to break the fetters of habit by thine own strength. Thou hast advanced a little, like the eagle to the length of his chain, but canst go no further. Despair is resting upon thee; thou art almost dying. Hark! the voice of thy companion! the Comforter from the rock above thee! "A rock that is higher than I." Hark! it is Jesus! "Come up hither!" he cries. "The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will let him come; come up hither, come up hither." O sinnner! Now plume thy wing for glory! Now brighten thy dim eye of faith, and look at the Sun of Righteousness! Now hear the "voice of thy beloved leaping upon the mountains. He looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice!" Now raise thy drooping head of despair! Now strike thy fettered feet upon the Rock of Ages! Now burst the last bands that bind thee! Now, with thine eagle eye of faith brightening for glory, thine ear open to the voice above thee, thy feet bending to leap, thy wings spread for flight, now! now! now! strike thy pinions, and upon the golden wing of faith, as a bird of hope soaring towards the land of promise, mounting above the confines of earth — above its clouds, its darkness and its storms, far up beneath the radiant smiles of thy Redeemer, — there settle thy weary feet upon the ever-enduring promises of God!

STARVED TO DEATH.

In the year 1851, a man starved himself to death in Springfield, Mass. He had been imprisoned for intemperance; but insisting on his right as a freeman, he resolved never to eat until he could eat with his family, at home. From this rash resolve nothing could swerve him. Food and cordials tempted him in vain. He gazed upon them and fed his revenge by fighting his appetite. His wife and relatives came to console him and eat with him, but all to no purpose. "Liberty or death!" was his cry for many long rebellious days. At length appetite was conquered, his flesh loosened upon the bones; nature was giving way. I think it was the nineteenth day that I visited him, and on the twentieth day he died. Just before he breathed his last he made signs for food; but it was too late. Death had set in. He repented, and begged for life; but life was denied him, he had pushed his revenge one step too far — he had committed the sin unto death. Thus, O prisoner of sin, thou art starving, dying! Unless thou art fed in thine own way, thou dost prefer death! Oh, give up thy stubborn will! Stop! stop in thy mad fury, and fight no more against God! God's will must be done, and not thine. Hold out no longer. Submit to the law, and be saved through Jesus Christ. With all thy rebellion and all thy wickedness, he will set thee free, and feed and clothe thee, if thou wilt only submit. Lose not the offer. Oh, turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die! Wine and milk are offered without money and without price. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth forever!

SERMON TO SOLDIERS.

Fight the good fight. — 1 Tim. 6 : 12.

Soldiers of the cross! conscripts of heaven! let us talk a little about war.

Since the Fall of man, the profession of arms has been ever honorable to mankind. And since it was declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, there have been two antagonistic principles, at variance with each other and continually at war. And whatever peace-loving man may decree, and whatever peace-gathered conventions may resolve, it cannot be otherwise until the great enemy of mankind is chained, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. Therefore, to bring about these peaceful times, we are commanded, even by the God of peace, to fight. We are commanded to quit ourselves like men, to stand and fight, to hold on and fight, to run the race with fighting, to wrestle and fight, to agonize and fight, and dying to fight — looking unto the Captain of our salvation for a crown at the completion of the victory. "I am not come to send peace on earth," says Christ, "but a sword." "The Lord is my strength; he teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

I am aware that the profession of arms among the

soldiers of the cross, consists too much in name; that many have a name to fight, who raise not a finger in battle. Many have lost their vigor, many have retired on parole, and many have deserted. Many officers, ceasing to do active service in camp, have repaired to splendid mansions, and appear only once a week, or on muster-days. They still retain their titles and emoluments, although they have thrown off the military dress, and have ceased to give out orders in martial language.

Then, in the face of most appalling inroads upon our religion, and most dangerous incursions upon our faith, both the common soldiers and the commissioned officers are criminally delinquent. Although great castles, high towers, and lofty spires with many chimes, have been erected within a few years, and with splendid decorations and costly ornaments, yet as aqueducts and palaces could not keep off a Philip, any Demosthenes can see that high steeple and gilded trappings will not expel the adversary. And although, on the first day of the week, multitudes are seen marching up to rendezvous, for exercise and drill, dressed in uniform perhaps, yet their dress and their drill indicate very little of the bearing of a soldier.

Personal Conflicts.—We are to speak of personal conflicts in the inner life; then of general warfare.

First, the inner life. Every man living is born to doubt — to doubt God's providence, and especially his revelation. Our first struggle, then, is with unbelief. The weapons requisite are study, meditation, and prayer. We doubt because we neglect the word; if we study at all, it is to criticise and condemn. But to

study honestly, and allow the truth to reveal the corruption of our hearts is far from our purpose. We love darkness rather than light, because our deeds are evil. Therefore we are guilty in doubting because we refuse the light. The ostrich, by hiding his head in the sand, does not evade the pursuer, and we cannot avoid the judgments of God by closing our eyes against them. Then study the word. If it be true, it is awfully true; heaven and hell rest upon it. Then study it; study carefully and honestly; if it probe the depths of your heart, let the worst be known. It is better to know your case now, than to be flattered by false physicians, "physicians of no value," until beyond recovery. Then study—study, morning and night; seize every moment for that purpose. Study till your eyes grow dim, your cheek pales, and your lamp burns low. Study the best expositors, and see then if you can doubt. Study, and then meditate upon what you study. In your walkings by the way, and in the silence of the night, contemplate upon this great theme — Has God revealed his will to man? Has man sinned? Is he guilty? What must be his punishment, especially if he refuse mercy? Think upon it, and then pray over it. Prayer is the mighty battering-ram that breaks down the doors of unbelief. It is the lever that overturns the kingdom of darkness, — the key that unlocks the storehouse of heaven.

Then, to fight the good fight of faith, we must study, meditate, and pray. Like the prince to be crowned, we must bow to receive the crown, and stoop to conquer. Then let our knees be bent, our eyes turned upwards, and our hands raised to Heaven for help. Pray until darkness be expelled; pray, until doubts

take the wing of the morning; pray until your prison-house of unbelief is shaken by the earthquake of God's power; pray until the eaves of your dwelling are filled with listening angels; pray until you have the whole armor on; pray until your eyes flash with victory, and your heart beats boldly as a lion's; pray until your adversary flees terrified through fear; pray until you plant your foot upon the neck of sin and unbelief; pray until you feel the heavens are moving, and the chariots of God are coming. Watch the movings of the Spirit; watch and pray, and when you hear a "sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then bestir yourself." To prayer, then, O ye soldiers of Christ! to prayer! to prayer! Bow the knee. Camels stoop to receive their burdens, cattle bow their heads for drink, and soldiers in front ranks bend the knee to repel a charge. Then bow the knee. Attention! soldiers! Every man upon his knees, hands up, eyes raised, and knees bowed, waiting for your commission. Now rise and advance upon the foe. Charge! charge! for "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

Every Man to be engaged.—Many battles have been lost because all the marshaled forces were not brought into action. The church fails because she does not employ half her resources. That church is the most flourishing which can set all her members at work, and that preacher the most effective who can give employment to the greatest number of laborers. Whatever be his talent as a speaker, if he have force of will, and can set every member at work, he is the Lord's chosen. A few officers in the front ranks cannot do all the

fighting; and a preacher and a few deacons, the only ones to be heard in meeting, will never conquer the world. Meetings should be appointed in every nook and corner — meetings enough to give every professor, male and female, an opportunity to speak. Then let them speak of experience; old soldiers can teach the young best by experience, and Christian experience is the loudest preaching. Then come out from your hiding places, O ye banished saints! there is fighting to do! The private ranks must be filled; fighting men are needed, and not commissioned idlers; common soldiers must do the fighting.

Little spindles twist the yarn; small gearing weaves the web; little wheels move fastest, and are in closest affinity with the workmen; while great overshot power wheels move with slow and measured dignity, in respectful distance, like sons of noblemen. Then let us set the little wheels in motion; let every one be in its place, — a "wheel in the middle of a wheel," — and let every one have a connection with its fellow. All wheels are dead weights without a connection; and church members may die with nothing to do without proper sympathy with each other. The reason that pulpit orders are not better obeyed is because there is a want of connection between the pulpit and the people. Then let us come down from our dignity; let us link ourselves with working men; let us set the *little* wheels buzzing; let us not despise the day of small things. The largest animals are not the most useful, nor the most active. Behemoths cannot build islands, but little coral insects can do it. By millions they labor together, and build the vast rock, until it rises above the wave and becomes the habitation of

man. Whales are not fighting animals, but are driven about and killed by the little sword fish, the killer, and the thresher. Little animals move swiftest and multiply fastest. Elephants breed slowly, while insects multiply by the thousand. Little birds are the sweetest singers; small vipers are the most deadly; little blotches indicate the small pox; larger ones, only the common boil. Then watch the little foxes that destroy the tender vine. The shoulders are good for bearing heavy weights, and hodmen move slowly; but the fingers, the tongue, and the brain move swiftest and wield the greatest moral power. Then let every finger be working for the Lord; let every tongue be speaking of his goodness, and every brain devising something to do. Rouse up the neglected part of community; kitchen work is done by servants, and the hardest fighting by common soldiers. Then to arms! to arms! O ye idlers! God calls to arms! Ye have enlisted where there is no leave of absence, no parole, no discharge. Then do your duty. Be at your place, at the circle of prayer, at the sabbath school, in distributing tracts, in visiting the sick, in comforting the mourning, in feeding the poor, and in preaching by the way.

Martial Language.— The tower of Babel was not completed because the workmen could not understand each other; the officers gave out orders in an unknown tongue. Thus it is from the pulpit; orders are too full of dead languages; there is too much of the "*Deus venerandus a nobis est*" in them. Of the forty thousand English words, five-eighths are of pure Anglo-Saxon origin, enough to express every shade of meaning.

Figurative language is purely English, taken from objects of sense. Almost all tangible objects are christened in English, and never dubbed with a foreign dialect. The names of heat, cold, rain, snow, hail, sleet, thunder, lightning, sea, land, hill, dale, wood, stream — and also of the social relations, names of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, child, home, kindred, friends — and of the emotions, love, hope, fear, sorrow, shame — of the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon, stars — three out of four of the elements, earth, fire, water — three of the seasons, spring, summer, winter — also, day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, midday, sunrise, and sunset, — all, all are Anglo-Saxon. Then we need not dig up the dead roots of dead languages; we have words enough that are alive and vigorous, with fruitful meaning, without the dead roots of Greek or Latin. All nations have a language to correspond with their deeds. If their habits are simple and energetic, their language is such; if the martial spirit prevails, then the martial speech prevails; if their habits are delicate and effeminate, their language is effeminate. So with the pulpit. If the voice of the pulpit be warlike, as in the Reformation, then war notes will sound forth; if effeminate, as at the present day, then instead of "Fight the good fight," and "War a good warfare," you will hear, "Peace! peace! Ours is a gospel of peace. Let us not offend the Devil, but let us take off our hats and bow to his majesty, and beg his pardon, and thus we shall spread the gospel of peace." I will give a sample of modern pulpit effeminacy. "Dearly beloved brethren! With all deference to the dignity of your honorable stations, and the discriminating acuteness of your profound un-

derstandings, allow me to impress most emphatically upon your minds the very important yet marked difference and distinction between *tweedledum* and *tweedledee!*" Wonderful must be the effect of such language! How important the difference and distinction! "To be or not to be" is very simple a-b-c talk; yet when an immortal soul hangs upon the borders of two worlds, just ready to drop into nothing, or into weal or woe — "To be or not to be, that is the question!" But scholastified it might read, "To have the *vitæ continuous esse futurus esse*," or, in other words, to have the *quidity* of *quintessence, quintessinicimus, quentessinorum!* O Shakspeare! come back, and learn expressions from us modern linguists! Plain talk, like plain bread for a hungry man, is better than essences and quintessences. Then we must come back to plain talk, such as our fathers used. Once we could say "He that believeth not shall be damned;" but now we must say, "*Ille condemitur*," he shall be condemned. Once we could say, "The wicked shall be turnéd into hell;" but now, "They shall be turned into the place where it shall be impolite to speak about them." Once a trumpet was used; we could speak with the voice of a trumpet; but now a finer instrument is used at the other end of the house. Once we could cry aloud and spare not; but now we must spare everybody, and whisper — whisper — lest we get excited and scare the Devil. Once, seizing the hammer of God's word, we could strike — strike — strike — with its sin-convicting power; but now, with a velvet cushion upon the face of it, we must tap — tap — tap — lest we smash the heartless vanity of some poor, self-righteous soap-bubble.

State of Affairs. — Right in the face of our mock parade and sham fighting, let us examine the enemy's works. No accurate observer can doubt that the churches have failed to be effectual upon the masses. Cushioned seats and high rents do not attract them, or if once attracted the preaching does not draw them again. Infidelity is multiplying its castles and opening its batteries, even on the sabbath, to more persons than are found in our churches. This is done in drinking saloons, and by light reading and social converse. The churches themselves have lost the aggressive, warlike spirit, they have degenerated in doctrine as well as practice. There is scarcely a church or denomination, Armenian or Calvinistic, that abides by its old doctrinal landmarks. The doctrine of total depravity is discarded, spiritual regeneration treated as of small account, and hell torments are withheld, as being horrible to fashionable ears. In every grade of society, from the hut of poverty to the nation's council-chamber, intemperance, licentiousness, and dishonesty are sapping the vitals of government. And, as seen by the recent monetary crises, confidence in society is being lost, corporations are suspected, directors are proved defaulters, politics is a tool for corruption, religion has degenerated into form; not one-fourth of the people profess any religion at all, and much of what is professed is a mere negation, allowing every ism and schism, thick as the frogs of Egypt, to creep into the very bread-troughs of our divinity. Vice and crime of every hue and kind are multiplying, poor-houses are crowded, jails are filled, murder is let loose, robbery prowls abroad, safety is fleeing, justice is bribed, and judgment perverted; yet the watchmen but faintly

sound the trumpet, and the soldiers do not rally. I do not say that our country, or even New England, was ever free from this state of things; but I do say that since liberalism has prevailed, and the rigid doctrines of the Puritans have been ridiculed, vice has become awfully alarming. In forsaking the gospel for politics, in laying aside the Bible for human inventions, we have been lured into the lap of a Delilah, and shorn of our strength. Maine laws and moral reforms are but ropes of sand without the gospel. Nothing but the gospel can regenerate the world; nothing but the gospel can fully regenerate this city. With all its pride of patriotism, beneficence, and learning, a subtle infidelity rests as an incubus upon almost every moral enterprise. It fills the very air, it changes the face of learning, grasps the helm of benevolence, usurps reform movements, becomes respected in the sanctuary, and creeps into the pulpit. The people are hungering for plain, practical Holy Ghost teachings, but are too often fed with subtle metaphysics. Formalism has prevailed in tyranny, and fettered religion has risen to assert its rights; but, like uneducated freedom in the hands of unskilful men, it has run mad. The people have been so long tantalized and yet unfed, that they now swallow doctrines of poison. Having religious natures that must be gratified, and failing to be fed from the proper source, like unfledged birds, hungering and gaping, they have blindly swallowed every thing that came along. Millerism once shook the city; Mormonism had its day, until, lastly, Spiritualism, Swedenborgism, and Parkerism present a long train of wrecked and starving victims, floating upon a few planks taken from the gospel ship, far from Christ, the only ark of safety,

sinking amid the reefs of infidelity and the breakers of despair.

Call for Volunteers.—There is a call to arms; a call for watchmen upon the walls of Zion; for bold, courageous, enterprising men—men like our fathers, hardy, intrepid, and self-denying—men that can stand all weather, all storm, all opposition, all trials and persecutions—men that can bear the burden, wield the sword, mount the ladder, scale the wall, and endure hardness as a good soldier—men that can perform forced marches in double quick time, spend sleepless nights, march all night, and fight all day—men that consider no battle finished until the foe is routed, and no campaign ended so long as the enemy remains in the field—men who always have the armor on, who are ever ready to stand, to march, to charge, and to strike—men who are not afraid of a little brush of battle, a little fatigue, a little hunger, a little cold, and a little loss of blood—men who can remain a long time on duty, can march at any moment, strike when needed, charge when commanded, stand when called to shield their fellows, and die when the sacrifice is required. Oh, give us such men!—men that are as faithful in the Christian warfare as in the field of battle—men that are as brave as Cæsar, as combative as John Knox, as bold as Luther, and as full of faith and the Holy Ghost as a dying Stephen. Give us such men—men of sanctified hearts, invulnerable faith, and indomitable will—men who, at all hazards, will stand by us when God calls them, and pray for us, and uphold our hands. Give us such men to fight the battles of the Lord, and old crusty Formalism will rise and open

his eyes and shake himself and march for the battle; the children of sloth will catch the spirit of action, and it will be more difficult for them to remain idle, or stem the current, than it is now to start. Give us such men, and the powers of darkness would soon be routed. Thanks be to God, he has called around me a few such, and I trust he has many more elect in this city that are yet to be called. Come, then, from your hiding-places, O ye banished saints! Come, ye timid *Ready-to-halts!* Come, ye that feared the Midianites — ye who, like Gideon, were compelled to thresh your wheat behind the wine-press. Come out, face the foe, and shout, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" Hurl the firebrands of conviction into the face of the foe. They shall be discomfited. Already their swords are turned against their fellows; there is a division among them. Already we have won glorious victories. Already we have seen a hundred slain, a hundred profess conversion, and many hundred wounded; but what is a hundred in comparison with the fifty thousand unconverted? The war, then, is but just commenced. A few scouting parties only are taken, while the main army is in the field against us. Of thirty thousand, Gideon had but three hundred. We may be thankful if we have the same number; but three hundred can do the work when God calls; yea, one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Then sound the trumpet! — shout for victory! — and with the blazing torches of God's eternal truth ye shall awake the slothful, alarm the guilty, terrify the ungodly, and, burning the mazes of sophistry, ye shall light infidelity to its grave.

Position of the Enemy.— We are to fight the good fight of faith. Infidelity is the counterpart or opposite of faith, therefore it behoves us to examine the strength of the enemy. As I gaze up and down this world lying in wickedness, I find it full of disloyal subjects, armed against their lawful King. I see forts, castles, and barricades, built thick through all the earth, and filled with legions of the King's enemies. Besides the garrison, there are many outposts, scouting parties, pioneers, and an immense field army, ready at a moment's warning to march to any assailed point. Time would fail me to describe them. The whole forces are commanded by the prince of the power of the air, who is called Satan, the adversary. Among the castles, Intemperance, Sensuality, Sorcery, Idolatry, Covetousness, Malice, Murder, and Revenge, are prominent; but the strongest fortress of all, the one having the most intricate wards, and built with the most scientific and artistic skill, is Infidelity. It has employed the talent of the first artists, and is laid in the most costly stones that the gems of intellect could furnish, and its halls dazzle with richest thoughts of splendor. This is the rendezvous for all great councils of the alien army; it is the head-quarters of hell. Other forces commit greater ravages and rapine and more overt acts of wickedness, but they possess less moral power, and are less implacable. None are so irreconcileable to the King, none militate so much against his throne, and there are no other traitors but what may be pardoned. "He that believeth not shall be damned." "The unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." The sin of unbelief is the only sin

that transcends the power of the atonement; it is the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven in this world, neither in the world to come. It cannot be forgiven, because it tramples upon the blood of the atonement, from whence all forgiveness comes. It is the passport to all crime, the stepping-stone to all infamy; for all restraint is taken away when "they have no fear of God before their eyes." This castle is situated not far from Pandemonium,—the seat of the infernal empire,—from which it holds direct communication, and receives all its supplies. It is defended by an army of doubters, under various officers, from Major-General Atheist, Brigadier-General Deist, Colonel Free-Thinker, Captain Christless, down to Corporal Unregenerate. From this fortress, recruits are furnished for all divisions of the army, and none are fit for command until they have served here as cadets. They cannot be courageous in crime until the fear of God is banished from their minds.

Nature of Infidelity.— The nature of infidelity is to destroy, to pull down, and never to build up, but to disorganize, revolutionize, and infernalize. Like the jackal and hyena, it dwells among ruins and gloats over wrecks, and it feeds on evil as vermin do on corruption. When it finds a dead professor, it picks him as crows do carrion. Like nightshade, it flourishes best in the dark. It plans its attacks in the night, executes them in the night, buries its dead in the night, and allows no light in the grave. It shouts of freedom when its own votaries are in the deepest bondage. It boasts of reason when its understanding is most darkened. It preaches charity while the gall of malice

drops from its lips, and the poison of asps is upon its tongue. It transforms itself into an angel of light, and sings of love while clothed with revenge as with a garment. From downright atheism up to the doubts of unregenerate moralists, all that militates against God is summed up in that little word *unbelief.* Then, in fighting the battles of the Lord, seek out the infidel. If infidelity be the king of sins, he is the king of sinners. Seek him out; let none escape. With the sword of God's Spirit, which is the Word, penetrate the mail of his unbelief. Thrust its sin-convicting point into his heart. Let him know that robbers and murderers may be forgiven, but the infidel never! Nothing but death saves him — death to unbelief. Then seek him out; strip him of his pretended moral saintship; overturn his religious respectability; reveal his secret enmity; dissect his corrupt heart; hold it up to Christ and his angels; ask them if there is any thing that transcends the atonement of the Son of God but this; ask them if there is any power so subtle, so contaminating, so prevalent, and so deadly. Then down with the infidel! Death to every unbeliever. Let this be the watchword — "Believe or die!" But some will say, "I conscientiously doubt." Very well; who made you to doubt? What company have you chosen? What books have you read? What sins have you committed to blind your eyes? Now, if you are in the dark, who is to blame? If a man blinds his own eyes, so that he cannot see, who is accountable? Then, O ye soldiers of the cross, charge upon the infidel! Find out the chief enemy of God; fight with him, and him alone. Conquer him, and the rest will surrender. Pass by the thief and the harlot, for they may be forgiven; they

are only subjects of the king. "Fight ye neither with small nor great, save only with the king." The infidel is the Ahab of kings; he introduces all the abominations of heathenism; he marries all the Jezebels of iniquity, and supports more than four hundred priests of Baal at his table.

Strength yet Inaction of our Forces.— Against Satan's principalities and powers batteries are erected in every city, and various brigades or denominations are marshalled to suit the taste and capacity of every man. But oh, with what little success! Be astonished, O heavens, at our failure! There is a wrong somewhere. Could a messenger from some far-off planet visit our nation, and, marching with the course of the sun on a sabbath morning, hear the chime of bells, from Maine to Oregon, circling one quarter of the globe, with one continuous sound — could he see these tall spires perforating the heavens thick throughout the continent, towering from the most splendid edifices of the nation, and that these temples are open one-seventh of the time to the public crowds of beauty and fashion, besides the multitude of prayer meetings and lectures during the week — could he witness the millions of gilded Bibles adorning every library, every parlor, and every centre table — could he find in these Bibles the same internal evidence extending from beginning to end, for more than four thousand years, the same attributes of God, his mercy, his judgments, and his goodness, all unchanged with the change of ages — could he see that Bible attested by the most astonishing miracles, miracles witnessed by both friends and foes, witnessed upon rivers, seas, mountains, deserts, and

upon man, both in putting to death and bringing to life — could he see in that Bible one distinguished personage, spoken of a hundred times in the old Scriptures, bearing alike the same character in all ages, coming to earth in the latter days, and the circumstances of his coming plainly indicated for hundreds and even thousands of years before the time; and that this person should be the Son of God, and that he did come to earth and became a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief, suffered and died, yet rose again; and to attest his divinity the rocks were rent, the graves were opened, the sun was darkened, and himself could not be holden in the grave, but rose on the third day; that he died, the just for the unjust; was made sin for us who knew no sin, and that, by simple faith, only by believing, the greatest sinner may be saved, and all the world and every creature be converted to God, and sin and iniquity be banished from the earth; and that his Spirit is promised to all that preach in his name, a Spirit mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, quick and powerful; and the Word when preached is sharper than a two-edged sword, and by that Word scores and hundreds have been pricked to the heart and converted under one sermon; that even three thousand have been converted in a day, and that the same Spirit is now promised, and is able to perform the same mighty deeds through faith — could a messenger from another world become acquainted with such a gospel as ours, able to save to the uttermost, able to regenerate the whole world — and then could he see how little are its effects among us, how indifferently preached, how miserably practised, how slow to overcome the world, what would be his astonishment? What would be his indignation

to see so priceless a gospel in so pitiful hands — to see so powerful an army, backed up by the Almighty, yet overmatched by the Devil!

Latter-day Warfare. — As military tactics in the physical world have greatly changed since the apostolic time, so also have the modes of our spiritual warfare. Once kings and commanders fought in the front ranks and shared a common soldier's fare; but now our officers are too delicate for such regimen. Once men could fight every day for a week, but now only two hours out of seven times twenty-four. Once commanders stood by the ranks and were familiar with all. They could say, "My sheep hear my voice, and I *know* them." But now it is gloriously popular to be ignorant of every man's condition. Once it was necessary for every citizen to be a soldier; now we can hire mercenaries to do the fighting, and by paying well we can sleep in the pew, while they do a little flourishing in the pulpit. Once officers and soldiers were on a common level; but now officers are compelled to be reserved lest they lose their dignity. Once it was an honor for them to live and die poor; but now they are nothing without a golden reputation. Once it was forbidden to put on gold or costly apparel; but now it is a sin to be without them. Once steel was thought better than gold, because more substantial, and sackcloth better than silk, because more enduring, and better for kneeling, especially in filthy places; but now for fencing instead of fighting, gold glitters the best; and as to kneeling, that is an old-fashioned mode of repelling a foe, and too low and dirty work for modern warfare. Once armor, strong and heavy armor,

was required; but now, as we can get behind breastworks and shoot at a distance, armor is not needed. Once we met the enemy face to face and eye to eye; but now we can retreat behind the pulpit, and send rockets down into the dens of iniquity. Once we fought with short swords, and the shorter the sword the nearer we approached the enemy; but now we can fire paper bullets. Once it was necessary to have a shield, called Faith; but now as a shield may sometimes confound the sight, it is thought best to trust the sight rather than the shield. Once a helmet was needed called Salvation; as the head was most exposed and wounds in the head affect the heart; but now the head is thought capable of defending itself, and the helmet is thrown aside for the free-thinking cranium. Once a sword was of great service, called the Sword of the Spirit; but now a silver cane will answer. Once the word of God was used as a sharp sword, with two edges piercing to the quick; but now a sheath is made for it, called "Politeness," and, to prevent its penetrating, a ball is fastened upon the point called "Tender Compassion." Oh, the times! the times!

Better Times coming.—Land of the Pilgrims! Shades of the Puritans! Where the age that produced *men*—strong, bold, fearless, honest men? Where those men that were born heroes—that drank courage from their mountain springs—that fed on valor from the forest game? Where those men nurtured in the wilds, who were as brave as bravery's own self? Where those revolutionary heroes, who could be tracked by the blood of their feet to the field of battle? Where that puritanic independence and self-denial that could leave

home in a civilized land for free worship in the wilderness? Where now the Brainards, the Mathers, the Williamses, the Eliots? Where those men of the iron age, that meant what they said, said what they meant, and said it as if they meant it? Whose every word was a nail fastened in a sure place, and whose every stroke of the hammer brought a clincher? O ye Pharisees, hypocrites! Ye may build the tombs of the fathers, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, but ye touch not the burdens of those men with one of your fingers. Ye may erect a monument at Plymouth, and make it vie with that at Bunker Hill; but ye are as far from the faith and vital piety of those men, as a Sadducee is from a saint. Venerable Fathers, rise and rebuke the builders of your sepulchres! Stop infidelity from burning incense over your tombs! Let your ashes be scattered upon the sea, rather than have them usurped by unbelievers. Your monument already stands in the hearts of the faithful, and there forever let it stand, rather than in the cold stone of builders whose faith is as cold as the stone. Awake! O arm of the Lord! let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Awake, O Zion! put on thine armor, O Jerusalem! As wax melteth before the fire, so shall the wicked perish at the presence of God. Awake, O New England! there is a change coming over the spirit of thy warfare. Awake and sing, thou that dwellest in the dust; for thy dead shall arise, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

Union. — In union there is strength. Much Christian valor is wasted, and worse than wasted, in fighting

with one another. After a victory there is too much contention about the captives. One regiment declares that no captive shall march with us, or eat at our table, unless he be plunged into water. Another affirms that they cannot be naturalized without the sanction of the bishop. If these requisitions are not complied with, then there is a tremendous war in our camp, and such a war as makes the aliens cry, Aha! see how these Christians love one another.

Now we believe the time has come for union. Though the colors of each regiment may vary a little, yet we all belong to the same grand army. The church has been injured a hundred-fold more by its pretended friends, fighting against each other, than by all its foes. Civil wars are the most to be deplored of all wars.

But one says, "I am a Baptist; I cannot fight without water." So are we Baptists; we believe in immersion; we believe in burying the old man as deep as possible; and when he comes up, if he be contentious because others were not plunged so deep as he, and continue to fight his brethren of other denominations, then, I say, put him under again, and with this difference, that we don't take him out. If baptism be a saving ordinance, the only way to save such a man — a man of nothing but contention — is, in the name of the blessed Trinity, to *drown him!* He that hateth his brother is a murderer, and no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. If we be baptized by the Spirit, that Spirit is love, and love worketh no ill to his neighbor.

Another says, "I am a Congregationalist. We choose to manage our own affairs, independently of either pope or bishop." So are we Congregationalists; our society is independent, having neither pope nor

bishop; each member has a voice in the government, and each feels his responsibility for its success.

Another says, "I am a Methodist; I cannot live without class-meetings and love-feasts." Very well; we are Methodists; we consider it not only the privilege but also the duty of all members to meet their leaders in band, weekly, and relate their experience.

Then let us be united. The Baptist says, "We will be united if all will become Baptists." The Episcopalian says, "We must all be linked to St. Peter first; then we will be united." I believe we can be united on a broader basis; we can all become Baptists, all Congregationalists, and all Methodists, without difficulty of compromise. The differences of doctrine are not so great as formerly, and by union prayer meetings the partition walls of sectarianism are already fast being broken down. Hasten the time, O Lord, when thy people shall be as one!

Success. — Marvellous has been our success; we can account for it only upon the principle of union. God blesses union efforts. Had I known what opposition I must encounter, what infidelity from high places, and among professors, what opposition from the clergy and religious journals, and what expenses to be borne, I should not have pitched my tent in Boston. Nothing can be done in a large city without friends or money. I had neither; my fiery temperament was objectionable; my position was offensive to the ecclesiastical authorities; the preachers of my own denomination were opposed to me, and determined to stop me, and some of the orthodox preachers and journals followed suit. A stranger, in a cold-hearted city, where revival

efforts are exceedingly unpopular, without a friend or a dollar pledged, I commenced. One Christian man, who loves union meetings very much, and who is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, I thought would assist me in time of peril; but alas! he has caused me more heartburnings than any other person. He met me every few days, and instead of speaking a word of encouragement, would discourage me with all that lay in his power. Said he, "Morgan, it is of no use, you can never succeed; you will spend all you have and kill yourself for nothing. You have no talent to preach; you may think you have, but you have not. I am an older man than you, and can judge. You might succeed in attracting attention in a small country place, but never in Boston. I advise you to stop at once, and immediately leave. The Methodist preachers are against you. In their weekly preachers' meeting they hold the destiny of every young preacher that comes to this city. It is for them to say whether he shall preach or not. You cannot stir without their favor; they can crush you, and will do it. It is already currently reported among them, and repeated by other ecclesiastical authorities, that you are insane. What, then, can you hope for if you stay? My word for it, the sooner you leave the better." He gave me advice "free, gratis, and for nothing," but no money. The last time I saw him, he asked me if I had pulled up stakes yet; and putting out only one finger to shake hands with me, he turned away.

About this time a young man handed me a note in Music Hall, requesting me to call at his house. I did so. He stated his grief that a stranger should be so treated, and especially by Methodist authorities. Said

he, "I love my church and my people, but I love the cause more. I am at your service. We will start a union society." He immediately commenced a sabbath school, and a society was organized. A few short months only have passed. We now have a large sabbath school, a flourishing society, a working membership, and conversions every week, and almost every day. God bless our glorious union. I can see the hand of the Lord in all our doings, — when I could not preach in the synagogues I turned to the Gentiles. To them I am sent — to the neglected, the outcast, the forgotten, and the unforgiven. Upon what a small circumstance started our union, yet how great may be the results! If God has prospered us so wonderfully thus far, what may be our future? The Shawmut and Hedding churches struggled several years, with all their wealth and denominational patronage, to get established. We have had neither, and yet have flourished. With all the talent of Dr. Kirk, he was supported by many men of wealth and influence when starting his new enterprise. One thing is certain: if we succeed, it is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. Then, trusting in Him, let us "Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life."

Let every member have something to do, and each work in his place. If not to speak, then to pray — if not to pray, then visit the sick — if not to visit the sick, then make garments for poor children — and if not this, then give of your money — give of your substance, however little. God loves the cheerful giver. It is more blessed to give than receive. Try it, and see. Oh, try and see that in doing good there is great reward!

ADDRESS

AT THE

Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Morgan Chapel,

AT LONG HILL, CT.

[Speeches were delivered by Rev. J. M. Reid, of Bridgeport, and Rev. E. E. Griswold, Presiding Elder, after which Rev. Mr. Morgan was called upon, who spoke nearly as follows:—]

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Little did I think, one year ago, that we should be able to build a church at this place, and less, that my name would be connected with such lasting associations. Then, we were every where spoken against, as enthusiasts and fanatics. It was no disgrace to spend the midnight hour in dancing, drinking, and carousing; it was no disgrace to swear and hoot in the streets, and it was no disgrace for professors of religion to take their children to the drunken ball; but, for a dozen persons to come together and sing and pray and respond with a lively amen, seemed nothing short of madness. There were against us the example of professors, the victims of vice, and the prejudice of bigotry. One said that baptism and confirmation were sufficient to save the people; yet the people were baptized and confirmed, and were still in their sins. Another declared that the

ordinary means of Sabbath ministrations were sufficient; still sin was unchecked, infidelity was increasing, and several of the churches were closed for want of hearers. Thus, with fightings without and fears within, our little band, poor and despised, commenced operations. But God was greater than our fears, and wrought victories marvellous in our eyes. We now compare favorably in number and in spiritual influence with our sister churches, and with a prospect of a glorious future. And the thought that my name this day is placed upon the inscription stone, is too much for my feelings, and quite overcomes me. I feel humbled, as in dust and ashes, at the thought; for I am but a worm, and unworthy of such honor; and were it for me alone, I could in nowise accept of it. But, when I consider the coldness and formality of the churches generally, in New England, the appaling increase of infidelity, intemperance, and crime,—when I consider the opposition you have had to contend with to plant an earnest, spiritual, and positive religion, such as has force and feeling in it, and such as will preach louder against infidelity than all theoretic dogmas combined,—and when I consider that this religion of experience, this religion of the heart rather than the head, and these powerful demonstrations of the spirit, are the only strong antagonists to sin, the only powers that can break the ranks, and scatter the forces of the King's enemies,—when I consider that this is to be the universal religion of action rather than theory and metaphysical speculations, a religion which shall establish the "mountain of the Lord's house upon the top of the mountains, and call all nations unto it;"—under these considerations I feel that it is the *cause* you honor, and I

am but a pencil in the hand of the great Artist. My reluctance is also increased when I consider that this name will remain conspicuous to passers-by, for a lifetime, whatever may be the fate of the author. It is a solemn thought, and fearful are the responsibilities resting upon me. Oh, may my faith and future success be equal to your wishes and your prayers! I am soon to roam up and down the world again, and from this place may I trim the lamp of my profession, and, grasping the firebrands of God's truth, may I carry the flames of a revival, from town to town and from State to State. May this be the starting-point of a general awakening. Why not? All great reformations have started from small beginnings. Already your example has awakened an interest around you, and the churches are astir. Already I hear the inquiry from abroad of your success; already the scandal of the cross is wiped away by glorious victories. And shall you stop here? Shall your prayers and sacrifices stop, while one sinner remains unconverted? Shall you commence to build, and have it said that you were not able to finish? Shall you put the hand to the plough, and look back? No, no. Then on to the charge! Your victories are but just commenced; you have taken only the outposts and a few scouting parties, while the main army is in battle array against you. Let your faith be as the blast of the death-angel upon the hosts of Sennacherib; let it be as the tide of the Red Sea upon the chariots of Pharaoh. Let its waves rise higher and higher in religious experience, until, bursting the narrow limits of your own neighborhood and bearing down every impediment, they shall sweep over

the shores of time, and, dashing against the adamantine columns of immortality, echo back, as they roll, "Multitudes! multitudes! from the valley of Decision." "*Alleluia! alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*"

MORGAN CHAPEL,

Long Hill, near Bridgeport, Ct.

FAREWELL DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE LONG HILL CHAPEL, JAN., 1858.

And now, behold I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. — Acts, 20: 22.

These are the words of Paul the apostle, to the elders of the church of Ephesus. They form a part of one of the most pathetic farewell discourses ever recorded. The emotions that fill his soul at parting with a church he had ministered to for the space of three years, far longer than with any other people, his ministrations in public and in private and from house to house, the labors of his hand, the trials and persecutions from the rage of the heathen, and the malice of the Jews, and from the arts of the sorcerors and necromancers, his fighting, like a gladiator, with wild beasts at Ephesus, "having the sentence of death upon him, pressed out of measure above strength, despairing even of life, yet trusting in God who delivered him from so great a death," his final success that constrained the Spiritualists of that day to publicly burn their books, that made Diana's worshippers tremble for their deity, and which numbered the days of that "Image which fell from Jupiter, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth," his attachment to the faithful, those who stood by him in the hour of trial, not counting their

own lives dear to them, the sorrows that now fill their hearts, when reflecting that they should see his face no more, the uncertainty of the future, certain in one thing only, that of bonds and afflictions, — these recollections and anticipations, these commingling emotions of pleasure and pain, gratitude and regret, rush upon his soul with feelings beyond expression.

He came to Ephesus a stranger unheralded, and in personal appearance uninviting. It was a city of immense wealth, whose sacred temple had been the storehouse for the foreign and domestic treasures of the world, and the repository in which the great artists of antiquity placed their works for immortal renown — a temple many times larger and more expensive than that of Solomon, and instead of being ornamented and enriched by the inhabitants of the little country of Judea only, the wealth and talent of all Asia contributed to its offerings, and made it one of the seven wonders of the world. Its one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, magnificently carved in the Ionic style, were of Parian marble, sixty feet high, and each column said to be the gift of a king. Its halls were adorned by the first sculptors and its walls by the first painters of antiquity. There the statues of Scopas and Praxiteles stood in matchless beauty and in native grace and ease of expression, and there the cold marble seemed to beat and breathe with life. There the works of Parrhasius and Apelles appeared to walk in living majesty from the canvas. The painting of Alexander grasping the thunderbolt, alone cost the sum of twenty talents, — two hundred thousand dollars, — and was painted by Apelles, the only artist whom Alexander would suffer to paint his portrait. The services of

the temple were no less imposing than its wealth and magnificence. The obscurity and mysteries of the inner court, the goddess being concealed by a curtain until the imagination was wrought to the highest pitch and prepared to gaze upon and adore the statue; the strange sights and sounds which aroused the imagination, the flashes of lightning and peals of mock thunder, said to be the display of the goddess, the obscurities occasioned by the smoke of the insense, the alternate light and darkness, the hideous sounds and fearful apparitions, the variety of vocal and instrumental music to rouse or subdue the passions until they were in a proper frame to have the curtain drawn for the astonished gaze of the worshippers,—these arts could not fail to impose upon the superstitious multitude, and make Diana an object of wonder and awe. And when the sacred mysteries were performed, as they were by Alexander the Great, at Ephesus, still more imposing ceremonies awed the candidates for initiation. "When the time for initiation arrived they were brought into the temple, and, to inspire the greater reverence and terror, the ceremony was performed in the night. Visions were now seen, voices heard of an extraordinary kind. A sudden splendor dispelled the darkness of the place, and, disappearing immediately, added new horrors to the gloom. Apparitions, claps of thunder, earthquakes, heightened the terror and amazement, whilst the person to be admitted, overwhelmed with dread and sweating through fear, heard, trembling, the mysterious volume read to him."* Such ceremonies, upon the heated brain, must have

* Rollin.

filled the candidate with lasting reverence an superstition. The Apostle then had much to contend with at Ephesus, for it was the seat of mysteries and sorceries; and, to human appearance, he had but little prospect of success. In contrast to the priests of Diana, who were from the first ranks, and possessed of great riches, and ministering to kings and potentates, he was a poor man, working with his hands, and having the poor for his hearers. Instead of the magnificent temple for his service, he had a school-house only, being rejected even from the despised synagogue, and instead of presenting a religion to dazzle the imagination and gratify the lusts, the passions, and the appetites, his was to mortify the deeds of the flesh, and crucify its affections and lusts. The author of his religion was also unpopular, condemned and slain by his own countrymen, and he himself in bodily presence said to be weak, and in speech contemptible. Nevertheless, firm in the conviction of the truths he preached, and sure in the strength of his Master, he let no fatigue, or danger or death prevent his preaching the word. Now God attends that word, by the demonstration of the spirit, and by miracles; the magicians are overwhelmed with conviction, and burn their books; the apostate sons of Sceva the Jew flee, terrified and wounded; many persons are converted and baptized, and the great temple of Diana, robbed of the charm of her mysteries, and exposed of her impostures, is threatened with desolation, and her priests and craftsmen with loss of occupation.

It were natural, upon looking back upon these trials and triumphs, now upon the eve of departure, to be filled with deep emotions. His reluctance to leave the

unsettled church, as lambs in the midst of wolves, his unwillingness to part with the faithful elders and those who had "borne and had patience" in time of trial, and the Spirit that bids him away to new fields and dangers, fill his mind with conflicting emotions. But, the idea of a universal religion that shall supplant all the gods of heathenism, destroy their temples, or change them to churches, scatter their idols to the moles and bats, overturn sorcery and witchcraft, dry up the tears of suffering, and dispel ignorance and superstition from the earth, urges him onward. As the prancing courser is eager for the race, pawing the ground and shaking the mane, or as the war-horse cries "aha!" at the sound of the trumpet, thus eager is the Apostle to run his course and mix in the fight that shall bring the crown of the world's redemption at his Master's feet. He longs to enter the contest at Jerusalem, though bonds and afflictions abide him, and he longs to preach the doctrine of the Crucified in the capitol of the world's empire. He longs to be among the first to help usher in that glorious day, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, when salvation shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. He pants for the contest which shall seize that old serpent which is the Devil, and bind him for a thousand years, — establish the mountain of the Lord's house upon the tops of the mountains, and call all nations unto it,— which shall make the lion lie down with the lamb, — seize the pale horse, and hurl him back upon his

haunches, fettered and wounded, to rise no more, unhorse his rider, the king of terrors, and rob him of his crown and spear, and make him a servant, a welcome messenger for the saints, — turn hospitals and prisons into chapels, and hell-born and hell-bound distilleries into bakeries, — make the wilderness glad, and the desert and solitary place rejoice and blossom as the rose, — present the fruit of the vine bending down in golden clusters, inviting man to partake, never more to intoxicate,— doom the last rum-seller, reform the last drunkard, free the last slave, dry up the tears of the last widow, house the last orphan, and, under the benign rays of the Sun of Righteousness, pouring its beams of bliss and light and love upon the quietude of earth, unfurl the halcyon wing of peace, and spread its balmy loveliness over the sportive innocence of a redeemed world. Such were the motives which impelled the Apostle to leave Ephesus, that he might enter a wider field and be more conspicuously engaged in the contest for the supremacy of the universal religion. In a much humbler degree, these are my motives in leaving this youthful church at the present time. As the Methodist rules will not allow me to be preacher-in-charge of the church which I have builded, I feel that my call is away, and I long to be engaged in a wider field of usefulness, have larger accommodations for my audience, and battle on more difficult ground. When I first commenced to preach at Long Hill, we had trials to contend with not unlike those at Ephesus. Our numbers were few and feeble, while intemperance, infidelity, and midnight revelry ran riot, and bigotry, stronger than Jewish envy, gnashed her teeth, and stirred up the people against us, and the

votaries of drink at the shrine of Diana were enraged, and the craftsmen thereof cried, "Our craft is in danger;" and the Spiritualists, the modern exorcists, conjured up their opposition spirits, saying, "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." Yet, poor and weak as we were, the God of Sabaoth laid to his hepling hand; miracles of grace were wrought; our hall, or school-house was found too small, a church was built, and now, in one year's time, you stand respectably among the congregations, and compare favorably in numbers and influence with any church in these parts. It is natural, at parting with you, to reflect upon the past, and contemplate the future, both as regards the church and myself.

First, the church. — As a church you stand conspicuous, as an example of perseverence and faith, for these degenerate days. The tooth of envy, the torch of bigotry, the sneer of pride, the rage of rum, and the malice of infidels all have not swerved you from your purpose, or tarnished your name, or left even the smoke upon your garments. He that was for you was more than they that were against you. You have seen what an unwavering faith in the promises of God may accomplish. It has emboldened you on to action and to prayer and sacrifices worthy of olden times. It has made the distance of miles seem but a short journey, and the darkness of night as safe as the light of the day. It has made hunger, fatigue, and cold appear as nothing in the sight of spiritual enjoyment. It has made earthly burdens easy, and the weight of affliction light. It has made you to grow as a people, and to extend your borders as a church. It has made formal-

ism astonished at your progress, and compelled to take lessons from the tactics of your school. It is wonderful what victories may be wrought simply by faith; what power it has to "subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, wax valiant in fight, and turn to flight the armies of the aliens." With but little talent, and no worldly honors, faith may walk down the windings of sophistry, the cells of iniquity, penetrate the fortresses of unbelief, and, with the sword of God's eternal truth, charge the votaries of sin, rout the powers of darkness, and in the face of mocking and sporting lords of persecution, enter the temple of Dagon Infidelity, prostrate the image upon his face, seize the mighty pillars, and, with an invisible, almighty, eternal power, heave from their deep foundations the God-defiant columns in one general catastrophe. And upon its ruins, faith, triumphant faith erects her temple, extending far and wide, reaching unto heaven, and laying the foundation of her columns deep in conviction and repentance, and with spiritual stones, elect and precious, cemented in love, garnished with hope, overarched with perfection, and without the sound of the hammer, rear her jasper walls radiant with glory, a building fitly framed together, growing into an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together, for an habitation of God through the Spirit. Yes, Faith, without the noise of the axe or the tool of iron, under the direction of the wise Master-builder, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone, love the key-stone, and hope the capital, sets her stones with fair colors, in the blood of the covenant, and the halls of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, charity, decorates her walls with the trophies

of tribulation and robes of righteousness, dedicates her palaces of salvation with the voice of harpers, pipers, and trumpeters, and as the music rolls up the labyrinth from hall to hall, Faith adds to her halls that of virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, when sanctification crowns the last stone on the top of the temple on the mountain of the Lord's house, with shoutings, from head-stone to key-stone and capital, crying, "*Grace, grace, grace unto it.*" Such is the power of faith. With only a shout a Jericho may fall; only believe, and a new Jerusalem strikes our view. By faith, ye have builded your spiritual house and erected this temple, dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. By faith, ye have won your victories. By faith you live, and not by sight, and by faith we hope to meet again in a brighter world. "And now behold I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." I now cut the cable that has so long anchored me among you; and for the swellings of untried seas, I leave the harbor of my dearest recollections. As I seem to be receding, and my little bark pushes from shore, I turn back for one farewell glance at the friends, the homes, and the objects of interest which have occupied the choicest moments of my life. Here I have toiled and suffered, and have finally triumphed, by the help of God and faithful friends. The scenes are dear to me, because here has been my first, regular pitched battle, and here the first congregation which I could call my own.

It is a matter of congratulation that the congregation still holds its own; but few have died, and but few have gone back to the world. The faces that rose from the altar, for the first time beaming with exultations of hope and victory, I see before me still smiling with the same hope. And the friends that risked much and sacrificed much for me, are still faithful to the cause of God. And I am happy that they have lost nothing in associations with me, but have gained in every thing.

So I hope it may ever be, that no person by me shall lose any thing in reputation or spiritual interest, and may never be brought into a smaller place, but into a larger one. My object is to do them good, and not evil; and if I can bring out the talent of one young man to the world, whereby the world may be benefited, I shall be thankful. I have been here contending for a principle;—it is the right to preach in a natural, earnest, and colloquial manner, whatever prejudice, bigotry, and custom may say to the contrary notwithstanding. God helping me, I intend to pursue the same course with renewed energy when I arrive at Boston. And now behold I go bound in the spirit to that city, "not knowing the things that shall befall me there." If I succeed in winning many souls to Christ, if the multitude hang upon my lips as at other times, and God attends the word with power, I hope you may share with me the victory. And when you receive tokens of my success, I hope to be remembered in your prayers, and by the little victories we have won, let us think of each other, and at the heavenly places where we have worshipped together in Christ Jesus, let our interests be reciprocal, and there may I be remembered. If I am unfortunate and shall lose

my reputation or my health, and come back forlorn and destitute, it is a consolation to know that I may yet have friends who will not yet cast me off in time of need, and who will not close the door to my distress, or witness my sufferings without feelings of compassion. There are no acquaintances so dear, and no associations so sweet, as those formed at the feet of Jesus. There to bind those acquaintances are connected the interests of two worlds, the union of mortal and immortal powers. And if memory shall be allowed in Heaven to look upon places and faces on earth, the dearest place in all our recollection will be where we gave our hearts to God; and the faces first in our affections will be those that pointed us to the Lamb of God. Then the friendship that binds us together, is of the purest nature. And when I remember how many prayers you have offered for me, and even at the midnight hour, how many sacrifices you have made to get to the meetings, and fill your post of duty, what anxieties you have felt for my interest and that of Zion, what forbearance you have exhibited toward my weaknesses, what forgiveness toward my faults, what confidence in the integrity of my heart and the honesty of my intentions, and with what unhesitating willingness ye have complied with my wishes,—when I consider these, I feel unworthy of such friends, and unworthy of the confidence you have placed in me. But God knows my heart, and unworthy as I am, and hard as may be my heart, I cannot forget these kindnesses, these sacrifices, and these prayers, so long as memory holds her reign. I cannot forget the hearty welcomes with which I have been greeted at your homes, the generous board spread for my gratification

and pleasure, the friendly encouragements and congratulations, the kind counsels, the family altar, and songs and conversations about Jesus; I cannot forget this church and this altar, the altar where we have so many times kneeled, where the heavenly powers have come down to our waiting souls in overflowing raptures, where our hearts have been united in that love which passeth knowledge, where we have taken the emblems of our blessed Lord in the holy eucharist. I cannot forget this building, the subject of so much care and anxiety, so many prayers and sacrifices; I cannot forget its associations. No, its tall spire is the last lingering object of which I lose sight, in my slow and reluctant retreat, and the first to greet me in my return. When its gilded vane shall first meet the morning sun, may that sun find me in prayer for your prosperity. When that sun, full risen, with its resplendent beams, pours its flood of light and love upon your Sabbath gatherings, and when you are assembled with one accord in one place, with hearts all elated, with the raptures of joy and blessings of hope, listening to the one who may fill my place, more acceptably perhaps than myself, still in the midst of your pleasures, remember me, a lone wanderer up and down the world; and let your faith, swifter than the rays of the sun, bring answers of peace to my inquiring soul, and like the telegraphic shock, may the electric spark tell me that I am thought of when far away.

What a strange, mysterious power there is in faith and prayer, to bind souls in a union and harmony of feeling, while they are many miles apart. I have often, when in scenes of danger and death, felt this. When weary with hearing the complaints of the prisoner, and

with comforting the mourning, when faint with visiting from couch to couch in the hospital, until lying down in sorrow, as an invalid among invalids, I have felt the spell come over me like a dream that roused my drooping spirits, refreshing my soul, and I could but believe that it was in answer to a mother's prayer. When on foot and alone, in the wilderness of Canada, fatigued and exhausted, I lay down resigned to the will of heaven, the thought of praying friends, anxious for my welfare, and waiting to welcome me back again, darted like lightning across my mind, and I arose and resolved by the energy of hope to meet them. What but the spirit of the living God can inspire and answer prayers thus in our necessity? As our day is so shall our strength be. When wandering alone over the Green Mountains, in darkness and in the snow-storm of winter, as I lay gently down upon the bank with my face and fingers then frozen, and was sinking into that sleep which knows no waking, a voice struck my dying ear, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" And forthwith, when I arose, I saw far down from the heights the light of a taper; and through the falling snow, I soon discovered it proceeded from a cottage, which might shelter me for the night. So God again interposed for my safety and caused a light to burn at midnight,—a thing unknown for years in that dwelling,—to rescue me; for what purpose I know not, except that I might serve him in my weak way a little while longer, and comfort some poor mourner and point him to Jesus, not for any worth or worthiness of my own, for I feel less than the least of his saints, and unworthy the humblest seat in your sanctuary. While a lone wanderer upon the earth, I was a child

of suffering; but these sufferings weaned me more from the earth, and made me more like my Master. In perils by sea, in perils by land, in perils in the city and perils in the wilderness, in perils by robbers, and in perils by false brethren, in cold, and in nakedness, in watchings and fastings, in hunger and thirst,—all these I suffered; and now, leaving the quiet of a retired and friendly people, I am about to launch upon a boisterous sea of trouble again. I know not what may befall me, save that bonds and afflictions abide me. I have given up all hope of living in peace, while the armor of God is upon me and the enemy remains in the field. I have tried to compromise with the world, and have tried to appease the envy of false brethren and the prejudice of my brethren in the ministry. I have said to the ministry, "Let Ephraim no more envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim, for we are brethren." The lamented Summerfield, humble and devoted as he was, remarked, "I really believe that some of the preachers wish me dead." Sad thought! but too true. An earnest, fearless, heaven-inspired, and hell-opposing watchman will be calumniated by thieves and hirelings. Puerile and inefficient as may be my efforts, I have lived long enough to know that they must be fraught with opposition. "Poor Maffit!" says Dr. Bascom; "Maffit died literally of a broken heart." If this were all, his fate was only the fate of many orators, whose hearts have broken in an instant; but to have the envy of almost all the ministry to back up whatever slander may invent, and to noise it in the religious journals, that novelists and police gazettes might multiply fictions to order, to drive him to the extremities of our shores, and in those remote parts to

chase him with flaming bulletins, and after his death to traduce his ashes by accusing him of a criminal death,—these are more than charity should allow, without more testimony than hearsay. I hope the life of Maffit will soon be published, without prejudice and with the full facts, that the church may be relieved from the present odium of his name. That he was weak and frail none will doubt; but that he was highly criminal I am slow to believe. St. Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople, whose matchless eloquence won him the title of "*golden-mouthed*," was banished, because, like John the Baptist, he offended the ladies of court, and died an exile. His bones were afterwards brought back, and he was canonized as a saint, and now stands perhaps pre-eminent among the ecclesiastic fathers. A man cannot be correctly judged by popular prejudice; posterity alone can judge unbiased of his merits. But few persons have met with more opposition from the ministry than Henry B. Bascom, who finally became Chaplain to Congress, and bishop of the M. E. Church, South. While knocking at the door of conference, he was time after time rejected, and was finally received by his jealous compeers, only on condition that the bishop would remove him immediately out of that conference, and out of the State. Yet few persons ever lived who could compete with his eloquence, or when fully aroused, could stand before the tornado of its vehemence. However, he carried with him to the grave, the recollections of his early trials and his clerical injuries. As the Jews were Paul's most malignant enemies, and would be the first to seize him when he should arrive at Jerusalem, so the most bitter persecution against a spiritual refor-

mation comes generally from the established clergy. Then, with my eyes open to danger, and certain only in one thing, that of affliction, I can say that "none of these things move me," neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus. The only things that move me, are the tears which I see suffusing your eyes, and the thought that I may see your faces no more. The thought brings before me the lovely past, with all its associations of love and heavenly union; and when you sing, "What! never part again?" my soul says, if partings be so severe let us meet where we never shall part again. And the music of this choir I shall remember,—a music coming from hearts that can pray as well as sing, and who need no instrument to keep time with their voices. Oh, how I shall miss you when far away! When weary and low in spirits, and when the battle goes against me, oh, how I shall long for one of your songs of Zion! and then, ah! then, when victory is wavering or against me, I shall miss that Macedonian phalanx, that never once failed me in the shock of battle, or turned their back upon the enemy,—that brave band which has stemmed all weather, all storm, all persecution, all trials, and have not counted their lives dear unto them, for my sake and the gospel.

And now, as my little bark pushes off from these golden shores, these sweet associations, permit me to thank you; in the name of God and the church of his Son, to thank you. Yet thanks cannot express my meaning; it is too cold a term; and the letters of language and the sound of words cannot do it; nothing but that Spirit, which has so long witnessed with our

spirits, — witnessed our love, our faith, our prayers for each other, our holy communion and heavenly rejoicings, which has upheld us, defended, sustained us, in doubt and fears, in trials and conflicts; which has made us feel for others more than ourselves, and prefer others above ourselves; which has made us of one heart, one mind, one spirit, bearing all things, hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things; — that Spirit only can tell the gratitude of my feelings and the overflowing of my heart. To say that I love you and thank you, is to say but little; and to say that you have been kind and friendly, is what many may say; but to say that, when an outcast, a wanderer, and but a boy of a preacher, a birdling first beating his untried wings, you took me in and licensed me, and counselled me, and placed your reputation in jeopardy for me, and watched me as a parent bird over her callow young,— and to say that under God I owe my elevation as a preacher to your efforts and your prayers, is nothing more than the truth, and far short of the hidden meaning and spiritual interpretation of language. Then reluctantly and with suppressed feelings of emotions, deep struggling for utterance, comes that endearing and oft-repeated word—farewell! Yet it is repeated on more solemn occasions than this; it comes from the sick couch, and from the thick lips, moving back and forth with the last strugglings of the spirit — lips, whose doors are forced open by the heavings of a departing breath, bearing upon its march the going forth of the soul; — then comes, in suppressed and dying accents, the heart-severing and soul-thrilling farewell! Farewell comes from the grave, as bereaved and mourning friends stand round, paying their last honors

to the dead, when rush swift as a dream over the soul thoughts of the departed, the vacant couch, the vacant hall, the vacant chair, the vacant garments, and all the dear associations of love and hope now desolate forever, and as the grating coffin edges to the brink and settles down, bearing with it the hearts and hopes of a mother's or a sister's love, bedewed with the last tears they may shed upon its lid, the last offering of vanquished hope, there is a sound,—oh! it is a solemn sound,—as the first turf strikes upon the coffin lid; it brings, as a groan from another world, the ear-piercing and heart-breaking farewell! and the falling earth, shuddering with the crush of the chariot wheels of death, rumbling through the dark portals, echoes farewell! and the dark angel at the gates, throwing the pall of oblivion over the scene, and swiftly hurrying away the unforgotten, and closing the gates, replies farewell! and the iron bars harsh grating resound farewell! and the guardian spirit appointed to accompany good men out of the world, returning and resting upon the cheek of bereavement, in the tear of sorrow, and now departing on the breath of anguish, catches the wing of the first zephyr that whistles by, and dying away in Æolian symphony, whispers farewell! There is another place where the word will sound, and with still more solemnity. It is at the judgment. There the faithful and the faithless will meet, parents and children, husbands and wives, pastors and people. There a mother will weep over an erring daughter, and there, perhaps, the daughter may say, "Mother, you never warned me; you gave me the gay clothing and furnished me for the pleasure party and the ball; but you told me nothing of Jesus! I had the robe for

the dance, but no robe of righteousness!" Ah! there will be severings of the strongest ties, with no hopes of meeting again! Parents and children will have such partings as they had never before dreamed of! And the thought wellnigh overwhelms me, when I consider that God has placed me in so responsible a position, having the care of so many souls, and that you will meet me at the judgment! Then comes the question, How have I conducted myself? Have I showed a meek and lowly mind, have I been able to have patience, and have I been a copy of my Master? Could I bear all things, believe all things, endure all things? Have I faithfully warned the wandering, reclaimed the backslider, and comforted the mourning? Have I showed the example of Jesus in my life and conversation? Have I felt that my example speaks louder than preaching? Have I felt that you will there stand, either to accuse or excuse me? These things overcome my feelings. The thought is too much for me. Oh, may God forgive the frailties of my nature, the inefficiency of my ministry, and the poor example of my life! And may you, my Christian friends, so live that your example may be worthy of imitation, and that you may meet, never to part again. And you, who are unconverted, you who have been so respectful to the cause of Christ, so friendly to me, have wept so many times over your sins,—what shall I say to you? Our parting is now at hand, and you are yet in your sins. Can it be that we shall meet, face to face, at the bar of God? Oh! then, I entreat you, treasure up the solemn warnings which you have heard, and let them not testify against you. Make one thing sure, if all things else are precarious: let heaven

be yours, if all your hopes on earth be lost. And now the guardian Spirit that has thus far inspired me, tells me that I must close — tells me that I must leave you. That Spirit seems to speak what I cannot utter, and perform the painful duty for me. Its harp-strings are tuned to the strains of a most affecting farewell. I see it reluctantly come from your quivering lips; upon them the deep sigh pours its mournful numbers. I see it in the tearful eye, as the well-springs of the heart open the fountains of their feelings and overflow the sluices of the soul. I see in saint and sinner the working of that Spirit melting your hearts as one, and subduing the harsher feelings of your nature. That Spirit must bid the unwelcome word for me. That Spirit, hovering over this altar, and touching the lips of the kneeling worshippers with fire from the eternal throne, must inspire those lips with the notes of a mournful farewell. Farewell to this altar and this sacred desk dedicated to the word and worship of almighty God; farewell to these walls echoing the praise of salvation, and these seats filled with attentive listeners; farewell to these faces that I may not see again, farewell to the leaders of this laboring church; farewell to that choir which has been the solace of many a weary hour, and the strength of many an encounter. And with them I sound the last strain, my footsteps slowly retire, and the shadows of twilight are coming on, my spirit reluctantly retreats down the dell, with harp-strings less loud. Now through the silent vale and winding ravine, and mixing with the vapors of evening, and on the leaf rustling with the soft zephyr, comes whispering with lessening cadence in the dim distance that last, indistinct, yet solemn *farewell!*

A NEGRO CONGREGATION.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND, VA., MARCH, 1853.

On Sunday last I preached twice, and to peculiar audiences: first to the prisoners, then to the slaves. The church for colored people here is built in the shape of a cross, having three galleries and four or five doors for entrance, and will hold more than a thousand persons. It was packed full of human beings, almost to suffocation. I commenced service by reading a chapter, but was interrupted by the preacher, who ordered the windows to be raised. It was timely, for pure air was much needed. I speak it with all gravity. The preacher is learned enough, if learning is what is needed for the salvation of such an audience; for he is President of Richmond College, and of course is a white man, no other in these parts being allowed to preach, any more than the women were by St. Paul. It is a state prison offence even for a master to teach his slave to read. But slaves will steal books, and get little children to teach them; and, as they have no dictionary, they are not responsible either to Walker or Webster for definitions of their big words! And such big words, such multiplication of the mute consonants in articulation, such b, d, p, k, jaw-breakers, — may be among the things unlawful for mortals to utter. However, they perhaps will not be accountable. They can-

not preach, but they can pray in public; and here is where we are charmed, more perhaps with the sound of their volubility than with the sense. This is a great theatre for a young preacher, to practise in pulpit oratory, — that is, if he wants to study Nature, and read human passion and feeling from Nature's own pages, rather than from books. One hour here is worth more than the theoretical drilling and sham gesticulations of a whole college course. If eloquence be in the man here, it must come out. There are no cold, heartless critics to put the brakes on the first impetus of passion, (unless it be some members of the legislature who come in out of curiosity, as they did here; but they left before I had spoken ten minutes), no iceberg formalists to curb the first vaultings of feeling, or to seize the helm upon the first gale of excitement. Only let them know that you feel kindly towards them, that you come in friendship, that you feel for their souls, and show that feeling by a single tear from your own eyes, and the audience is at your complete command. Truly, ye may sail with none to question your reckoning, and on! on! ye may scud away before the strongest gale, over a billowy sea of upturned faces.

My subject was heaven and hell, or the rich man and Lazarus. Unaccustomed to such sympathy from an audience, I was at once borne on a tide of feeling beyond myself, and perhaps was as much carried away with the excitement as were my congregation. When I passed in imagination down the infernal regions, I seemed as upon an avalanche sliding headlong and carrying my audience with me. I seemed to feel the pestilential winds fan my cheek as I darted down, and I almost breathed the sulphurous flames. And when I

unconsciously groaned at the horrors of the lost, and looked up with lips burning, and eyes wistful for drops of water, I found that not only were the whole house groaning, sighing, and weeping with me, but those in the gallery, with eyes staring, mouths open, and hands extended, seemed on the point of coming down to my rescue. And now, as pang was linked on pang and year on year through eternal ages rolling, and hope's last glimmer was lost in eternal night, and wail succeeded to wail and groan to groan,— then was the audience shaken like the ocean in a tempest, and their wailings were as the ocean wind howling at the mouth of a rocky cave. Oh, I pitied them that I had been so severe! I felt they needed more of mercy than of judgment. I stopped, took a draught of water, and told them to wipe their tears, for we were going to contemplate a scene where all tears were wiped away. And in a moment what an easing up was there! what a letting off of suspended breath! and what a wiping of faces! Think of a great ship loaded with human beings, driving ten knots an hour among the breakers,— beings whose death-shrieks of despair are only equalled by the howlings of wind and wave, and all appears lost in darkness and storm, — when in a moment a counter wind comes up, she veers off and comes to, and as the clouds break away, her sheets flap and quiver and glisten tremblingly in the light, — then she starts on her tack; — thus appeared that vast assembly, just escaped from destruction; — and now, loosing stays for a new tack, they ease off for a moment, and let their tears be dried as shrouds in the sunbeams. "Come and see how a good man can die. Come and see one whose pulses beat easy though he

may lie by the way side, — one whose wounds may have no oil, and whose spirit no earthly balm. The dogs are his only sympathizers, his only physicians, and his only mourners.

"But look through that dark cloud above, and in faith see that light! There come a host of angels, and with overshadowing wings they watch the soul's last struggle,—the last throbbing of the pulse, — the last beating of the heart, — the last heaving sigh; and now, as the ear is dull to sounds without, the inner ear is charmed with celestial voices; and as the sight grows dim, faith sees the angels, and the soul, struggling to break its umbilical cord from earth, now nestles, now flutters, now claps its bright wings, and bursts its fetters, and mounting higher and higher, is escorted by angel convoys to Abraham's bosom." When I pictured the last struggles of the soul panting to be free, and waved my arms as wings beating the air, and then at the victorious moment brought my hands together with a mighty clap, many a hand followed the example with clappings and with shoutings of "Glory! glory! glory to God!" I continued, and said, "Where is Lazarus? What part of heaven is for the poor man and the slave? Let us picture the beauties of heaven as rich men would have it. Here I behold the upper courts, — the courts for kings and princes. Here I see the palaces for the rich men, the mighty men, and the chief captains. These constitute the oligarchy of heaven. They have a higher order of cherubim to minister to their joys, and more melodious harps. And there I see poor Lazarus and the poor slave in the outer courts — in the more secluded part, and in the lower foundations. And in fact, it is but the kitchen-place of heaven. They have

angels, but of a lower grade; and harps, but of humbler minstrelsy. They can taste but slightly of the waters, and the tree of life, and take only what others refuse. O my Saviour! is this heaven? Are there such distinctions here? Where, then, is Lazarus? Where is Abraham? O ye poor slaves! ye despised human beings! ye who are poorer than poverty's own self, whose flesh and bones are not your own! Tell me, ignorant as you are, who was Abraham? Was he not the father of the faithful? Then is he not honored among the highest seats of heaven? And tell me, then, where is Lazarus — poor, despised Lazarus? He who had the dogs for his watchers, a stone for his pillow, and a ditch for his burial-place? Where is he? Look ye!—Above the rich and the mighty! above the high priests and chief captains! Look far up yonder, and tell me what gives us the high places in heaven? Is it money, or is it faith? Then see Lazarus dropping off the garments of mortality and putting on the clean white robe that the angels brought him. See him, like the insect, leaving his bark to spread his wings! See him, with harp in hand, mount upward! See the angels escort him through the gates, with shoutings, "Lazarus has come!—poor, neglected, contemned, disdained Lazarus!" See him pass by the rich and the noble, by the kings and the priests, away up! up! Glory to God! See him above the prophets and the ancient worthies, above the apostles, away up in the high bosom of Abraham. Shout it, ye poor! Lazarus is saved in the highest heaven! Oh, shout and clap your hands, ye slaves! There is a heaven for you, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary be at rest. Where the prisoners

rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master." When I said, "shout and clap your hands," many of them took the order literally, and they literally fulfilled it, so that the last words were drowned in the commotion. One old slave was so happy, she did not seem to know whether she was in the body or out. She jumped and danced and shouted, and, as the little pew could not hold her, out she came into the aisle, jumped up higher and higher, and took such high leaps for heaven, was so determined to go up bodily, that it took two men to hold her back. As they seized her hands to steady her, and prevent her from injuring herself against the seats, an invitation was given for mourners to come forward. And such a rush, such praying, and such singing, baffle all attempt at description. The occasion was profitable to myself, and I trust, notwithstanding the exuberance of their animal feelings, much good was done.

NEGRO PREACHING.

It was on a bright sabbath morning that I was sauntering the streets of Augusta, hesitating whither to go for religious service, when I beheld a company of colored people making their way for Zion's Church. I concluded for once to witness the free worship of a congregation of slaves. For, in the States further north, in Virginia and the Carolinas, slaves were not allowed to preach or conduct meetings for themselves. I entered and found them singing. And such singing! such heavenly, soul-thrilling singing! Oh! away with your Italian Seigniors and Signoras, and your Tom Toodleini and Madame Doodleini, when we can have such hearty, spirited, rapturous singing as this, where the whole congregation were united in praising their Maker, with a spirit and pathos that told they meant and felt what they sang. I found the audience, generally, very well dressed; and among many of them, silks, broadcloth, silver-headed canes, gold chains, fancy dresses, and genteel bearings abounded, even perhaps in excess of good taste. The preacher was not, however, so refined nor even so intellectual as many of his congregation. His frame, language, voice, and gestures bespoke a man of strong physical powers, accustomed to hard lifting, and sweating toil. But whatever was wanting in refinement was more than compensated in

force of character and strength of expression. He at least would obey one Scriptural injunction — "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." When he prayed it appeared as if all heaven and earth were moving. He seemed like Samson kneeling down at the foot of the pillars of unbelief, and with clenched hands, quivering lips, eyes rolled back in their sockets, breast heaving with the travail of a pent-up spirit, struggling to overturn Satan's empire, and his voice, quite stentorian, rising with the subject, as from the crack of musketry to the roar of artillery, or from the first rumblings to the explosive sounds of thunder, till, reaching the climax of feeling, all his physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers were united in that voice to burst in a thunderbolt of conviction upon the responsive audience. One would suppose that, like Jacob, he had the angel of the covenant wrestling with him, and would not let him go until he had got the new name, whereby all the store-house of heaven should be at his command, and blessings abundant and enduring, must come at his bidding. In hearing that man preach and pray I felt my littleness as a public speaker. I had heard the great models of eloquence, studied the chief masters, and witnessed the elocutionist in training his disciples to strut and stare and drill in artificial attitude and gesture, and in sham modulation of the emphatic stress, the double emphatic stress, and the absolute emphatic stress, but all seemed mockery before this unlettered African. Here was Nature's own model, speaking her own language. Whatever education might have added to the finish or diminished from the force of his oratorical powers, is not for me to say; but he seemed at this time a man for

the occasion. He could not write, and was a poor reader; so much so that, in reading his hymn, where a word was not familiar, he would stop to spell it out, or be assisted by some voice in the audience. Much of his eloquence on the present occasion was owing to the peculiar state of his feelings. He had buried a member of his congregation a few days before; and I thought from appearances she might have been his wife. Her Christian experience, as related by him, was very superior, and his grief on her account was excessive. He chose heaven as a theme for his discourse, and apparently was anxious himself to leave this world of sorrow for a seat in heaven. It is said that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and I almost fear to record any of his pithy and pathetic expressions on this account. Although none of the audience, not even strangers who came out of curiosity, could resist the torrent of his eloquence; yet his words upon paper, without the force of his voice and gestures, could convey no adequate idea of the man. To appreciate his language at all, we must imagine an audience familiar with his brogue, having the utmost confidence in his piety, and by the power of his prayer, the melody of their singing, and the bereavement which they had suffered, excited to the highest pitch of expectation, and who now, to grasp the good, would overlook all imperfections. His discourse was, as I said, upon heaven. Rev. 21 : 1 : "And I saw a new heaven," etc. Said he — "De language wid which we describe heaben must be figertib. Dat is, it be borrowed from de figures, de objects and de sensabilities ob earth. De first figure we shall use in describing heaben is rest. Dar de wicked cease from troubling,

and dar de weary be at rest. Dar de saints rest from dar labors and dar works do faller dem. Rest to de laborin man be sweet. Oh, de sweet comforts ob rest! See dat weary man comin home from his work. He haf toiled all de day long, from de dawn ob de mornin till dark. His skin be burned and blistered and baked till it be like de skin ob de elephant. De sweat haf poured off from him, till dar be no more sweat in him. His bones be so achin as if a hot iron was runnin frew de marrow; and his legs am so tired dat one ob dem will scarce foller tudder. Him seem to nebber get home. His eyes am red as sundown. And his head, Oh, de achin head! it seems so big as a pumpkin bustin for de seeds to come out ob it. See him comin all dizzy and faintin to de cabin door. He am so tired he wish to die and not libe, and go home to heaben. Den he smell de good meat dat massa gib him, cause he work so hard, and him begin to feel better. And when he haf eat all de good meat and drinked all de good coffee wid de sugar in it, den he bless God for all dese good tings, bless God he hab so good a massa, bless God for de children, and he lie down to sleep. Oh, how sweet be de sleep! how soft be de bed, it seem like de bed ob roses!

"And now he dream of heaben. De angels seem waitin to carry him home as da did poor Lazarus. And da sing so sweet de music of de upper world, make him soul feel so good as if all de crickets and grasshoppers am shoutin praise to de Lord. O my bredren, dar be rest in heaben! No more mus ye hurry to de field and hoe, hoe, hoe, de long, long day, till your back ache wid pain, and your head feel sick to die. No more mus ye be startled up as by a tunder-clap from

your sweet slumbers when ye git home to heaben. No more will massa tell you ye no work enough. No more mus ye run, run, run, on your weary legs, till ye be almost dead when ye taught it was time to stop, and all de work was done. In heaben de work be all done, and dar de weary be at rest. Yes, bredren, dar be rest in heaben. Dar be rest for de brodder, and dar be rest for de sister. Dat sister dat died so happy last Sunday, she rest in heaben. She was so happy to tink she was goin home. She saw de angels a waitin, and she saw little Nelly, way ober de ribber, on tudder side ob Jordon. She knew it was Nell, cause Nelly looked so glad when mudder was comin. She danced and clapped her little hands, as she used to do when mudder comes home. And she see de gates ob pearl, and de walls of jasper stone, clear as crystal. And ober de gate was de watchman, wid a harp and a crown in his hand. And he cried with a loud voice, 'Blessed be de dead dat die in de Lord — come up hither, come up hither!' Den Peggy shouted and clapped her hands for joy. But she was sorry to leave behind her de little girl, Dolly. 'O Jake,' said she to me, 'try and take care ob poor little Dolly. I is goin, and I can git no good tings for Dolly. Tell Dolly to say her prayers and remember her mudder. Oh! de heavenly massa will take care ob Dolly; he be good massa, and will bress poor mudderless children.' Den she asked us to come round de bed and pray — and de room seemed lit up wid de angels. Den she said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; de massa call me, de massa call me! He be good massa; he lub poor Peggy, and forgib all her sins. O Jake, I is goin home, I is goin home! What shall I tell Jesus?'" At

this moment, had I been a Congress reporter I should have been obliged to drop my pen. Not by the eloquence of the mere words, for they are next to nothing, and not half reported here; for it was impossible to catch them. But the solemnity of the occasion — the discourse suiting the audience, and the audience, by the bereavement, prepared for the discourse, and the preacher understanding both the subject and the occasion, and himself being a mourner in full sympathy with them and with the discourse, panting for the long-sought rest — it was only necessary to tap the slightest spring of affection, and floods of tears would gush forth, both from his own eyes and those of the congregation. And the loud responses of "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" even before he had arrived at the parting scene, had encouraged him to put forth every effort, for he knew he had touched the right string. Therefore, for the time being, he was apparently lost in his subject, cutting away from all forms, all order, floating on a billowy sea of excitement, yet secretly holding the rudder, that the passion might land at the right spot. In conversing with the dying, the image appeared before him, and as he bent over it, and as he spoke with it and received answers, his hearers were all agape, and bending over with him, drinking in his passion, anticipating his thoughts, and mouthing his words. And when he said, "I is goin, I is goin!" with his brawny arms extended towards heaven, there seemed, in sympathy with the speaker, a general aspiration of the audience to spread the wing and mount upward. But, "What shall I tell Jesus?" was original to me. "Oh," cried the speaker, making motions at the same time as if seizing a pen, "Oh, dat I

knew how to write! I would send an epistle to Jesus! 'What shall I tell Jesus?' Tell him, said I, *we is all a comin!*" And "glory!" "glory!" "glory!" sounded all over the house.

He continued: "Dis rest be not only a rest from labor, but a rest from sorrow. De Rebelator say, God shall wipe away all tears from deir eyes, and dere shall be no more death, neither any sorrow. O my bredren, afflictions be de lot ob man! Man dat is born ob a woman is ob few days and full ob trouble. He lie in his bed to-day, and he lie in his tomb to-morrow; den de mourners go about de streets. De whole earth be full ob mourning. De death angel haf filled it wid grabes, and scattered it tick wid tombs, ticker dan de stars. And de stars, de eyes ob heaben, weep in dewy tear-drops ober de sacred dust. Da peep like nail-heads frew de pall dat shrouds de world, and de waning moon be de coffin's handle. And de winds moan in wailing sorrow. And de night is but de mantle for de dead. De clouds be de messengers ob mourning, and de tunder-sound de requiem. And old mudder Nature drops her leabes, and lay her bosom bare to de chills ob winter, when she tink ob her poor, dying children. Look down dar where so many were buried last fall. Oh, how de people did run to git away from de plague! But de black wing of de angel would chase dem eben to de woods, and dar da would die. But, bressed be God! dar be no deff in heaben, neither sorrow. Dar dis heart hab beat de last achin pang, dar dis bosom hab heabed de last sigh, dar dis eye hab shed de last tear, and dar be no more partin wid kind friends.

"*De next figure ob heaben is home!* HOME! Sweet, sweet home! dar be no place like home! When de

servant come home from de cotton field, or de turpentine woods, after bein gone a whole year, how sweet to see de houses and de cabins as he first come in town! How sweet be de faces as he come up to de depot! How sweet be de boices as da say 'he's come! he's come!' Dar be de wife and de children waitin, and dar de massa lookin smilin cause his servant got home. And so in heaben dar our friends be a waitin. O Peggy! dar I see de in de new white robe, standin at de depot ob immortality, wid palms in di hands, watin for us poor weepin mortals to come home. I see de in de dreams of de night. I hear di boice foller me in de day time; I see di tears weepin in de cup where I drink; I feel de wing ob di spirit brush my cheek when I pray; O Peggy! we is all a comin home; tell Massa Jesus we is all a comin. Now, my bredren, ye may hab heaben in dis world. De kingdom of heaben comef not by obserbation, but it be widin you. De apostle Paul was once so happy dat he knew not whether he was in de body or out. And he was caught into Paradise, and was carried to de fird heaben, and dar he saw sights wonderful, and heard sounds unspeakable. So, my bredren, by faif may we be carried to de beatitude ob heaven. De Jews speak of free heabens. De first be whar de sky is, de second whar de stars is, and de fird whar God is. It require berry much faif to raise eben to de first heaben. We hab to mortify de flesh, tread down de appetite, trample upon de lust, bring low de anger, subdue all enby, and keep under de sensualities, and den we had not started — we hab only got ready. Den we begin to look de way we be goin, just as de eagle does when him look at de sun. Den as our faces be upward we forget de tings

below; we shut our eyes on de earf, and look on heaben. Yet we hab not got up any. But now de world seem lighter on de breast, and de heart beat more easy. And now cause we be so light, it seem dat if we could get up a little, whar de grabitation ob de world was not so strong, we could fly. Den it is dat we pant like de little bird in de nest, when him see his mudder go upward. And what be dat pantin? It be de Spirit ob God inditin our petitions. And de Spirit now intercedef wid groanings dat cannot be uttered. Now we shut our eyes and trust God for de rest. And de moment we let go ob de world, and walk by faif and not by sight, dough at first it seem dark, and we tremble as we feel round for help, yet dat moment de light come into de soul. We tremble like de ship anchored in de dark when we first pull on de cable; den see de light dance on de crest ob de wabe. Dis cable be faif, when it pull us up to de windard, towards de anchor ob hope. We tremble as dof de balloon when it rise a little, den sink, den rise, den find it be tied down But when we no care whidder we go if we only go upward, we cut loose from de houses, de cabins, and de friendship ob earth, and feelin dem all sinkin beneaf our feet, we know not whedder we be in de body or out; de heart stop him's beatin, de brain stop him's tinkin, and de sight be gone, all gone but de feelin; den we feel de breaf ob earth strike de cheek as it pass by; den we be abobe de trees and de mountains, abobe whar de bird sing in de sky, abobe de cloud, runnin, leapin, sailin, flyin, onward, upward! *upward!* UPWARD!! HIGHER!! HIGHER!! O Lordy God, I cant go no fudder!" Reader! do not laugh, but imagine the state of the audience, at this time in a

paroxysm of ecstacy, all hanging breathlessly upon the speaker's lips, and all moved at his will; by a word or a wink, seeming, with faces turned upward, to step as he stepped, and mount, hand over hand, as he mounted; his feet moved as if on a treadmill, and his hands, swift as wings beating the air, indicated a rapid ascent, until above the birds, above the clouds he went, bearing his audience with him, onward! upward! higher! higher! till at last, exhausted by the flight, he can bring them down only by a thunder-clap. But few orators that ever lived could settle down an audience so suddenly, and but few assemblies could bear the transition. But to him and them, all occurred naturally; and when he came to the climax of excitement, having said the last word and made the last exertion, with one hand pointing as far towards heaven as he possibly could reach, he gave a leap upward with all his might and cried, "O Lordy God! I cant go no fudder," faith seemed to step in where the mortal failed, and, catching the flagging wing of human passion, bore the soul-enraptured audience to the ecstatic regions of enchantment. I cannot follow this untutored son of Cyprian to his second and third heaven. Suffice it to say, that when we passed the second heaven — "whar de stars is"— we seemed to ride upon a cherub, and did fly, yea, we did, upon the wings of the wind. The stars were not pure in the sight of God, and here was the place of his judgment. And when we saw heaven opened, and the white horse,— for the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels, —and Him that sat thereon, whose eyes were a flame of fire, who was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and on whose thigh was written "*King of kings and Lord of lords*,"

and when the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when shaken of a mighty wind, and the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together,— it seemed as if the judgment day were at hand. I shall never forget that day's lesson on pulpit oratory. There were imperfections in it, but these I could lay aside. Yet to this day I have never dared to preach from that text, lest I should mar the beauty of the impression I then received.

SKETCHES OF VIRGINIA.

[The following Sketches were written and published several years since.]

PEAKS OF OTTER.

Perhaps no American scenery is more interesting than the Peaks of Otter. Landscape has its beauty, Niagara its grandeur, Ocean its immensity; but here, these are combined in the stupendous heights of sublimity. There are summits more elevated, but none more picturesque and romantic. The tourist through Eastern Virginia becomes weary with the sameness of scenery. Plantations and woods, abandoned farms, barren wastes and stinted pines, with little elevation and less variety, make travel uninviting and fatiguing, were it not relieved by the unbounded hospitality of the planter. But here Nature has garnered her choicest stores of beauty to astonish the visitor with exquisite scenes of superb magnificence. No pencil can paint, no pen describe them. Words are insignificant, and the alphabet of language useless, in expressing the feelings of reverence and awe which they inspire. Nothing but the eye of the beholder, with his senses electrified by the soul-stirring rapture of the scene, can appreciate their transcendent merits.

They are situated in the county of Bedford, about

twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, one hundred and fifty from Richmond, two hundred and thirty from Washington, two hundred and seventy from the Ocean, seventeen from the Natural Bridge, and from twenty to fifty miles from some of the most noted mineral springs. Their elevation above the level of the sea is five thousand three hundred feet, or little more than a mile. Their height above the plain is about four thousand two hundred. The Round Top is considered a trifle higher than the Sharp Top, or southern peak, but is less imposing and less frequented.

Since the wild savage from these heights has ceased to sound the war whoop for his assembled chiefs, comparatively few persons have visited them until the past few years. Indeed, for want of roads, they have been almost inaccessible; none but the more adventurous would attempt their ascent, yet Randolph, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry found the pleasure of watching the stars and the rising sun, and of gazing upon their respective plantations in the interminable plains below, to exceed the fatigue and exposure of the journey. When the rising sun burst its sea of glory upon the keen eye of John Randolph, and lighted up the mountain with burnished gold, he pointed his long bony finger ("that javelin of rhetoric") towards the east, and exclaimed to his companions: "*here let the infidel be convinced in a Deity.*" He was the first man who appropriated money for the construction of a road to the Peaks, and by others following his example the difficulty of ascent is now removed. As the facilities of travel have been increased, it has become popular for families of opulence and distinction, during the warm season, to take a travelling tour. That tour for Vir-

ginians and strangers visiting the State is almost invariably for the Peaks of Otter, and the scenery of that part of the country. To accommodate the public demands, a turnpike has been made, of proper grade and finish, to pass over the ridge, from the Railroad Depot at Liberty, to Buchanan, a distance of twenty miles, on the route to some of the most noted Springs. As this road leads between the Peaks, and within one mile from their tops, the amount of travel is immense. The visitor can ride the remaining mile if he shall choose, but many prefer to walk. The ascent is less difficult than that of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the sight more grand. There, no accommodations for the traveller are to be had within several miles of the highest peak, and the journey, for ladies, over rugged, steep, and wild declivities, is almost intolerable. Here, assistance, food, and shelter are at command, within sound of the voice. There, the multitudes of peaks, surrounding the point of the highest elevation, detract from the sublimity of the scene. Here, from the broad plain four thousand feet below, one isolated shaft towers above the clouds in lone grandeur, inviting the lightning and the thunder with a sublimity that defies competition. There, the summit of the highest mountain being almost flat, covered with nothing but small rock, seems robbed of its crown of glory, as if the storms of heaven had hurled the beetling crags from its brow, being fearful of rebellion. Here, on the very summit, vast piles of toppling, bleak, gray granite, in high, irregular, wild sublimity breasting the storm, present the climax of all that humanity can experience.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The stone for the Washington Monument was taken from this mountain; its history may be interesting. About thirty years since an egg-shaped rock, twenty-five or thirty feet high, stood on this mount, with the small point toppling over the vast abyss, so exactly poised that one hand would move it. Nothing in nature could be more sublime, and no point of elevation more exciting for youth. Since the name of Washington has been found engraved on many interesting rocks of the country, it is common to find mountain heights covered with names. Upon these crags names from all parts of the world are found engraved upon the precipitous brink, vieing with each other for immortality. Upon the most distant point of the high rock spoken of, an ambitious youth once ventured to mark his name, and another climbed out upon the point with a silver-headed cane, and laying it upon the utmost verge, placed a stone upon it—a temptation for some adventurous youth to climb and break his neck. The cane was taken down shortly after with difficulty and hazard, but without accident. The time arrives when this rock must be hurled from its base, and no more excite the wonder and admiration of the world. Nature seemed to write upon it, "hands off," but mischievous youths are forever meddling, envious of Nature's perfections. In vain did the pious Christian cry against their sacrilegous deeds! how infamous! how blasphemous! But all was vain. A hundred sons are gathered on the mount, a barbacue prepared, and cheerful songs are heard that make the mountain ring. A lever is laced beneath, moved by scores of men, yet

they can only make it "wink," so tremendous is its weight. A hole is now drilled directly under it, a foot deep and six inches in diameter, to be filled with powder. Rather a small gun to discharge so large a ball! Several pounds of powder are put in, and the wadding forced upon it, and an iron plough-mould is placed over and wedged down from the rock. Ready! run! run! Every man has chosen his position, that he may see and hear, and save his head. Buzzard's Rock at a short distance is covered with peering faces, anxious and breathless. Lo, a smoke! hark! flash! bang! Away went—nothing but the plough-mould. Another charge and another fire, but with the same effect. Charge succeeds to charge, and fire to fire, until kegs of powder are wasted and all the plough-irons are shot away. Wedges are now resorted to and driven between two inclined planes. Now, stroke on stroke, it stirs and heaves amain! once more! it's o'er! With sulphur smoke, and sound of earthquake, as the crashing of a thousand hills, it whirls and leaps from crag to crag, crushing rocks and mounds and tall majestic oaks, now ploughing a deep gutter like ocean's wave, sending turf and stones and parted trees to the skies, now rolling end over end, with the voice of thunder, till lastly it buries itself in a hill one mile below, and remains like the wounded savage covering his face to die. Great were the bruises of its fall. One year since, Patriotism came, like the good Samaritan,—she came like the Samaritan, but there the likeness ends, for instead of healing the wounds that Nature had compassionately bound up with moss for thirty years, she blew the rock in a thousand pieces. The fragments still remain over the ridge, opposite the "big spring,"

on the road to the Peaks. The part intended for the monument was finished at Lynchburg, then taken to Washington. The following is its inscription:

"From Otter's summit,
Virginia's loftiest peak,
To crown a monument
To Virginia's noblest son."

Most agreeable associations stir one's soul while standing in the Washington Monument. The character of the lettering, the laconic phrase, the various devices of sculpture, and the different species of rock coming from all parts of this vast Union, from the hills of every State and from every society, religious, literary, philanthropic and political, all uniting in the same sentiment of holy patriotism,—fill the imagination with the sweetest reveries. The history of the past looms before the mind. Images of venerable heroes and statesmen, with ancient garb and noble bearing, seem shadowed before in sweet communion. The towering pile looks on Mount Vernon; but all save the Potomac, how changed! Where are the gardens, the fruits, the flowers? Lo, the wild shrubbery, the thorn, and the brier! The buildings, how changed! Behold the mould of age and the drapery of mourning, as piece by piece they yield to corroding time. How solemn the tolling bell of the mail boat, as it speaks of the departed! Even the tomb hath yielded its sacred treasure, and the body lies in a more secluded spot. But his fame will not perish, and this monument is worthy of the man. The inscriptions upon the various gifts of the States, and of Europe, will be read with increasing interest when the present generation is asleep. No stone

will attract more attention than this from the Peaks of Otter. Virginia nurtured America's noblest son, and now glories in presenting a tribute to his memory from one of America's sublimest peaks.

ROUTE TO OTTER PEAKS.

We commence at Lynchburg. This city, like Whitehall of New York, at the head of Lake Champlain, is built upon the side of a steep hill, and, like that place, is a great business thoroughfare. It is, next to New Bedford, Massachusetts, the most wealthy city in the Union according to its population. In arousing the spirit of Virginia internal improvement, and rolling the car of business enterprise, Lynchburg stands first and foremost. The business stir of the tobacco factories, foundries, banks, and stores, present the go-a-headativeness of Yankeedom. Hotels and boarding-houses are full to overflowing, and to find admission costs the prayers and expense of an entrance to Mahomet's paradise. There are three routes leading from this place to the celebrated springs in the west of the State; — one up James River, by canal; another by railroad to Salem; but the most direct route is by a new turnpike over the mountains, from Liberty to Bucanan. We leave the cars at Liberty, twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, and ten or twelve miles from the Peaks. Here we find stages, carriages, buggies, and riding horses, to suit every person's taste for travel. Those desiring to continue from the Peaks to the Springs, generally prefer public conveyance; but the parties visiting only the mountains choose the more social and chivalrous pleasure of horsemanship. Tremendous is

the excitement! The wild, prancing steed catches the wilder spirit of his rider, and paws for the race. Now the mighty forest echoes with the multitudinous bound of iron hoofs. Vociferous shouts of laughter drive the partridge and the pheasant from their old possessions, and the sylvan songster flies with notes half spent in air, and half down his throat, frightened half to death. Dogs from the distant cabins rouse from their slumbers, bark, howl, run over fences and hedges to join the chase, and yelp in the tangled briar with mad despair. On, on, rush the fiery coursers with the speed of thought. The mountain heaves in sight, but only to cheat the senses, for perspective hath lost its rules of distance. We seem within a short walk of the mountain top; we inquire and find it *ten miles*. The fact is, the mountain being exceedingly grand, beyond our common experience, we cannot judge of its distance, but the delightful road amidst towering forests and beautiful plantations compensates for the length of the journey. How different the path to the White Mountains, frequented by so many thousands! The nearest house to Mount Washington is as far as Liberty from the Peaks of Otter, and the horrid ride over crags and wrenching defiles is almost beyond endurance. Many are obliged to return without visiting the mountains, after coming several hundred miles for that purpose; and for ladies to endure the fatigue is next to impossible. What are the pleasures of Nature's scenery without the society of woman?—what our conceptions of pleasing, the lovely, the beautiful? Beneath her gentle footsteps flowers spring in our path; at her radiant smiles the wild rose develops its choicest tints, and sheds its

selected odors; at the sound of her voice Nature strings her silver harp sweetly as sounds the dulcimer; the bands of the Pleiades are forged by the glance of her eye; and at the low, gentle sigh from her bosom, who does not feel the heart quake? Hold! perhaps the indulgent reader is an old bachelor contemplating the glories of single blessedness. Away! away! we haste for the Peaks, by Nichol's plantation, over Otter Creek, by the mill at Fancy Farm, and up the long ascent. What forest trees! Here stand the oaks of centuries in sublime majesty, reminding us of the forests of Oregon, and here in the cultivated field they stand, withered, girdled, and dead; their tall, gray branches towering to the skies, inviting the lightning and the storm, still set fate at defiance, like Bonaparte in exile. Here in the thicket they have fallen by age, and by their own weight, giving way for their successors, like the generations of men. Now the "big spring" pours its warbling tide over our path. Never was water more refereshing — cold as the ice of winter, pure as the fount of Castalia, and sweet as the nectar of Jupiter. Weary and exhausted by the tedious ride, we wipe the sweat from the brow, and gaze with rapture upon the glittering tide. With scooping palm we drink, and lave the brow; exhausted Nature rallies, new life and vigor throbs through every vein, and with adventurous spirit we aspire for the Peak. In less than half a mile from the spring we come to the celebrated "*Otter Peak's House*," kept by Mr. Leyburn Wilkes. Better accommodations, more prompt and ready service, amid more delightful scenery, could not be desired. Mr. Wilkes is a young man, kind and affable, whose chief delight is to make the visitors cheerful and happy.

He owns both of these mountains, which in time must prove a source of incalculable wealth. His buildings multiply with the increase of travel, and no labor or expense will be spared to make this the most attractive watering place in America. The air is cool and salubrious, and in the hottest season an exhilarating breeze sweeps through the mountain pass, while the low lands of the State are parched, sultry, and infected.

THE ASCENT.

To horse! to horse! Now for the heights. They appear close by, but are a full mile in distance, three-quarters of which we can ride; then we must foot it. Such rambling, scrambling, joking, such extreme pleasure in assisting the ladies, such a glow of feeling to have one's strong arm pressed by the fainting fair, as weariness makes her more lovely, the cheek of a brighter tinge, the eye more languidly attractive, as our feelings are made reciprocal by the genius of the spot!

Now we climb the topmost crags. What trembling, shrinking, misgiving, as a world appears below! An experienced one climbing the ladder, and clinging desperately to the rock, exclaims: "Is it safe? wont the mountain fall?" Reader! we can describe no further. Think of describing heaven! Think, with the pen of poor, degraded mortal, to describe the ethereal essence of angels, floating in the imperial sky! Think to describe the holy rapture of pure intelligences before the throne of Omnipotence!—and as soon think to describe the complication of feeling, of pleasure and pain, of ecstacy and fear, of reverence and awe, excited by these scenes! We can only say that the clouds are beneath

your feet, and anon they rise and crown your brow, and your fingers sport with their golden borders. Now they are gone, casting their black shadows over ten thousand acres a mile beneath your feet, and hurrying away as if impelled by your command. Half way down, the raven spreads his broad wing, and appears less than the smallest fly; the bald-headed eagle, whose gray brow hath been whitened by the upper lights of heaven, still sails beneath. The largest trees have diminished to the smallest shrubs. You stand upon the cold, rugged granite, unchanging and unchangeable as eternity, and severe as the justice of Jehovah.

To the north-east is Flat Peak, from which a wild "*halloo*" is heard from another party, to which reply is given; but their diminutive forms are invisible. Down the vale to the north is seen the house of "*mine host*," presenting a delightful appearance, and the small specks hurrying along the road prove to be another young company, with the same exuberant spirits, sporting and frolicking like the first. Lynchburg is seen far to the east. The original founder of this city was a gentleman by the name of Lynch, whose brother, Col. Charles Lynch, an officer in the American Revolution, was the author of the celebrated "*Lynch*" law! At that time the country was thinly settled, and infested with a lawless set of tories and desperadoes. The necessity of the case demanded desperate measures, and Col. Lynch apprehended and punished them without judge or jury. These measures were a subject of much litigation after the war, which presented their author more conspicuously before the public. The supremacy of the Lynch law in the West, and in California has charged the pen of John Bull with many

"palpable hits" upon American government. New London, rendered memorable by the eloquence of Patrick Henry, is seen nearer the peaks than Lynchburg, and beyond the beautiful village of Liberty. Fincastle and Amsterdam are seen on the opposite side of the mountain, and the new turnpike lining the ridge towards Buchanan presents a romantic route for travel. North and south the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies run off in extended ridges, now in direct lines, now broken by notches and gaps and knolls, now thrusting a lone peak in towering magnificence to the skies. Among these, the Apple Orchard is of high elevation, and its "falling waters" a matter of some interest, while the Jump, the North, and the House Mountains, near Lexington, and the Short Hills in the fertile valley, the "garden of Virginia," with the horizon bounded by the long extended Alleghanies, present the wildest grandeur. Mountain billows! Here we behold immensity! He who has battled with the storms of ocean, and felt his laboring bark, league by league, ascend the mountain wave, until arriving at the crested top, he gazes upon a hundred sails beneath, some mounting the wave in full view, some sinking half hid beneath the surge, and some deep in the engulfing trough, with only their banners seen struggling with overhanging billows extending for miles above — he, and he only, can fully appreciate the sublimity of these interminable mountain billows! As the weather-beaten seamen stand upon these heights they seem to roll in boiling waves beneath his feet. He gazes upon the clouds beneath, sees the image of hope beckoning him on, and instantly thrusts forth the hand to grasp the halliards, to mount the yard-arm and seize the helm and bring his

vessel to her course, as flashes his keen piercing eye that has faced the thunderbolts of many a storm, and throbs his heart with the passion and unbridled excitement of his youth! With what rapture he gazes! What delightful associations of his youthful adventures rise upon his vision! How his spirit bounds once more for the excitement of the sea! Imagining these to be the transfixed billows of ocean is no fiction. No mountains or valleys in the Union present more marine deposits of shells and marl, and fossil remains of greater number and variety, and no physical features bear stronger impress of marine convulsions. Mountains from the depths of the sea, parting the briny waters, with all their shell and submarine remains, upheaving, have towered to the very skies with glittering crowns of pearl, while the gathered waters, frightened at confinement, ploughing enormous chasms, have broken through the mountain barrier, bearing down every obstacle, and, through wide, deep channels, have hurried to the freedom of their native sea. The rising of the mountains and the rolling back of the waters have deposited the various strata of Virginia,—the secondary and carboniferous formations,—to great advantage for the convenience of man. Beds of coal, iron, marl, gypsum, limestone, with the precious metals, lie within a few feet of the earth's surface, richer than California, with no enterprising hand to disturb them. Lands barren, exhausted by the impoverishing tobacco colter, —worse than Irish rents,—until not a leaf of vegetation remains, must suffer in sight of these fertilizers with the hankerings of a Tantalus in Erebus. These deposits must have been the accumulation of many mighty rivers, borne here by the tide of ocean, and

transformed, in the course of time, to coal, gypsum, limestone, and the like. Could any mortal discover where the wash of the great Mississippi, the James, and the Potomac is borne, he might perhaps predict the place of a future island or continent, to rise by some submarine convulsion.

SUNRISE.

At half-past three o'clock the servant called me. He informed me that clouds had filled the sky for the last hour, that there would be little prospect of seeing the sun rise; nevertheless, alone and without a lantern I proceeded. Being unarmed and unaccustomed to the woods, at sight of old logs the thought of bears, wolves, panthers, and rattlesnakes produced a slight sensation, but reason soon dispelled all apprehension of danger. It was in May. Nature, though shrouded in darkness, was not still. The music of the insects, the croaking of the frog, the sound of the turtle, the warbling of the rivulet, the chirping of the sparrow, and the last dying notes of the whippoorwill, filled the air with solemn melody. They seemed conscious that the mists were without rain. Directly over the Peaks the clouds parted, as if drawing the veil from the "holy of holies," for the early worship of his mountain majesty; and far up, unveiled beneath the stars, the towering heights appeared in bold, stupendous magnificence. If ever the spirit of devotion fluttered in this conscious bosom, it was then. Mountain scenery is always inspiring; upon a mountain the Saviour of the world spent the night in prayer; on a mountain he preached his sermon, unparalleled in language; and darkness and clouds

circling these heights add a spirituality so ennobling, one imagines himself worshipping upon the "Mountain of the Lord's House." I ascended the heights, reclined upon a rock facing the east, and was struck silent and breathless. Clouds gathered overhead, but a pale streak in the east discovered a clear sky. The streak by degrees expands and grows paler, and a tint of gamboge lines the lower border, which is tinged with vermilion. The blending of white and yellow, bordered below with fiery red, now fills a wide expanse in the orient sky. Purple clouds fringed with golden hues of radiant tapestry fast roll back the shades of night, and far off on the horizon, as the resplendent curtain rises, winged heralds of light shoot right and left, announcing the approach of the refulgent king of day, but no sun is yet visible. Think me not too credulous in believing there are spirits in those rays darting to earth, in answer to the prayer of some poor, broken-hearted wife or mother, who has spent the long hours of night by fasting in some low, back under-world of woe, unseen by the slumbering eye of mortal, and watching for the tardy footsteps of an estranged husband or of an erring son. In her lone hut, neglected, forsaken, forgotten by the friends of her better fortune,—in the midst of poverty, disease, and exposure,—as the low, deep sigh from the full depths of her dying heart bears the gentle voice of prayer,—think not that, beneath such glorious light as this, a merciful Redeemer forgets the cries of the afflicted. Now the radiance of the east becomes inexpressible, and the dark, misty clouds overhead are pierced and dispersed by ten thousand rays. A small mountain lies upon the horizon, shielding the sun until its proper time to rise with the

greatest effect, and a small black cloud floats before. A more beautiful impression cannot be conceived. The cloud nearly hides the ring of the sun, circling the mountain until the sun is so far risen that all its treasured beams at once burst with an electric thrill upon the enraptured sight, and astonishes glory itself. Behold a sea of burnished gold! a contrast and union of ten thousand hues! a hundred miles of landscape, crowned with emerald, sapphire, and rubies! the mountain crags at your side a pile of refulgent diamonds! But why attempt a description? A spirit cries, "Hold, daring mortal! think not to grasp divinity! these glories are indescribable! they can be known only by direct transports to the soul through the spirit of the Deity." Perhaps few persons have ever been favored with so grand a sight. I might visit the same place, when the sun is in the same latitude, a thousand times, and fail to meet with the concurrence of circumstances, the peculiar clouds, the temperature of the atmosphere, the nature of the eastern sky, and the aspect of the horizon which overwhelmed me. He who has not paid his morning devotions upon these high altars, has not felt man's divinest nature. Far from the distracting cares of the habitations of men, here is Nature in her purity, speaking her own language. How delightful to stand and converse with her on these mountain peaks, to breathe the atmosphere of these higher regions, and gaze upon the depths below—to make companionship with sky, with clouds, and mountains, which become our brothers, sisters, friends! We seem a part of them, our existence becomes enlarged; the chain of desires that binds us to earth, link by link, is broken, and our conscious spirit aspires to be free. Such are the feel-

ings impressed by these scenes. If there is a place on this lower world where spirits dwell, that place is here. Celestial voices answer each other's notes from crag to crag, with soft, low, dulcet strains borne upon the gentle breeze, which take full possession of the soul. Nature has never sinned. Remaining in her pristine purity, with floral cheek, and breath all incense, here she smiles with sweetest expression, and woos us to her embrace. He who loves Nature loves God.

MOONLIGHT.

Sweet is the converse of Nature upon the mountain top in the silent watches of the night. The air, the earth, the heavens, how still! A holy feeling pervades the place; the rock, the clouds, and the stars, all seem a part of ourselves—each a link in Nature's chain to bind us to the Deity. A moonlight view from the Peaks of Otter, as a field for fancy or imagination, surpasses our highest anticipations. The world so far receded from view, the heavens so near and so brightly paved with stars, the clouds passing by as sentinels over a slumbering world, the comets or falling stars, heaven's telegraphic messengers, bearing dispatches for weal or woe, and the silver moon—queen of night—walking in silent majesty among the beacon lights of heaven, gazing upon a slumbering universe, lighting up the mountains and hills below, just enough to make their shadowy features visible,—all present a boundless field for the wildest flights of imagination. Well might John Randolph, Nature's "acting poet," delight to spend the night in contemplating these scenes, and from his favorite author exclaim: "The heavens declare the

glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. He hath set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hand, the moon and stars the work of thy fingers, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him?"

THUNDER-STORM.

The climate of Virginia is wonderfully changeable, and is regular in nothing but vicissitudes. One day the heat, beneath a scorching sun, without a breath of air, is killing even to "negroes," and the next day demands an overcoat. A morning may be clear, warm, and sultry; the evening cold, wet, and chilling. Even in an hour, the clear, calm, blue sky, without a single visible speck floating upon heaven's blue sea, may be filled with a most terrific storm. Then to the heroic, the Peaks of Otter present a stupendous spectacle; clouds gather round, he is shut out from communion with the lower world, and stands amid the white thunder-heads of ebon clouds, with lightning at his feet. A slight dash of rain passes over, like scouting parties before a sanguinary battle. Now prepare for the terrific! The forest roars, beasts howl, the raven flies in terror; the sturdy shrub, deep-rooted on the mountain brow, is uptorn and hurled headlong, and stern, stately oaks, whose tall branches have defied the storms of centuries, now break and fall like pipe stems! The Fiend of Storm seems enraged that a mortal dare approach his seat. Lightning leaps from cloud to cloud. marshal-

ling up his hosts of artillery with icy shots of death! Mad thunder, from his ebon chariot, with sulphurous breath and fiery eye, strikes upon his granite throne with horrid shock, as if a huge mount of adamant from heaven had crushed the flinty brow of earth—and tenfold more dreadful pours the rain and hail. Now a calm —and what a calm! Perfect silence reigns; blue peaks burst through their misty shrouds, and in dewy teardrop smile beneath the sun-beams, sweetly as a sister's face lit up with rays of hope. All below is a dark, unfathomable abyss; but above and around our brow the transparent vapors glitter with refulgent hues; a resplendent rainbow extends its broad arch from peak to peak, forming an intermediate vault between heaven and earth for the abode of angels. The high-soaring eagle, with his eye on the sun, darts above the mists, now tipping his spacious wing in the crystal drops of the iris, now sailing far beyond the clouds to adjust his plumes in the pure radiance of heaven. As swells the gentle breeze, Nature strikes her sylvan lyre from pine and fir in Æolian symphony, and merry songsters redouble their notes with rapturous delight. So pure, so peaceful the heavens and earth, so exhilarating the air, so melodious the warblers, and so redolent the flowers, one imagines earth without a sigh, without a tomb.

STANZAS.

"Stand! thou whose cloud-capped summit's towering crest
Lone, silent stood when earth in swaddling vest
Was young. High o'er thy dial's changeless face
Age after age hath rolled, nor left a trace
Of circling centuries, nor mark, nor line,
To note the ravage of corroding time.
Stand! gray but not with years. Heaven's thunder shock,

Storm, winter, time, nor change thy primal rock.
Stand! crowned, but not by mortal. Heaven's first gem,
Of Autumn's snow thy crystal diadem.
Stand! thou who 'st witnessed at thy changeless base,
The rise and fall of each succeeding race,
From ancient tribes with scarce a trace behind,
To those more recent of the savage kind:
And last, not least, thou saw'st a pilgrim band,
First plant for earth's redemption on thy strand
Those standard stars whose stripes are now unfurled,
For patriot exiles' hope o'er half a world;
And thou unmoved shall see them final wave
Triumphant o'er the world's last despot's grave.
Eternal Peak! When first Creation's Lord
Said: "Let dry land appear," thou heard'st the word,
And from chaotic depths profound didst rise,
Refulgent greeting Time's first dawning skies:
Back rolled the waters from thy pristine brow.
Thou rose majestic, stand'st majestic now.
Celestial summit! Be on earth a spot
O'er heights, depths, ocean, mount, or grot,
Where spirits disembodied deign to mix with clay,
And breathe immortal essence such as cannot rot,
Nor change with changing Time's decay,
'Tis here. Celestials here above the clog of earth,
May dwell as children round their natal hearth.
Seat of Omnipotence! Whose fiats hurled
From thy high throne, now build, now crash a world.
Unchanging pile! The same from year to year,
Cold, calm reserve in icy halls of snow,
Unmoved by petty passions, rage, or fear,
Such as disturb us warring worms below,
Thou 'rt lovely in thy greatness as severe.
Heaven's Throne! I came with pencil to portray
Thy grandeur, but as lonely I survey
These heights and depths, awe-struck I bow before,
I bow in nothingness and must adore."

INHABITANTS.

At first view, the Blue Ridge appears uninhabited; but upon close inspection, even upon the summits,

we shall discover the habitations of men. Finding a narrow and almost unfrequented footpath, we wander through the tangled thicket until, imagining ourselves lost and beyond human society, we are suddenly apprised of our mistake by the unmerciful bite of a savage dog; while the little curs circle around with hideous yells that make the forest ring. Whereupon the good people of the cabin came to our assistance, and with our hand upon the wound, striving to cover the enormous gap in our unmentionables, we congratulated them upon the fidelity of their guard. They, however, show us a more hospitable welcome than the dogs, and incommode themselves very much for the entertainment of the stranger. On entering the dwelling, we find it not so spacious as the Astor House, or roomy as Willard's; nevertheless, it suits the scenery, and were it situated in Brighton, might avoid the tax of lights, by the luminous cavities between the logs. As to the superfluities of separate reading-rooms, drawing-rooms, parlors, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing rooms, nothing of the sort prevails, and one room answers all purposes. Do not smile. Among crowds that may gather in these mountain dwellings, more purity and virtue may be found than in fashionable rooms separated by strong partitions. The gun is the first article of furniture, and hangs in a conspicuous place, while the unplastered ceiling is hung with evergreens, more beautiful than can be obtained in the Astor House. Here is health. A more hardy, stalwart race is not often found. This may be discovered by the multiplicity of hearty children thrusting their ruddy faces at a stranger, half pleased, half alarmed. In counting, we often find they exceed the baker's

dozen, while the venerable matron gazes through her spectacles, with much complacency, upon Heaven's last precious gift nestling in her arms. The number of males seems to preponderate, but a more thorough investigation might change our opinion. The full-faced, plump-looking daughters of these regions are little acquainted with the diseases of wasp-waisted, fashionable life. In education, the *plus* and *minus* of algebra, and the *amo amas* of Latin have never disturbed their dreams; but they are *plus* good health, *minus* hypocrisy, and, as to the *amo*, let a worthy mountaineer offer his hand,—he will find its expression stronger than in Latin. Could the sons be possessed of a reading spirit, these mountains in original intellectual powers might turn out giant men. Unfortunately, there is a weight on Virginia's political economy somewhere, that presses like a mighty mill-stone upon her intellectual and physical developments.

RAIL ROAD.

It has been but recently that a railroad has traversed this country. It has been a subject of many evil prognostications from the darkies and backwoodsmen, and the shy wolf, still retaining her principles of conservatism, has never been known to cross the iron track. A new comer in Lynchburg saw, for the first time in his eventful mountain life, the puffing, smoking, black *Ingine!* It was not a savage—yet how much like one! His hand unconsciously started for a knife or gun. As it passed, he was told he could overtake it; and Jonathan seeing it retreat, started in chase; but as the monster entered the big black tunnel he ran as fast

the other way! The by-standers told him he had not caught the bear this time. "No," said he, "*but I have run him in his hole!*"

A negro seeing the swift-coming, snorting, black engine, ran to get behind his master, and rolling the white of his eye with terrific horror, he seemed to shrink to half size; but when the monster had passed, he commenced laughing and leaping with the wildest paroxysms of joy. "What is the matter?" cried the master. "O massa! I be so glad dat de debil will git no more among de niggers!" "Why not? what do you mean?" said the master, as if somewhat astonished. "O massa! didn't you see um ar Lynchbugs *hab got him in de harness?*"

PATRICK HENRY, AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

About sixty miles south-east of the Peaks, is Charlotte County, where sleep Virginia's greatest orators, John Randolph and Patrick Henry. On "Red Hill," of that county, in sight of the Peaks, lived and died Patrick Henry, who, Jefferson said, "was the greatest orator that ever lived," and to whom Mr. Randolph applied the words of sacred writ — one "who spake as never man spake." In the borders of a forest is his grave, surrounded by a slight railing, overhung with the stately elm and cherry, with locusts and majestic forest trees in short distance, and without a monument. Nature seems to have taken charge of her own gifted orator. A small vine of thick, matted evergreen creeps over the grave; the box stands at either end, and a dense thicket surrounds it, sighing to the breeze, inviting to its mournful solitude the plain-

tive songsters, whose melancholy notes are heard only in the darkest grove. A rustic chair stands near, where the devout pilgrim to the shrine of genius may sit and gaze upon the grave, and upon the place where Henry used to sit in his armed chair, with the vessel of water by his side, musing for hours with the music of Nature and inspirations from heaven. Here, the pilgrim may ponder in reveries with the same Nature, until the passions of his soul become so enraptured, the vision of his imagination so sensitive, that the solemn person of the orator actually appears before him. He sees him rise before the assembled multitude, so plain in his exordium that it seems but household talk, so careless in his manners, so simple in his whole bearing, that the bookworm or aristocrat may hesitate whether to call him fool or clown; but this is only for a moment. So slight has been the attack, that the audience have been thrown off their guard, and their hearts are open to receive the charges of his overwhelming eloquence. His eye flashes, his finger strikes conviction, passion swells up from his soul, his whole countenance is inflamed; his voice, now tuned to the tenderest notes of the sorrows of suffering innocence, now cutting with the severest sarcasm, and now sounding with vehement thunderbolts of vengeance and defiance,— all these we witness, until we think no more of the orator, but hang upon his lips in breathless suspense, thinking as he thinks, feeling as he feels, on the important subject at stake. But few shrines of sacred genius in this lower sphere are more inspiring. Henry's library was small, but he needed no more, for he read on Nature's pages, upon the glassy stream, upon the towering mountain, and upon the human

countenance. The homestead is now occupied by John Henry, Esq., his son.

Between the Peaks and Lynchburg is New London, made interesting by Henry's eloquence. The old court-house is yet standing, in which he delivered his celebrated speech upon the Johnny Hook beef case. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis, the army commissioner had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act was not strictly legal, and on the establishment of peace, Hook brought an action of trespass against him. Mr. Henry appeared for the commissioner. As usual, he had complete control of the passions of the audience, and more especially of their merriment. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigors of winter, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with their unshod feet; where was the man, he said, who had an American heart, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge. He carried the jury to the plains of Yorktown, the surrender of which followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the

most noble colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated through the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of Joseph Hook, hoarsely bawling out through the American camp—"*beef! beef! beef!*" The whole audience was convulsed. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned a verdict of acquittal. Hook escaped by precipitate flight; the old court-house is now dilapidated and used as a barn.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

John Randolph was descended, in the seventh generation, from Pocahontas, the Indian princess. We speak of him in connection with the Peaks of Otter, because the hills of his Roanoke are in sight. He frequently visited them, and remained during the night, and any thing relative to him is a matter of interest. It has been affirmed that America has had no poets, but there is one exception; though Randolph *wrote* no poetry, his speeches and his life were nothing else.

Had he devoted his studious life to the construction of verse,— with his musical ear, his grasping imagination, excitable temperament, fine sensibilities, and inexhaustible store of wit,— modern times might have vied with antiquity for immortal renown; but he "rejoined the stars" without recording his numbers. His first speech was delivered on the same day, upon the same platform on which Henry delivered his last. Randolph was a candidate for Congress; Henry for the State Senate; but they were opposed in politics. Henry mounted the hustings with the full measure of his fame, and though in his sixty-seventh year, his eloquence seemed like an avalanche threatening to overwhelm the boy of twenty-six. He carried every thing before him, when, waving his body right and left, the audience unconsciously *waved* with him. As he finished, he literally descended into the arms of the obstreperous throng, and was borne about in triumph. The cry was, "*the sun is set in all his glory!*" While one was setting, another was rising, with perhaps equal brilliancy. But Randolph was so youthful and unprepossessing in appearance that the audience began to disperse, and an Irishman exclaimed: "Tut! tut! it wont do; it's nothing but the bating of an old tin pan after hearing a fine church organ." This singular person's peculiar aspect, shrill, novel intonations, and his cutting sarcasm, soon calmed the tumultuous crowd, and inclined all to listen to the strange orator, while he replied at length to the sentiments of their old favorite. When he had concluded, loud huzzas rang through the welkin. This was a new event to Mr. Henry. He had not been accustomed to a rival, and little expected one in a beardless boy. He returned to the stage and com-

menced a second address, in which he soared above his usual vehemence and majesty. Such is usually the fruits of emulation and rivalship. He frequently adverted to his youthful competitor with parental tenderness, and complimented his rare talents with liberal profusion, and while regretting what he deprecated as the political errors of his youthful zeal, actually wrought himself and his audience into an enthusiasm of sympathy and benevolence that issued in an ocean of tears. The gesture, intonations, and pathos of Mr. Henry operated like an epidemic on the transported audience. The contagion was universal. An hysterical frenzy pervaded the auditory to such a degree that they were, at the same moment, literally weeping and laughing.*

In this contest, Henry was elected to the Senate of Virginia, but did not live to take his seat, and Randolph to Congress, in which body, at intervals, he served more than twenty-four years. Well did the people of Charlotte obey the last injunction of Henry, in his speech above described: "*Cherish* him, he will make an invaluable man." Such was Randolph's youthful appearance, that when he came to the Clerk's table at the House of Representatives, that gentleman could not refrain from inquiring his age: "*Ask my constituents, sir*," was the reply. Randolph died in May, 1843. His grave is in a dense forest, near the stream called "Roanoke," with no marble memorial; but two tall pines hang their rude branches over the spot, and the wind mournfully sighs through their foliage. The aphorism, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," would not apply to Mr. Randolph. He

* Wirt.

was always an object of wonder and admiration to the people of Charlotte. In retiring from public life, he said to them: "Twenty-eight years ago, you took me by the hand, when a beardless boy, and led me to the halls of Congress. The Clerk asked me if I was of lawful age; I told him to ask you; you said you had a faithful representative; I said, *No man ever had such constituents.* You have supported me through evil report, and through good report. I have served you to the best of my ability, but fear I have been an unprofitable servant, and, if justice were meted out to me, should be beaten with *many stripes.* People of Charlotte! which of you is without SIN?"—at the same time shaking his long, bony fingers with thrilling effect. "But I know I shall get a verdict of acquittal from my earthly tribunal. I see it. I read it in your countenances. But it is time for me to retire, and prepare to stand before a higher tribunal, where a verdict of acquittal will be of infinitely more importance. Here is the trust you placed in my hands twenty-eight years ago!"—at the same time, suiting the action to the idea, leaning forward as if rolling a great weight towards them, and exclaiming:—"*Take it back! take it back!*"

Randolph had a great veneration for religion, and his strongest illustrations were taken from the Bible. Towards the latter part of his life he was accustomed to call his three hundred servants together and preach to them with surpassing eloquence. He was a being of impulse, and his eccentricities remind us of the saying of Cicero—"There is but a hair's breadth between a genius and a madman." He never spoke without commanding the most intense interest; at his first

gesture or word, the house and galleries were hushed into silence and attention. His voice was shrill and pipe-like, and at perfect command. His tall person, firm eye, and peculiarly expressive fingers, with his command of language, in satire and invective, were, to an enemy, almost annihilating. His power of invective, charged against Henry Clay, contributed perhaps more than any thing else to defeat him as a candidate for the Presidency. In a duel between them, Randolph showed great magnanimity; it was fought on the banks of the Potomac, when the sun was setting on the blue hills of his own Virginia. The evening before, he had felt more depressed in spirit, and more confiding to his friends than usual, and had stated that he could not make Clay's wife a widow; that he would receive, without returning, the fire. "But," says he, "if I see the devil in Clay's eye, I may change my mind." He saw Clay, fearless and firm, but not vindictive. The first pistol of Mr. Randolph went off before the time. Mr. Clay exclaimed that it was purely an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to prepare again. The moment the word was given, Mr. Clay fired, but without effect; and Mr. Randolph discharged his pistol in the air. When Mr. Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he approached Mr. R., and said, with overwhelming emotion, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Randolph, afterwards, was a friend of Clay, and, had he lived, his voice might have elevated the noble Kentuckian to the place of his desert. The last meeting and parting of these gentlemen in Congress

Hall, is said to have been most pathetic — it was but a few days previous to the death of Mr. Randolph.

ANECDOTES OF MR. RANDOLPH.

Mr. John H. Pleasants, of Richmond, a gentleman of some distinction, was greatly at variance with Mr. Randolph; so much so, that the sidewalk was too narrow for them to pass. As Mr. Randolph approached, Mr. Pleasants exclaimed, with emphasis, and with actions suiting the words, "*I turn out of the path for no d—— rascal!*" Says Mr. Randolph, "*I do*," and bowing politely, passed over on the other side of the street.

Mr. Randolph often was unsocial and laconic in a reply to a salutation. A gentleman meeting him on Pennsylvania Avenue, exclaimed, "Fine morning, Mr. Randolph." "*That's very obvious*," replied Mr. R., in a fine, shrill tone, passing on, regardless of his friend.

When in one of his misanthropic moods, it was almost impossible to approach him. A gentleman from Philadelphia, of whom Randolph had recently purchased a large quantity of valuable books, met Mr. R. in Washington, and offered to introduce to him a particular friend. Says Randolph, "are you the *man* of whom I bought those books?" The disconcerted gentleman replied in the affirmative. Says Mr. R., "do I owe you any thing?" The astonished bookseller replied, "Oh, no, sir!" "Well, then, good morning, sir," rejoined Randolph.

Mr. Randolph sometimes met with a caustic reply. On stopping at a tavern, as is natural, the landlord inquired whither he was travelling. Says Randolph,

"Do I owe you any thing?" "Oh, no, sir!" "Well, sir, I am going which way I am of a mind to." Shortly after leaving the tavern, he met a fork in the road, and sent his servant to the landlord to inquire which road would lead him to a certain place. Says the landlord, "Tell Mr. Randolph he don't owe me any thing; he may take which road he has a mind to."

Mr. Randolph was a great pedestrian. One of his admirers, endeavoring to overtake him on foot, finally, with much puffing and wheezing, and with almost his last breath, exclaimed, "Good morning, Mr. Randolph; it is with great difficulty that I have overtaken you." "It may be with greater difficulty that you keep up with me," said Mr. R., stretching his long, lean shanks with unusual pace, leaving his astonished friend far in the rear.

LAMENT FOR PATRICK HENRY.

New London! at thine ancient, sacred name,
What visions rise! what venerate shades of fame!
And thou, old Hall, where Henry strung the lyre
Of eloquence with pure seraphic fire,
That ravished souls in ecstacy of tears,
And echoes still more hallowed by its years,
Like sea-shell sounding of its far-off shore,
Old court-house! soon, ah soon, thou art no more!

Of late thy walls have fired the preacher's soul,
To charm the listening crowds with rapt control,
But now no saint, or patriot band remains,
To shield them from dread winter's winds and rains
Oh, tear them down! nor let their weeping face
Upbraid this poor, ingrate, degenerate race.

Neglected Henry! tombless is thy sod,
O thou whose voice first shook the tyrant's rod

And roused up mighty millions for the fight, —
A patriot pure as ever saw the light! —
Is this thy grave, without a name or stone
To mark thee from the vilest ebon son?
Oh, blush, ye patriots! as from door to door
Ye beg for votes; blush, blush, Virginia's shore!
Ye angels, weep, who heard his voice in heaven,
Your dewy tears the only tribute given!

Grieved Nature! this thy son? 'Tis well he 's laid
Deep buried 'neath thy forests' mournful shade;
By forest brooks his voice was tuned while young,
By forest winds his magic harp was strung,
By forest nymphs was schooled from genius' sky,
Nor needed books, for all was taught from high.

Nature receives her son. With vestures rude,
She hides a nation's base ingratitude.
The standing box, the creeping evergreen,
The cherry wild and branching elm are seen
To weave deep-lettered on the mournful pall,
"Here once the great, but now forgot of all."

The blue bird, robin, and the thrush of spring,
As once they charmed his musings, still they sing;
The Staunton rolls as when he silent stood,
And heard its music in the forest wood;
Still sighs yon plaintive line, that tuned his ears
To burst the deepest fount of passion's tears;
But not a man's — no widow's mite is found,
To place the humblest stone upon his mound.

Genius! resume thy native skies, nor trust
For tribute from us meanest worms of dust.
If e'er an orator or bard appear,
Once more to thrill this nation's rapturous ear,
Let him, like Randolph, from the river's bed
Bring forth a smooth round stone to tomb his head,
And deep in woods, by human herds forgot,
There Nature, sole sad mourner of the spot,
May weave his mantle, sigh upon his bier,
But ask not man for tribute — not a tear.

LORENZO DOW.

Not the least among subjects of interest in Bedford County, was the preaching of Lorenzo Dow. He made his first appearance in Timber Ridge Grove, between Liberty and New London, before a vast concourse of people, who were by flying reports in a furor of excitement to witness the strange preacher,—a tall, long-faced man, with long Indian locks flowing down his shoulders, meek and solemn in countenance, with now and then a sly wink of waggish shrewdness, singular in garb, eccentric in manners, vehement in declamation, witty in ridicule, cutting in sarcasm, quick in leaping to a logical conclusion, severe upon the commonly received doctrines of election, — a man who had filled the world with witticisms, been mobbed so many times, been excommunicated from his own church for wandering, who was boundless in his philanthropy, knowing no north or south, rich or poor, receiving no reward, forgiving all things, hoping all things, enduring all things; the man admired by some of the purest Christians and condemned by others; thought by some a pure, holy, self-denying, perfect saint; by others, a perfect devil. Such a singular genius could not fail to awaken an interest. The triumph of his genius was complete. Sinners and infidels quailed at his graphic description of the final judgment and the agony of the lost, and many were smitten with conviction of their heaven-daring and hell-deserving sins. He prayed that the woman who was that night to die (at the same time pointing with thrilling effect among the dense crowd) might be prepared for judgment. The next morning found one of them a corpse

in her bed, and many now believed him a prophet sent of God. He preached several days, having many converts; but he mixed much drollery with his genius, which gave offence to some of the elders. A distinguished lawyer of New London remarked, that he never witnessed in any other person so great a combination of sense and nonsense.

ANECDOTES OF MR. DOW.

A gentleman once meeting Mr. Dow on his way to an appointment, observed to him that he had lost an axe, and he expected the thief would be in Mr. Dow's congregation, and while the thief was at service, he intended to search his premises. "Never mind the search," says Mr. Dow; "go with me, and the Lord will take care of your axe." Mr. Dow, placing a stone in his pocket, entered the pulpit, and preached upon the commandments. When the commandment against stealing was presented, he soared beyond his usual powers of description. He spoke of the ancient mode of restitution, and of the all-seeing eye of Omnipotence, and the duty of confession. He pictured graphically the stoning to death of Achan, the son of Carmi, who had stolen the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold and shekels of silver. The audience could see him kneeling, and confessing before Joshua, and submitting unto death, with the horrid destruction of all his family in flames. Now, there was a person who was guilty of stealing in that audience; the punishment of fire would be hereafter, but the stoning would be now! He seized the stone, calling upon the spirits of God and of angels to direct it to the head of the

guilty. He saw a man in a distant part of his audience begin to tremble, and felt confident of victory. He gazes intensely upon that man, with a furious, a most searching eye. The horrified, conscience-smitten wretch looks here and there anxiously, for a place of escape, but the thick crowd in the grove presents a barrier. What was he to do? The sure-aimed stone is poised in the inspired hand, and circling round with a deadly intent, when lo! the quivering culprit jumped behind a tree! "There, Neighbor Jones," cried out the preacher; "there stands the thief who stole your axe, sneaking behind the tree."

Once, arriving before the hour at the place of preaching, he met a negro boy with a tin horn, and inquired what use the boy intended to make of it. The boy stated that he had been hired to blow it while old Dow should be preaching. "Now, says Mr. Dow, "will you blow it for me if I give you a dollar?" The boy consented, and hid himself in the thick foliage of a tree over the preacher's head. When the audience came, he preached upon the judgment of the last day with wonderful vehemence. The audience could almost see a sinful world hurled to the judgment, the heavens departing with a great noise, and the elements melting with fervent heat, and almost hear the shrieks of the ungodly; and in the midst of the excitement, at the top of his voice, the preacher cried out, "*Blow, Gabriel, blow!*" The boy commenced a slight toot at first, and then made the woods ring with reverberations almost deafening! Some actually fainted at the shock. "O you ungodly cowards!" cried the preacher; "it's nothing but a little nigger blowing a toot-horn! If you are so easily frightened now, what will be your

consternation when the angel at the last day shall stand with one foot on the sea and one on the land, and sound the trumpet for the resurrection of the dead?"

A young man on a spree determined to play a trick upon Mr. Dow, and laid a wager with his companions, of a gallon of rum, that in less than an hour he would go to Mr. Dow, be converted, and return a Christian. The young man, approaching Mr. Dow, said to him that he felt a deep sense of sin, that he should very soon be lost if he found no mercy, that he was willing to forsake all things and do any thing for the salvation of his soul, and that he had humbly come to seek an interest in his prayers. Mr. Dow stated that his case was hopeless without conversion, and ordered him to kneel for prayers. He cried: "O Lord! here at my feet is a great sinner. He has bet a *gallon of rum!* Now, O Lord! convert him if he will be converted; if not, *kill him and send him to hell!* The man was thunderstruck; without his hat, on all-fours, he crept for the door! Mr. Dow strove to call him back, stating that service was not properly concluded; but the wretch fled for his life, declaring that the preacher was either inspired or had the Devil.

THE BEDFORD COUNTY SCHOOLMASTER.

Two miles from Liberty is the grave of old Flood, the schoolmaster. Who, of all the sapient heads reared beneath the cloud-capped Peaks of Otter, has not experienced the wisdom of Flood? Forty years a teacher, he knew more than all the world beside; he also was blessed with a small smattering of Latin. If

the abecedarian desired drink, he must lisp "*da me aquam*," if a free-thinker should presume even to hint that Flood was not the *summum bonum* of all things, he was immediately convinced of his error by a rap on his knuckles. Flood felt himself above common men with the goose-quill in their hats, and though a large, portly man, was a pattern of politeness. If a scholar unconsciously neglected the morning salutation, he must stay in at recess; if he missed in spelling, he must clear off the stones in Flood's lot; if he missed in grammar, he must take up as many grubs as he made failures. His system of government was republican, and seldom was a penalty inflicted without sentence from judge and jury, though several were flogged every day, and if a regular recipient of the penalty had unconsciously been neglected that day, he would inform his master and receive his dues. There was something mitigating in the punishment of the fair sex. After being tried and condemned, a stentorian voice is heard announcing, that "if there be a lad who has the gallantry to come forward and receive the penalty of this fair miss, let him appear." Whereupon several boys would spring for the chance. The boy is the father of the man. Some of those volunteers never received a stroke of the rod, save in defence of the girls, and while they would have been broken down in spirit forever at the thought of being flogged for a misdemeanor, they delighted heroically to receive the lash for the fair ones. Here commenced the gallantry of many of the present Bedford County husbands. Well might the tomb of General Lewis be entrusted among such a people.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

East of the Peaks of Otter, towards Lynchburg, is "Poplar Forest," the summer residence of Thomas Jefferson. The dwelling is of brick, in the form of an octagon, similar to his Monticello residence. Here, during the winter of 1781, he wrote his celebrated "*Notes on Virginia*," in reply to the French Secretary of Legation to the United States. They were printed several years after, while he was Minister to France. Neither Poplar Forest nor Monticello is now in possession of any of the Jefferson family. Monticello is owned by a Jewish captain in the United States Navy; the buildings are much dilapidated; and the tomb defaced by pilgrim patriots, who have barbarously hammered the monument for relics. Like the Plymouth rock upon which the Puritans landed, unless protected by iron bolts, the obelisk must pass away in pocket relics. Being near the University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson, and one of the most distinguished institutions of the country, it is frequented by multitudes. Jefferson was profound as a statesman, sagacious as a law-maker, and ingenious as a philosopher; but as a soldier and general, his skill existed only in theory. While Governor of Virginia, the traitor Arnold was allowed to sack the Capitol with only eight hundred troops, without losing a man. At that time, Virginia contained a population of half a million, and fifty thousand enrolled militia. But Jefferson was no warrior; the militia were not assembled, and two hundred men stationed at Richmond had no use for their guns, though their situation was favorable to repel the invader. The five brass cannon were planted, *not* against

the enemy, but at the bottom of the James; the teamsters and militia, instead of loading muskets with powder and ball, loaded wagons with arms and ammunition, and drove them posthaste into the country. Five tons of powder were borne away with the utmost despatch. So animated was the Governor's fugitive movements, that one horse sank beneath him, and he was obliged to mount "an unbroken colt." Unparalleled were his exertions, but unfortunately they were of no avail. The cannon were found, the powder, magazines, and public stores destroyed, with much private property. The liquor ran in streams down the gutters, and cows and hogs, partaking freely, were seen staggering about the streets, administering to the foe a lesson of temperance.* Meeting with no opposition, the British would naturally be inclined to return; so the Legislature was obliged to adjourn to Charlottsville, and here they barely escaped being taken, and fled to Staunton, where, by Mr. Jefferson's request, General Nelson was chosen Governor. Gov. Nelson immediately repaired to join the army near Yorktown, and Mr. Jefferson retired to Poplar Forest. Here, being indisposed by a fall from his horse, he composed his "Notes," in which is shown much learning and felicity of expression. In accounting for the physical aspect of the country, the various layers of strata, and the sea-shells upon the mountains, he demurs somewhat from the opinion of theologians; and treating on education, he thinks the Bible might be omitted, as a reading book, until the scholar shall be able to comprehend it,—a doctrine agreeable to Catholics. Mr.

* Howison.

Jefferson was much influenced by French politics and French religion, while Randolph was completely *English* in every thing. The Jefferson mansion at Poplar Forest has been owned for many years by Mr. Cobbs, a gentleman of fortune, but is now occupied by his son-in-law. The land is not generally productive.

TOMB OF JEFFERSON.

Hail Monticello! at thy shrine I bow,
And drop the tear, and pay the pilgrim vow;
As evening weaves her shroud, and silence reigns,
I muse with moonbeams o'er these cold remains.

Rash stranger! hold thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor bruise this tomb for relics! Mortal! stand!
Or by the indignation of thy race,
By mad irreverence, shame, by dire disgrace,
By powers that guard the consecrated dead,
Beware, e'er vengeance strike thy guilty head!

O patriot, sage, immortal Jefferson!
Behold the manglings of thy battered stone!
But think not all this race ungrateful. No!
This solemn hour, in yonder dome below,
Are met the grave, the young, the wise, the great,
Thy happy natal hour to celebrate,
To laud thy fame, increasing age by age,
As plans mature, revealed on history's page,
That prove thee wisest, greatest, of the line
Of learned statesmen to the present time.

Forgot? No, never! All thy noble deeds
Are more revered as age to age succeeds;
Thy venial failings all are laid aside;
Supreme thou stand'st, thy State's, thy nation's pride.

A child of wealth, a champion for the poor,
A son of rank, but loved republics more;

A student, promising for royal fame,
But stood a rebel — come life, death, or shame;
The laws of primogeniture didst break;
Didst burst the bands of Church and State;
And to our Union won the western vale,
And taught "expansion" in the public scale;
And founded here a seat for classic lore,
Where sages reverence thee, almost adore;
But one great deed, part human, part divine,
Must fix thee with yon stars, throughout all time.

Behold, the morning of the Fourth draws nigh;
Ten thousand cannon flame Columbia's sky,
To meet the golden chariot of the sun —
A grand escort with shouts and fife and drum;
From east to west his flaming car is hurled,
And met with rapturous cheers o'er half a world;
And on the brow of night, from shore to shore,
Lo! bonfires, rockets with the cannon's roar,
That blaze our Independence through the sky.
O Jefferson! thou wast not born to die!

When lay this country bound with tyrant's chains,
And hesitation fluttered in her veins,
Whether to strike, or to submit, and yield,
Then Patrick Henry boldly took the field.
He saw her bleeding—scorned the tyrant's might,
And rose indignant to assert her right;
With lightning's flash he roused each patriot sword,
And hurled defiance in each burning word.
As rise the dead on resurrection-day,
As sounds the trump that stirs the lifeless clay,
So Patrick Henry's thrilling accents came,
And roused a continent to freedom's flame.
"*To arms! to arms!*" now echoes through the vales;
E'en cowards shout it, and the traitor quails.
Hark! sweeping from the north the dread alarms
That bring "the clashing of resounding arms!"
They bring from Bunker's Hill the martyr's breath,
In dying prayer for "Liberty or death!"

Now Jefferson appears to take the bays
From other brows, for all succeeding days;

Sagacious, learned, profound, he pens the line—
The chart of human rights to stand with time;
Then sees its fiftieth promulgation day,
And weeping, smiling, breathes his life away.

Weep! great Republic! Jefferson is dead!
Bring forth your chaplets, and bedeck his head.
Lo! yonder capital in mourning rise!
Bereavement's tears suffuse a nation's eyes.
Now Honor comes, a weeping pilgrim old,
To deck with sacred bays the hallowed mould;
And Glory weaves with golden threads her crown,
To glorify, at last, her son's renown;
And aged Gratitude, a venerate sire,
In sable mantle strikes his sylvan lyre,
And gathering up the deeds of parted worth,
With sweet ambrosial odors pours them forth;
With generous hand he scatters garlands sweet
In tear-stained tribute at the sage's feet.
Bereaved Genius sighs with deepest grief
O'er him, her purest and her noblest chief;
And Learning, in her widowed mantle bound,
Sits bathed in tears upon the moistened ground.

GENERAL LEWIS.

At the foot of Otter Peaks, in Bedford County, towards Buford's Gap, is the grave of the brave Gen. Andrew Lewis. He was one of the celebrated Lewis family of Augusta County, of whom Gen. Washington declared, in the darkest days of the revolutionary struggle, should all other resources fail, he might plant a single standard on West Augusta, meet the enemy at the Blue Ridge, and establish a free empire in the West. Lewis was commander of the Virginia forces at the Indian battle of Point Pleasant, in which his brother, Col. Charles Lewis, was killed. His forces, amounted to little more than a thousand men. Fif-

teen hundred savages were led on to the attack, by Cornstalk, a gigantic warrior, whose huge frame was often seen gliding from tree to tree, encouraging his men with his stentorian voice. "*Be strong! be strong!*" sometimes arose above the tumult of battle. But the skill and valor of the Virginians prevailed. Holding out their hats from behind the trees, the riflemen would often tempt the savages to fire. The hat would then drop, and when the warrior rushed forward to scalp his fancied prey, a rifle bullet brought him down. From early in the morning until sunset the battle raged without intermission. As the Indians began to give way, Cornstalk urged them to the fight, and with his own hand struck dead one of his fellows who showed signs of cowardice. But the whites pressed upon them, and soon drove them from the ground. Two field officers were killed, and more than half of the captains and subaltern officers were among the slain or wounded. This battle was fought in 1774. It is said, when Washington was commissioned Commander-in-Chief, he expressed a wish that the appointment had been given to Lewis. At his solicitation, Lewis accepted a commission of Brigadier-General in the American army of the Revolution. In expelling the forces of Lord Dunmore from Gwyn's Island, Lewis announced his orders of attack by putting a match to the first gun. Broken down with disease, he soon after resigned his commission, and died on his way home to Botetourt County. It was remarked by the Governor of New York, that "the earth trembled beneath him as he walked."

MAMMOTH.

South of the Peaks, near Buford's Gap, while excavations were being made for the railroad, have recently been discovered bones of the Mammoth. The description of the size of these bones appears almost incredible, though given by an eye-witness. The lower jaw being four or five feet, tooth eight inches, neck bone one foot, rib six inches wide and two inches thick. The most singular thing is the distance between the eyes, being six or seven feet. Jefferson speaks of this animal in his "Notes," as having the jaws of a hippopotamus, and the tusk of an elephant, being larger than either, and a combination of both. Perhaps it is in mercy to man that this monster has become extinct; it must have fed on bears and horses, *swallowing them whole.* The bones of the one recently found covered a space of earth of more than forty feet. They were discovered in alluvial soil, upon a bed of limestone. As limestone rock was on either side, an Irishman commenced boring and blasting in the head of the animal, supposing it a kind of rock. When questioned as to his motives in destroying the bones, he replied: "Faith, there ba anough of the divlish crathur left after when ya build a *railroad between his eyes!*"

INDIAN RELICS.

Fourteen Indian skeletons were found while constructing the railroad near the grave of General Lewis, and near the site of an ancient "block house," erected by the old settlers. Their implements of war were discovered with them. This plain was the theatre of

many battles in ancient times, as the relics of savage and civilized warfare would indicate; balls, tomahawks, hatchets, beads, pipes, arrows, and images of worship being found in large quantities. In the house where Capt. Buford now resides, a Wood family was murdered by Indians, who entered it in the night by the roof. A family by the name of Wheeler were all killed save one. A young man of this family, with his mother and her infant, was taken captive; but on the morrow, the infant becoming burdensome, was dashed against a tree, and the sinking mother was soon also murdered; but young Wheeler was carried away, and remained with them seven years before his escape. The block house was constructed to protect immigrants for Tennessee and Kentucky, but was soon found necessary for the defence of the settlers in that region. An Indian trail led through this part of the country, and here were frequent battles between different tribes.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

Two sons by the name of Holsten, while gathering mulberries at a short distance from the block house spoken of, were surprised by the Indians, one shot, and the other taken captive. Holsten, knowing the barbarity of the Indians, expected nothing but death; indeed, he preferred to be shot with his brother, to risking his fate in the expected torture. After three days' travel he was bound, and allowed to rest before his execution. Fatigued and exhausted, he slept and dreamed—dreamed only of the horrible. He saw his brother's blood, heard his dying shriek, felt his own flesh being consumed by their slow tortures, with

agony a hundred-fold worse than sudden death. It is no dream! Half awake, he sees the council of chiefs, the watch-fire, and the reeking tomahawk! With a deep groan, shuddering from the full depths of his dying heart, he closed his eyes again, wishing his sleep had been death! A hand presses his brow! Is it the hand of the scalping knife? He dare not look, but shrinks at the touch. Cold, beaded sweat streams down his face, as pale fear sits throned upon his brow, and his quivering veins hurry life's tide to his heart, where all is shocked and still. Oh, the agony of fear when the body is half dead by exposure and disease! Were Holsten now fresh and vigorous, his life would be sold dear to the savage. With a desperate effort he springs to his feet, hurling the hand from his brow; when, lo! it was the hand of a female—a hand of compassion! He gazed, half hopeful, half in doubt, then fell again upon the ground in bewilderment, and wept with convulsion. His dizzy brain whirled with the extremes of hope and despair. He now feels his hands loosened from their fastening, and still a gentle finger upon his forehead, and a beautiful image by his side, wiping the cold, clammy sweat, and watching the agony of his heart. He rises, with gushing tears welling up from a heart overwhelming with gratitude; he clasps her to his bosom in wild transports of ecstasy. Their hearts are united no more to separate. Veolia, the daughter of one of the chiefs, his protectress, becomes his companion. Young Holsten, noble and adventurous, delights in the wild excitement of forest life, and surpasses the swift-footed Indian in the chase. The mountains and the cataracts are a passion to him, the softest furs are his pillow, the rarest game his food,

and Nature's noblest daughter his companion. What more can be desired? Years of rapturous delight fly as a dream. He was familiarly known among the chiefs as "Ostee the Brave," the pride of "Olla" (or Veolia), his bosom friend and ministering spirit. But the time arrives when he must visit his parents and his friends. Can he leave Olla, to whom he owes his life and the joy of his happiest years? Can he leave that pure, transparent face of love, never veiled from the sun's warm kisses, that has lit up his soul with feelings divine? In heart she is an angel, but in color and name she is an Indian. This must forever debar her from the whites, though the children of Pocahontas be the first of Virginia blood; and when the sons of God espoused the daughters of men, the intermarriage of the races produced giant men. Olla was not dark, but appeared as if her face and bosom were tinged with the hues of an Italian summer, her features chiselled for expressing the strongest passions and noblest powers of intellect; and to the unprejudiced, she might be considered the beau ideal of beauty. Her eye was a host; when it flashed in fierceness, heroes quailed; when it looked in compassion, they melted to tears. Though against Ostee's enemies she was furious as Semiramis, terrible as Joan of Arc, she held *him* ever in the tenderest regard, and no provocation could estrange her. He, and he only, was her idol, sent by the Great Spirit. To love, to serve, to worship him, was her life. Love was her soul, her sense, her whole being, pure as a snow-flake from heaven, and warm as the climate of the tropics. She heard Ostee's resolve to visit the whites, and his promise to return; and now comes the most trying scenes of her life. The

whites had proved insincere; had made treaties and broken them; had destroyed the hunting grounds, and slaughtered the poor Indian. With them, she feared the heart of Ostee might forsake her. She trembled and wept; but upon a high mountain crag, looking towards the white settlement with brave despair, she bade him go.

"Go, white man! Olla will see thee no more; a bird of fair plumage and sweet voice, that has nestled in my bosom. Olla loves Ostee, but Ostee loves not Olla. Go, white man! Olla will take no venison but from the hand of Ostee; her head shall press no furs but his. Olla will die. The Great Spirit calls her from the leaves of the trees in the air. Olla will die. She fears not to die. She fears nothing but to grieve Ostee. Ostee loves the pale woman. The pale race hate red man, and kill him. Red man saved thy life for Olla. Go, white man! Olla will live no more."

Holsten parted from her with a flood of bursting anguish. He visited the home of his boyhood; but all things now how changed! Where the subjects of his youthful attractions? Where once were his wild hunting grounds are now a multiplicity of roofs. How dull and desolate compared with the social spirit of the mountains! and ploughing, planting, hoeing, and the dull, dead drudgery of civilization are intolerable. He longed for the forest, — for society unfettered by fashion, undisguised by art, deceit, and show. He longed for the presence of Olla; but, returning to the wilds, he was doomed to sad disappointment! Olla was no more! She was not one to fill life's cup of pleasure to the brim, and feed on dregs forever after. The pleasure she had enjoyed; — the sorrow she prevented by a

suicidal death. Now Holsten's happiness was at an end; he returned to Bedford County, dejected, disheartened. He replied kindly when spoken to, but regarded all things earthly with indifference. His tall frame was bent, his head bowed. His friends resorted to every imaginable amusement, but in vain! He strove to hunt, but Olla would no more leap to his arms in his glad return with the game, and print the warm kiss upon his cheek. He had no spirit for the chase. He shot only one bird; it was a dove, that fell quivering and dying at his feet, with its heart's blood staining the glossy feathers of its downy breast. He gazed upon it, saw its quivering wing, saw it dip its bill in the purple drops flowing from its innocent heart, and with pearly tears point towards him the blood-stained monitor. He thought of the wounded, broken heart of Olla, and would hunt no more. In vain they resorted to the violin; there was no music to his ear but the voice of Olla; and from the tall pine whistling in mournful numbers near his cabin door, he imagined that her spirit was sighing in low, dulcet strains, still fearful to enter the dwelling of the whites, still faithful in holy devotion to her ungrateful and most unhappy Ostee. He resolved upon an expedient to call her to his bedside, and converse with her in a language unknown to his relatives and friends. He placed his hand in his bosom and took the long braids of hair which he had kept with holy reverence near his anguished heart since their last parting, and separated them in small strands of various sizes, and hung them in the crevices between the logs of his cabin, directly over his pillow. These long Indian locks had witnessed deep devotion, and the tenderest of human pas-

sions. Many a time had they fallen upon the face of Holsten, drenched with the tears of his affectionate companion, and many a time had they veiled her face and drank the unseen drops of her overflowing love. Could she now forsake them, when strung by the hand of her dear Ostee, and kept as the only relict sacred to his heart! No, never! With the slightest breath of air pouring through the openings of the gable-ends of his cabin, the coarser strands were continually murmuring, in low, pensive numbers, like the half-suppressed sigh of a dying loved one, striving to hide from her beloved companion the partially concealed grief of her broken heart. Now a brisk breeze strikes the finer cords with most piteous wailings, and the intermediate strands present every variety of sound. Night and day, without cessation, pours the Æolian melody, with ten thousand varieties, but with such deep-toned melancholy as suits only one whose dying ear receives the far-off strains breaking in from the spirit world. Holsten reclined upon his couch and listened in silence, until his mind, fast loosing its attachment to earth, seemed with his Veolia far away. He thought (vain thought) that her tears glittered in precious pearls upon the sweating cords, and starting from his disturbed slumbers, he imagined her hand had pressed his brow, and her tears had distilled in affectionate sympathy upon his cheek, and "Veolia, Veolia," still whispers upon the strings. 'Tis a sweet sound. All the happiness of his life echoes in the name, and all his hope is to meet her in heaven.

To call off his mind from the exciting subject, he was accompanied to the banks of the stream; but there warbled in its flowing tide the name of "Olla;" there

appeared upon the golden sands of the stream her spectral shadow beckoning him away, and he longed to embrace the object of his vision. He visited the stream day after day, growing paler and weaker, with the same shadows dancing before him, until, so attenuated and spiritualized, there was but little remaining to expire of his earthly tabernacle. He laid himself upon his couch to die. His mind seems in unison with the strains over his head, his lips whisper to their numbers, his eyelids sink languidly, smiles sit expressively upon his pale countenance, and as the low, mellow music expires with the dying wind, a shadow comes over his silent features, and the shrill tones of the next rising swell of that harp find no response — Holsten is dead! And now Goose Creek, that favorite stream, whose murmuring waters witnessed the sports of his happy childhood, and sympathized with his melancholy affliction, warbles, in mournful melody, by his grave, bearing upon its limpid bosom Nature's yearly offering of wild flowers as a tribute to his memory. The author obtained his knowledge of this case from several aged persons residing in that part of the country, but much of his information came from old Mr. Lamb, who is now in his grave. The first time that he ever had the melancholy pleasure of witnessing a harp like the one described, was in a cottage in this part of Virginia, while suffering with sickness and depression of spirits caused by an ungenerous attack upon his character. May the inmates of that cottage be blessed of Heaven.

THE ÆOLIAN.

He took from his bosom the braid,
And strung to the breezes sighing;
All pale on his couch he was laid,
And caught the sweet strain when dying;
It sighed in sad numbers low,
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

Like whispers of angels the strain,
Who sigh o'er the broken-hearted;
It calls forth his loved one again,
The maid that long since had departed;
And sweet as the dulcimer's flow,
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

Like ocean in slumberings still,
Soft spirits his senses are stealing;
Like ocean in boisterous thrill,
Now rouses his rapturous feeling;
And wail as the finer strings blow,
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

The breezes are dying away,
The sun slowly setting in sorrow,
And pouring its last lingering ray
On him, who will meet ere the morrow,
Far, far from this desert of woe,
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

And paler and weaker he grows,
His spirit is calmly retiring,
In tune with the wind as it blows;
His lips sweetly utter, expiring,—
Too soft for us mortals below,—
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

Smiles dance on his countenance now,
His visions of glory are breaking,
But shadows come over his brow;
He sleeps! but too deep for awaking!
He meets on the winged zephyr's blow,
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O!

The winds see their kisses in skies,
And clouds flash the smiles of their greeting,
And honey dews fall from their eyes,
And ecstasy shouts at their meeting.
Fareweil ! with her lover must go
Veolia, Olia, Olia, O !

MOURNER'S CAVE.

On the north of the Flat Top Peak is the Mourner's Cave. In time of the first settlers a child was missed from a house at the base of the mountain; but the mother, apprehending no danger, as the little dog was also gone, supposed they had accompanied the father hunting. As the father returned, the whole neighborhood was immediately rallied. Open fields and woods, hedges and ditches and precipitous steeps were searched, with the cry of "Martin! little Martin! where are you?" until darkness came on; but no voice replied. On the following day the search was renewed with increasing effort, but with the same hopeless result. On the third day the dog returned, but no child. In vain they strove to make the dog lead them back whither it had come; but a larger dog being set upon its track, led directly to the Peak, but there was diverted from the track by the springing up of a deer, and could not be prevailed upon to proceed. Sometime after, the bones of a child were found at a cave near the top of the Peak, and were buried there. The impression seemed to be that the little dog remained a faithful watcher until the child had either perished by exhaustion, or was destroyed by wild beasts. Though it was natural for the child to mount higher and higher, that a view might be obtained of its home below, the pursuers little thought of searching the top of the Peaks

of Otter. The yearly pilgrimage of the bereaved mother, coming with the earliest flowers of Spring, as an offering, and to weep over the grave and bewail her loss. has given it the title of "Mourner's Cave."

MOUNTAIN FIRES.

Great fires often occur in these mountains, filling the valleys with dense smoke, and flaming upon the brow of night, like an immense beacon seen at great distance. Commencing near the base, ascending from branch to branch, from tree to tree, towering up the heights, spreading blackness, devastation, and death, it leaves a doleful track, like the march of an ambitious conqueror. Birds are driven shrieking from their nests, beasts howling from their caves, and the vigilant mountaineer from his cabin, as with hoe in hand he trenches a barricade around his domicil for the protection of his frightened family. Stately, coal-black stumps; long, extended, half-burned trees, stretching their huge trunks along the ground; and the shingles of rock, splintered, blackened, burned, and balled, are monuments of its ravages. The undergrowth is thus benefited for grazing, and for this purpose the mountains are frequently set on fire. The creeping flame attacking the oak, consuming the bark, the fibres, and the heart, ascending higher and burning deeper, until the lofty lord of the forest heaving his high top to and fro, sparkling, flaming, crashing, falls,—is like the spirit of an ambitious youth, striving for renown in classic lore. His mind, lighting upon his studies, increases its flame upon that which it feeds; each obstacle seizing, penetrating, devouring, until the first object of his ambition is at his

feet. Seizing other obstacles before, and mounting other heights beyond, his soul increases its flame as his visage grows paler, until mounting the highest summit of his ambition, consuming and being consumed, he stamps his high mark for immortality.

LATTER DAY NIMROD.

North of the Flat Top, far secluded from human track, with a multitude of dogs about him, lives a second Crocket—a sort of Daniel Boon. Arthur Tolly is his name, a young man of twenty-seven. He has killed sixty-eight bears; nineteen in one year, and three in one day; besides deer, wolves, wild-cats, wild turkeys, raccoons, and snakes; rattlesnakes, copper-heads, and hoop-snakes in great numbers. He shot one horn-snake, or hoop-snake, which is said to be nine feet two inches in length; but we are rather inclined to doubt the accuracy of the measurement. He is swifter on foot than any white man or savage, and will tire the hound in chase. He rarely pursues the bear without success, such is his indefatigable zeal and matchless skill. While his terrified companions have stood in the distance, rooted to the ground in horror at seeing the dogs killed, one by one, by the wounded bear, Tolly has marched up, bestrided the bear, and, riding at full speed, with unloaded gun has beaten out its brains. Like Putnam shooting the wolf, he has entered the cave with torch in hand, despatched his bear, and returned in triumph. In the night, fighting in the shrubbery with the wounded bear, to save the life of his favorite dogs, he has seized it by the ear and cut its throat with a jackknife. He thinks much of

his dogs, but his best ones have all been killed by the bears. They died bravely. Receiving a deadly wound, they expired with their teeth in the bear's flesh. If they kill the bear they expect a bountiful feast;—and they need it, for such a hungry, skeleton set is not often found. They all set in with tremendous howling when sounds the hunter's horn, excited perhaps by appetite as well as a desire for the chase. But they live as well as their master. Poor man! he has killed the destroyers of sheep and hogs, and made the mountain safe, but suffers for one sheep or hog of the many which he has protected. Hunting has ruined him for steady employment, and at times his family must suffer.

CELEBRATIONS.

There have been several celebrations upon the Peaks of Otter, and several speeches delivered. However, unless the orator be superior in eloquence, the mountain seems to attract the chief attention of the audience. In the Presidential canvass for Clay and Polk, a splendid pole, nearly a hundred feet long, was borne up these mountains on patriotic shoulders; but the high winds destroyed the flag, and the unfavorable weather detracted much from the interest of the occasion. To completely prognosticate the future, during the night some evil-minded traitor cut the pole down. Few or no marriage celebrations have here occurred. Though many a young couple tighten the bands of friendship here, they do not tie the hymenial knot. Unless the banns should be more lasting than some of those united on the Natural Bridge, it were a matter of prudence to choose a less romantic spot for the solemn

service; but others think differently, and prefer the services as near to heaven as possible, and to such we give

THE SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

Peaks of Otter! heights eternal!
Great Jehovah's awful throne!
Seen at morn or eve nocturnal,
Still majestic, stern, and lone.

Storms and lightning, peals of thunder
Smite thy bosom — smite in vain;
Nought can move thee, nought can sunder,
Storm and time nor mark nor stain.

Up we hasten! never falter!
Here we plight our banns of love,
Heart to heart on Heaven's high altar.
Seal this vow! O hosts above!

Firm my pledge as this high mountain,
Pure my love as this pure sky,
Deep I've drank in love's deep fountain;
Thine I live, and thine I die.

Dire misfortune may oppress thee;
Pale affliction lay thee low;
Then these arms, these prayers shall bless thee, —
Thine in weal, and thine in woe.

NATURAL BRIDGE.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia is situated seventeen miles from the Peaks of Otter, thirteen from Buchanan, and sixteen from Lexington. It is two hundred and forty-six feet high, one hundred feet long, and sixty feet wide. The distance to the arch is two hundred and one feet, and the thickness of the arch forty-five feet. By these measurements, which

have recently been given by a topographical engineer, we perceive that the bridge is higher than the Falls of Niagara by eighty feet. A description of this stupendous arch having been given by the graphic pen of Jefferson, and by other distinguished writers of more recent date, for us to attempt the task would only detract from the agreeable impressions which we have received from their writings. Many paintings and engravings have appeared, purporting to be a representation of the bridge, but they express little or nothing of the sublime feelings which the overwhelming grandeur of the bridge inspires. To fully appreciate its grandeur, we are obliged to stand in the rocky bed of the stream below, and there, like the saint in the dungeon, we seem nearest heaven while deepest in the vale. The sight from the "Cedar Stump" upon the height presents rather too much of the awful for common nerves, but the magnificent view from below is enjoyed and admired by all. The deep ravine beneath the bridge extends for several miles, and can be crossed only at this place; but strangers passing over would not discover any bridge unless previously informed of it, as the road has no peculiarities, and the valley is hid by hedges of cedar. Cedar Creek, passing through a limestone country, is much reduced in the hot season; but at other seasons of the year is much larger than represented by travellers. It warbles down this most delightful valley, through beautiful openings and dense thickets, and by steep, overhanging, flowery banks, for about two miles, and empties into the James. Here passengers leave the canal for the bridge Having witnessed the deep cut through the Blue Ridge by the James, they are prepared for the extreme magnificence

which awaits them. Unlike the visitors of Niagara, no person is disappointed at first view, but exclaims: "the half hath not been told!" Many have been the flights and adventures up and down these stupendous heights,— some safe, some fatal, some by a car from the top, some precipitous, some by intoxication, and some for love, and some for glory. About twenty years since, Leyburn Lackland fell from these heights while in a fit of intoxication. He had occasionally drank to excess, and upon the death of a beautiful, engaging, and affectionate wife, his intemperance knew no bounds. Seeing her features in the face of his lovely little child, only excited him to madness at his misfortune, and he strove to drown his sorrows in the bowl. In his delirium he sometimes declared that she was not dead; that he saw her pale image in the room where she had died, bending over him in his afflictions, shedding upon his face the warm, gushing tears of her former affection, wiping the cold, clammy sweat from his brow, and with gentle hand softening his thorny pillow, presenting the cool, sparkling cordial to his fever-parched lips, and kneeling in holy communion with Heaven by his side.

Again he affirmed it was but a shadow which he saw, and her spirit which he heard. Her image was beckoning him away from the agonizing tortures of earth, and her spirit called him. Once, upon a precipice, he was prevented from self-destruction by his friends. Once, while gazing upon the bed of a river, and seeing the phantom of his wife inviting him beyond the wave, he plunged into the bottom of the stream, and there, while seizing the roots and digging in the sand to embrace his fancied companion, he was again

rescued by his friends. But it was with reluctance that he yielded to their solicitations. When the chafing hand brought back his answering spirit from shades below, to take possession of his mortal frame again, and when the air touched his vitals, bringing nothing of life but torturing agony, he shuddered that he was alive. He thought he had remained beneath the tide but a moment — it was a pleasing moment. Wholly absorbed in his purpose, he felt no pain, and thought of nothing but the fancied image before him. But now appears to his swimming eyes a dark world— a world that had given him but little pleasure and much pain, and lastly, robbed him of the only object in life worth having. Why remain in it longer? In his delirium he visited the Natural Bridge. There the same delusive phantom was before him, and though he had been unkind to his wife and maltreated her, yet the same forgiving, affectionate, weeping woman still clung to him, witnessed his tears, and called him away. He stood a few rods above the bridge, where the chasm is dark, deep, and wide. The stately trees, from the channel below, and the trees and shrubbery overhanging the banks, pierced by sunbeams dancing upon the silver foliage, with the almost unfathomable abyss, were easily peopled with fanciful objects by an overstrained imagination. There, near the opposite bank, were the face, the eye, the flowing locks, the beckoning hand, and the voice of his heavenly consort. He thought not of the depths, but the object beyond. He thought not of the world behind, nor cast a lingering look upon it, for there no object of attraction remained. The rays of the sun burst through the dense foliage, and brighter appears the fancied image; and with

clasped hands, looking first upon heaven, then before him, he leaps to the arms of his spectral companion, and Leyburn Lackland is no more.

DEATH OF WALLACE.

Young Wallace, who fell from the bridge in July, 1850, though somewhat intoxicated, died with very different feelings from Lackland. He was of a highly respectable family, and would have been their pride and hope, were it not for drink. On the day before his death he had acted very strangely in taking a bottle to church, and desecrating the Sabbath; but the poor man's sufferings and untimely end command our commiseration rather than blame. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard. Though afflicted, mentally and physically, by habits of dissipation, and forsaken by his friends, he loved life, and clung to it with desperation. Besides, with a mind beclouded with the fumes of alcohol, he was not prepared to die; and, being young and vigorous, might have reformed and been a blessing to the world. It was at nightfall that he wandered upon the bank near where Lackland took his fatal leap. In bewilderment he ventured too far, and found himself sliding down the declivity. He thought of Lackland! His hair rose, and his heart fluttered with shocks of horror! He grasps a shrub, which root by root gives way; he seizes a shelving rock, which heaving to and fro now falls from crag to crag, and strikes the depths below with deafening groan. He slides apace, then rests upon a shelving crag, breathless, and fearful to stir. His senses are sobered by the shock, and he calmly contemplates his danger. A lifetime rolls by in a moment; friends and relatives

appear in his fancy; and, could he once more meet them, he might pledge himself to a life of sobriety. To-morrow might find him a changed man, in principle and in heart. To-morrow might unite many hearts to him which have long been estranged. To-morrow might witness gushing tears, overflowing from full hearts, of deep-felt gratitude at his unfeigned repentance and noble bearing as a Christian. Can it be that to-morrow shall witness him bruised, pale, cold, and low? The moon shone upon him, but not with the least glimmer of hope. The wind wailed piteously upon his ear, and all sounds were foreboding. With difficulty he has retained his position thus long, and now comes a struggle for life or death. Living a life of excitement and acquainted with danger, he cannot tamely submit; and the impetuosity of his strong passions rises with the sublimity of the scene, and redoubled is his effort as life's last moment approaches. If these arms and nerves must yield to death, it shall be when each finger is worn to the bone, and each strained nerve exerted to its dying grasp! He seizes a shrub, but retains only the bark within his hand, and slides with digging nails, still clinging to the repelling rock, until he arrives at the very brink. And there he can remain but a moment, to bid farewell to home, to friends, and make his peace with Heaven! Struggling between hope and despair, life and death, his bleeding, hooked fingers slowly yield their reluctant gripe, his steel-strung nerves give way, his ghastly eyes roll upon the pale moon, his brain whirls round, he falls, and is dashed in pieces!

So great were the marks of his struggle upon the high bank,—the upturned stones and turf, the torn bark,

and tearing away of shrubbery,—that his friends suspected that foul means were used, and ordered him to be disinterred and examined several days after his burial, to convince them that there was no shot or ball lodged in his person. A fine Temperance Hall is now erected within a few rods of the memorable place where he fell, and many a noble "Son" walks over the spot with his pure white regalia, clear-minded, upright, straightforward, and fearless of catastrophe.

SAD ACCIDENT.

In July, 1851, a young man by the name of John B. Luster, met with a sad accident at the bridge, which proved nearly fatal. Mr. Luster was engaged with his father, in their store and tavern near the bridge, and made it his chief delight to interest the visitor in the stupendous grandeur of the scenes, and make his sojourn interesting and agreeable. But few young men had a greater number of ardent and devoted friends. He accompanied a young man from New York to the bridge, with chisel in hand, to engrave a name among the many hundreds already inscribed. Though accidents occur, ambitious youths will venture to imitate the Father of his Country, and place their names upon the sublime crags of Nature. Luster had ascended but about thirty feet, when he became a little dizzy, his foot slipped, and he fell. His skull was fractured, and for ten days he remained senseless. Finally, he so far recovered as to travel about, but fifteen months after was attacked with violent fits, and several pieces of the fractured skull oppressing the brain, he was obliged to have them taken away. He has nearly recovered, con-

tinues in business, and with the same affable manners and kind disposition; but perhaps would as willingly allow the stranger to read the story of his melancholy catastrophe, as to be too inquisitive in calling to his mind an unfortunate occurrence.

OTHER FLIGHTS.

About ten years since, a Yankee pedler determined to honor his horse with a mess of oats upon the high precipice of the bridge. The horse seemed pleased with the oats, and appreciated them, as well, perhaps, as the beauties of the scenery; for he ate greedily, but soon became too much elated with the spirit of the heights for quietness and safety. The pedler pulled the reins, but there was no "whoa." Here and there the flying pegasus bounded, rearing and plunging, until lastly, horse, wagon, oats, and all fell, head foremost, topsy-turvy, and were spilled along the valley below. Even the wheels were dashed in splinters and scattered for many rods. The driver barely escaped, by unwinding the reins from his hand and grasping a cedar. He sold out the fragments without removing them, declaring that he had sowed the last of his *wild oats.*

A deer was once found dashed in pieces at the base of the bridge; and once, on a sabbath, some mischievous youngsters threw a dog from the heights, which yelped but few times before his breath was gone, and soon he struck the rock below and parted asunder. From a family residing a mile or two from the bridge, a company of visitors once purchased a cat for a dollar, for their fiendish sport. Each person chose his position to witness the exciting scene, and poor puss

seemed conscious of danger, as she bit, and scratched, and wauled hideously to extricate herself; but she was paid for, and had no right to complain. Fortunately, such a cat was just the one to take care of herself, and finding herself obliged to go, she kept her feet directly under, and sounding no very agreeable music as she went down, struck splash into the water, and shaking off the liquid drops as testimony against her tormentors, she scampered home, anxious to share a part of the proceeds of the dollar in warm milk. Puss, after this, became an idol of the neighborhood, as being the only surviving animal that ever took a Sam Patch leap from the Natural Bridge.

A teamster once encamped for the night upon the bridge, and as he commenced cutting wood for his camp fire, he felled a cedar, and felled it quite a distance,—so far that he dared not follow it. Seeing it settling down from him, and it finally disappearing in the darkness, he fled in terror to the nearest dwelling, inquiring what spiritual power had mysteriously robbed him of his fuel. Upon being informed that he had encamped upon the Natural Bridge, and that his cedar tree had probably fallen several hundred feet, he congratulated himself that he had not gone after it.

ASCENSIONS.

Several persons have obtained notoriety by ascending the heights of the bridge. Much has been said of the daring feat of young Piper, a student from Lexington, who climbed the walls of the bridge in 1818. The exploit has furnished a subject for many fictions, and given him a sort of immortality which he little expected.

Mr. Piper is still living. A most graphic representation of an adventurous exploit is given by Burritt, entitled the "Ambitious Youth." The youth witnessed far up the heights the name of Washington, inscribed there before Braddock's defeat, and became ambitious to place his own name as high as that of the Father of his Country. By steady nerve and noble daring he succeeded in engraving his name, in large capitals, above that of Washington, and still was bent upon mounting higher, and again inscribing his name. With his knife he cut notches in the limestone rock for his hands and feet, until he had mounted so far that the voice of his companions could not be heard. Now he becomes weary, his nerves relax, and his knife is blunted and worn. For him to return is impossible, and the chance of his mounting the heights improbable. His head swims, his heart faints, and the wind, echoing through the tunnel, sounds his funeral knell! The sun is setting, and with its falling beams sinks his dying hope. In the midst of despair, he hears a voice from above: "*William, look up! Mother and sister are praying here!*" and with renewed energy he cuts his way, and mounts higher, until nature is exhausted. His knife falls; his foot slips; but, as his eyes roll in despair upon the gulf, he sees a noose rope before him, and with both hands united, balanced on one foot, he thrusts his hands into the noose, and hangs fainting, dangling in the air! He wakes — he wakes in the cabin of his home! Bright lights and bright faces are shining upon him, and he lies upon a downy bed. But at the first return of his departed senses, he imagines himself still clinging with digging nails to the flinty rock; with his last exhausted grasp he sees the horrid

chasm, and again his heart is still. He wakes again! Is this a soft couch on which he lies, and no rocky bed of yonder chasm? Is this the air of earth he breathes? Are these the walls of home? Is this a smiling sister's face — smiling with gushing tears streaming down her beauteous cheeks with gratitude to Heaven? Is that a mother, weeping, praying, blessing God for the recovery of her son? Still hoping, still doubting, he rises! He flies to the arms of his sister, and bathes his blushing cheek with sympathetic tears mingling with her own. After many warm congratulations and happy greetings of his numerous friends, he inquires of his success. Is his name there? Is it high and intelligible for future generations to read, respect, and applaud? Then he is happy, and contemplates with thrilling rapture his daring enterprise. Knowing that the glory of the soldier is won at the expense of danger, that the most brilliant productions of poetical or musical genius have emanated from a sickly frame, when the spirit of life was near another world, he could not expect the boon of immortal renown, amid the competitors of the present day, without a struggle, without hazard, and the forfeit of almost life itself.

OTHER ASCENSIONS.

In 1845, Alexander Shaner distinguished himself by ascending the precipitous steep of the bridge, near the cedar stump. There is nothing remarkable in his ascent. He stuck like a leech to the rock, his heart beat calmly, and he felt safe in climbing, while others would have fainted in gazing upon him. Not content with the golden renown which brings no reward, he soon

embarked for the more substantial substance in California. Such a spirit is well suited for the toils and exposures of the golden regions. Some time after this, James Luster, — a younger brother of the Luster who fractured his skull by a fall at the bridge, — determined to immortalize himself by a flight to the top, and while his playmates were gazing in breathless suspense, he succeeded in reaching the heights. But to his misfortune his companions revealed the secret of his adventure to his father. Poor James had to prepare himself for a not very desirable reward, but a very common one for noble daring. The father's anger was kindled that his son should be so venturesome, and he resolved upon a speedy remedy. With rod in hand, impetuous to do its duty, he could listen to no palliation of the case, and hushed the entreaties and remonstrances of his son to silence. Lastly James obtained a hearing. He inquired what was the offence, and what the benefit of the contemplated penalty? The offence, if it might be considered an offence, was now committed and could not be recalled; and "Father," says he, "I have climbed there once and shall not do it again, and if you whip me a thousand times you cannot prevent what I have done, nor make me do it over." The logic of the son, not the first time in parental jurisprudence, changed the sentence of the court, and obtained a verdict of acquittal, with a long rigmarole of admonition and reprimands which the sporting spirits of the boy had hardly time to listen to.

INCIDENTS.

Many persons have settled down from the bridge by a car suspended from a windlass, moved by servants for that purpose. The descent or ascent is most sublime, transporting the passenger into a sort of new world of feeling — a spirit realm. If the grandeur is so overwhelming to the senses as to cause fainting, there is no danger of falling out of the bucket; and in these artificial flights, no accident has ever occurred. During the last war with Great Britain, the heights of the bridge answered the purpose of a shot tower. A large cylindrical tube of canvas extended from the summit to the bottom of the stream, distended by hoops, and supported by hooks and ropes. In time of a great storm and freshet, it was discovered that the lower part of the apparatus was in danger of being swept away, and the upper part of the machinery was likely to be drawn with it. How to unfasten the lower part of the tube was the difficulty. The current was too deep and rapid for any to venture that way, and to descend in the tube required more than common nerve. At length a negro by the name of Patrick Henry volunteered his services. He seized the ropes within the cylinder, and descended gradually from hoop to hoop, and arrived safely at the surface of the foaming torrent. Like his namesake, he could descend to the depths and soar to the heights of the sublime in human passion, and not figuratively, but literally, with spirit, body, and breeches. The fastenings were cut loose, and now comes another difficulty: Patrick just discovers that the wind sweeps through the arch,— a perfect hurricane. Scarcely had the last cord yielded, before poor

Henry finds himself unceremoniously swung off more than fifty feet. To and fro swings the dark tube with its darker occupant, now snapping and cracking with just weight enough to give it force, now doubling itself up in a whirlwind, and now coming down with an impetuous jerk, that would send any thing but a dying darkey hundreds of feet down to precipitate destruction. But Patrick's fists are locked in the ropes and will stick though the wind may snap his heels off. To the great joy of his owner, and not much less to the satisfaction of himself, he arrives safely upon the bridge — the hero who has stood where shots have fallen thickest, has breasted the storm, and is the lineal son who has literally descended in direct line from high-blooded progenitors.

NUPTIALS.

There have been several marriages upon the bridge, and many matches made which have resulted in subsequent marriages. One party came a long distance, from a place near Salem, and were united in a solemn manner, witnessed by all Nature. Nature was in sympathy with their love. The sky presented not the slightest speck of a ruffled cloud; the sun was warm in its sympathetic beams; the stream below scarce rippled, so anxious was it in silence to hear the ceremony; and the songsters coming from their sylvan homes, and in silence resting upon the floral tapestry of the bridal chamber, mutely witnessed the imposing union of the fair couple, then struck up their hymeneal songs, that stirred the air again, startled the river, and set all the pine trees whistling. Trust not in

the capricious freaks of Nature. She is a changeable dame, and often presents the clearest sky before the greatest storm. The couple spoken of were too romantically united, lived unhappily, and parted in about six months. Another couple from Rockingham brought a Lutheran minister with them, and were so strongly bound together that it would take two worlds to separate them.

PRISON INCIDENTS.

POWER OF APPETITE.

While visiting the jail at Albany, N. Y., I found a victim to the chains of appetite, more deeply bound than by the iron bolts and bars that surrounded him. He was an old man of sixty years, and had graduated from more institutions of this kind than most men of his age. But, as he related his trials, and wept and begged so hard for me to assist him in his release, I could but pity the man, notwithstanding his crimes. Said he: "I am an old man of threescore years, and have spent most of those years in sorrow, and many of them in prison. Several times have I been sentenced to Sing Sing, and several times to the penitentiary on the hill of this city, and all through strong drink. When in liquor I had no regard for human life, and felt as if I wanted to kill every man I saw. Yet, once I had a home and wife and child, which were all loveliness to me; and in my sober moments I loved them better than myself, and would make any sacrifice for their welfare. And the only times when I was severely punished in prison were when transgressing the rules to inquire concerning my family. There was a person who came to the prison from my own neighborhood, and I was anxious to hear from him about my home —did my wife still remember me?—and would my

child still call me father? I found that they had not cast me off, that they were still mine; but my transgression against the rules of the prison could not go unpunished, and I was brought up to the lash. Five times was I lashed for speaking of home, and five-and-twenty times would I have been, if my wife could have looked on and seen me suffer and then have forgiven me. Oh! I felt that the lash was too easy for such a hardened wretch as I had been, and came with too mild a hand. I cried to the administrator, '*Strike harder, Sir! strike harder!* you cannot reach the flinty hardness of my heart.' It needs an iron rod with sinews of steel to pierce me to the quick! That night I dreamed of home; and the dream paid me for all my suffering. I dreamed that I was a reformed man, I was pardoned by the governor and by the public, and was clothed and in my right mind, and was journeying towards home. I was fearful that I should not be received, and trembled. Carefully I approached the door; tremblingly I raised the latch; and what was my joy, when my wife welcomed me as if all were forgiven and all forgotten! Her first look was kindness, and her first word was in love; and as she embraced me in kindness, I reached forth my hand to grasp my little Nelly as she climbed up into my lap, and printed the pure, lovely kiss upon my pale, care-worn cheek, and put her little, tender arms around my unworthy neck, so sweetly, so innocently, so tenderly, that with the excitement I awoke, reaching forth my hands. But I found it was all a dream—a phantom! I embraced nothing but empty air, and struck my arms only against iron bars and rocky walls. I rolled on my hard pallet, goaded by despair, and smarting of the cutting,

festering flesh, made sore by the lash. Five years passed before that dream was fulfilled; and when fulfilled, I came home only to break that woman's heart, and send her to the grave. Oh that drink! that death-dooming drink! Oh, the appetite that cries, *Give! give!* And yet an ocean would not slake its thirst. Again I was enraged with rum in a mad fight, and again was sent to prison. O sir, my life has been made up of prison-life and sorrow! And now, sir, I thank you for hearing me so patiently; and if I may trespass further, I will make one request: My health is now broken, I am old and decrepit, and I want once more to breathe the free country air. If you will intercede for me at the court, that I may not be sent to the penitentiary again, you will do me a great favor, and, I hope, God service. I know my failing; I know I cannot resist temptation when exposed; but I pledge you that, if I shall be released, I will not stay one hour in Albany, but will repair immediately to the country, where, with a temperate family, I hope I may spend the quiet of my days. Then, sir, if you are a friend of humanity, and have it in your power to help me, oh do not let this opportunity fail you of blessing an old man, whose days at the longest are but few, whose locks are already white for the grave, and whose feet have trod long enough the thorny paths of sorrow and crime!" I presented the case before the judge, and asked his leniency to the victim, as a favor to myself as well as to him. The judge informed me that he was willing to show me a favor, considering my mission; "but," said he, "to see how little good you can do in such a case, I wish you to watch the jail for the same person again." And, sure enough, when the

man went out he had three cents, and as he must walk some distance, and his nerves were all unstrung, he thought to get a little tobacco. And when he came near the shop, the insatiate appetite gnawed as a canker upon his vitals, and perhaps a little beer might steady his nerves and not injure him. But, upon entering, his power of resistance was insufficient; he had hold of the decanter before he knew hardly what he was about; and when once he had tasted, he knew not when to stop; in a moment he became delirious, and the keeper was obliged to force the bottle from his hand, and call in an officer. Oh, how shamed that man looked next day, when I saw him in the same cell again! He made no apology. Said he: "I am a doomed man; for me there is no hope. Go and warn the young; tell them that the first draught is the guilty draught. I thank you for your kindness, but all is of no avail to me. The few days that I have to spend on earth will be as the days that are past, fraught with sorrow, and full of trouble. Let the prison be my home; let its damps bleach these white locks; let its walls echo my groans; let solitude be my friend, and despair my only comforter; let my ear hear nothing but the creaking bolts; and let my eye grow dim with the darkness of my cell; and, lastly, let the culprit's grave cover me. I am not fit to live; and, oh, I fear that I am not fit to die! I would ask you to pray for me; but I fear, sir, that you have no confidence in me, and think me unworthy of a breath of prayer. It is true, I am unworthy; I am nothing, and worse than nothing My nerves are broken, my mind is gone, my flesh is corrupt, and I have no strength left, save in this burning appetite. And this is an unchained tiger that has torn

its victim in pieces and feeds on the carcass. It fattens and grows stronger as the carcass fails. Oh, cursed be the day when my mother put the bottle to my lips! Cursed be the hour when I first saw my father drink! Cursed be the wine of my bridal day! and cursed the day wherein I was born! Let the day be turned into night, and let the darkness cover it." I prayed with the old man, and strove to console him. He wept, and kissed my hand, and blessed me with a thousand thanks, and bade me go and warn the young, and never to spend my breath in striving to save one so degraded as he.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

At a poor-house in Plattsburg, N. York, on a cold winter's night, a young man came and knocked for admission. He was very thinly clad, and what garments he wore were in tatters. He was a prodigal from his father's house, both spiritually and temporally considered. He was very humble; he thought no station too low for him, and no chastisement greater than he deserved. The keeper of the almshouse and several of the neighbors took pity on him, and furnished him with some clothing, and, to give him employment, they sent him their children, and furnished a room for teaching. He was, however, entirely unable to exercise any control over his pupils. Unbidden tears would steal down his cheek, and his eye would be fixed in thought, and lost in vacancy, until, finding that the boys were watching him, he would start from his seat, wipe his face, and make an effort for business. But the business was new, he was unacquainted with their books, had no knowledge of school discipline, and was not in a proper

mood at this time to learn. The boys very soon discovered how weak a hand held the reins; and before noon, began to run about, and laugh, and make sport of their teacher. In vain he strove to call them to order, and in vain he requested them to attend to their studies. They liked sport better than study, and had more fun over a mouse which they had killed than books would furnish. One half-day passed, and when noon came he ate nothing, and spent the hour in weeping. Oh, how dark was that hour! how sad the thoughts that occupied his mind! how full of deep emotion every thought! Yet all his bitterness was known only to himself. He had no one to whom he could unbosom his feelings, or unburden his grief. He took every thing the boys said against him as being true, and, as it were, dictated by Heaven. He felt that that poor object of their sport, the dead mouse, was but the image of himself, and all that he needed was but a burial. In the afternoon the boys only increased in rudeness, and made sport of him with still greater freedom. Some thought he was love sick, and some said he must have committed murder; but the more general opinion was that he was a fool. And several of them took their books at night, and shouted and hooted at him as they went, and said that they should not go to school any more to a poor-house fool. That night the teacher, in tears, called at the house of his chief benefactor and said, "Sir, I wish you to take back your clothes; here they are; I cannot pay you for them, and I cannot teach." Here he was choked by sobbings and could speak no further. "Come in! come in!" said the landlord; "come in and get some supper." "No, sir," said the teacher; "I rather not· I

have no desire to eat." Then he turned his face away to hide his tears. "You must not go off so," said the landlord; "come in and spend the night; you *must* come." And at last he was constrained to come. But he could not eat, neither could he be induced to put on the new suit again. They asked him if he was sick? "No." If he had heard any bad news? "No." Then they began to wonder what could make him so sad. Some whispered what the children said about "murder," and some began to suspect that all was not right. As he sat in the corner they strove to interest him, and divert his attention, but all to no purpose. The children sported around him, but he heeded them not, and the lively conversation of the room had no interest for him. At last some one asked him if he had a "mother" living? At the name of "mother" he sprang to his feet and answered very abruptly that he had, but immediately requested a light that he might retire. Poor man! his heart was too full for concealment, and he sought a place to weep. The murder he had committed was against his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; he had crucified him by his sins; and when he thought of his mother's prayers his feelings were beyond control. At midnight they heard groaning in his room, and entered. He was on his knees, praying. He knew not that any person came into his room; he was lost in prayer. He knew nothing but that he was a sinner; felt nothing but sin, and wished for nothing but relief or death. In the morning the landlord called the neighbors, and they went with the teacher to the school. They gave the boys their charge, and some of them, when they thought what they had done, wept, and asked their teacher's forgive-

ness. From that time the young man prospered. To obtain more wages for purchasing books, he taught also a singing school; and one year and a half from that time was standing on the walls of Zion preaching the Gospel. He became quite eloquent as a preacher; and eternity only can tell how many souls shall be as stars in the crown of his rejoicing.

THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.

The following was suggested by the history of a rumseller who hung himself in Vermont, through remorse of conscience, on account of a horrid dream he had on the night of his death. The story, however, is true, and also the substance of the dream.

He started from his couch at night, and, haunted by the ghosts of his crimes, he resolved to put a period to his life, by a rope in the barn. He considered a moment; and reflecting upon his awful condition, he thought how dreadful to be ushered into the presence of his God with all his crimes upon his head. He hesitated, parleyed with himself, and attempted to pray; but finding no relief, he returned in lamentations of despair to the bedside of his wife, and requested her to pray for him. Said he, "You cannot imagine the agony of my soul! I feel that I cannot live until morning! Oh, my crimes! my crimes! For several days conscience has pictured to me the fruits of my traffic. I have seen the families ruined, the healths wasted, the fortunes squandered, and the degradation and death attributable to me; but this night my horrors are beyond endurance. I have dreamed, and it cannot be all a dream. I dreamed that I was carried

to my grave, but did not stop where good men rest. I was carried beyond the grave, beyond the cold river's banks, beyond the iron gates of the dark empire of death, to meet my doom. As I passed the gates, howling fiends and hideous dragons gnashed upon me, as if to torment me before the time. Their howlings were so horrible, so deafening, that I thought I was among the damned. Now worse sights appeared; worse, because they were connected with my own crimes. Through the dim shadows of a lurid flame, I saw a multitude of ghostly forms in white robes, approaching me. They muttered loud lamentations, and moved to the tune of doleful dirges. As they drew nearer, and their voices became more audible, I recognized in them an army of broken-hearted drunkards' wives, such as once met me with a petition requesting that I would sell no more rum.

"The leader of the procession was one who once supplicated at my knees, and returning home was murdered by her drunken husband. The gash was still visible upon her forehead, and from out the wound came flaming characters written — '*Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.*' She seemed no more a suppliant, but haughty and revengeful. She held a decanter in one hand, and in the other a pitchy torch, whose bituminous droppings lighted up a burning track behind them, for vengeance to follow. Her eyes, flaming with fury, turned here and there, as if in pursuit of some person. Oh, I would have given a world to escape! but I was motionless. My hair stood erect, my eyes burst from their sockets with amazement, my heart became as a stone, the channels of my blood were congealed, my mouth burned as an oven,

and I almost felt the red-hot lava from that flaming decanter searing my throat. Oh, if I could flee! but I could not escape, I could not stir, I was rooted to the ground. Nearer they came, chanting in doleful numbers these words—'*When your fear cometh as a desolation and your destruction as a whirlwind, I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.*' I thought that the whole kingdom of darkness was full of eyes thicker than the stars, and all of them were turned towards me. I saw the first in the procession take from her bosom a quantity of gold which was stained with the blood of orphans; with her torch she melted it, and poured it into her decanter, then sang—'*Reward him as he rewarded you, and double unto him double according to his work; in the cup which he hath filled, fill to him double.*' Then they brandished their torches and shouted aloud. At this I shrieked out in horrid agony, and fell down as a dead man. How long I remained senseless, I know not; but when my spirit came back again, I dare not for a long time look up. Finally, when I heard no more sound, I resolved to raise my head and seek to escape; but, horrible to relate, upon the burning track which they had left, I saw a huge engine belching forth sulphurous flames, and rolling towards me. In the engine was a vast furnace; and in the furnace an image called Moloch, and in his burning arms were a multitude of drunkards' children in excruciating torments. And they cried with a loud voice—'*How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?*' And as they cried, forthwith the whole furnace bristled with bayonets of flame, and the whole engine belched out living fire.

Beneath its wheels I saw those inebriates who lost their lives by placing their necks upon the railroad track. They were now chained to the wheels, and rose and fell, shrieking with every revolution. And blazing forth on every bayonet was written, 'The sting of death is sin;' and from the mighty arm that held them, 'The strength of sin is the law.' 'Vengeance' was written on the brow of the engine, and over this stood a bloody wretch with his throat cut in a wide, bleeding gap, from ear to ear, and with coiling serpents in his hair, and his baleful eyes flashing indignation; and he had a bottle in his hand, which was transformed in its lower part into a spear, by which he stirred up the flames and spurred on the arm of the law. From his mouth came horried oaths of blasphemy. After this, he cried — '*Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to his lips, and maketh him drunken. He shall seek death and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from him. He shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone, and the smoke of his torment shall ascend up, forever and ever.*' He closed. His voice was so deafening that I thought the circumambient walls of Erebus must crack and break in pieces, and fall on my guilty head. And that '*forever!*' — oh, how it reverberated, again and again, through the infernal regions! I thought its multiplying echoes would never cease. 'Forever!' resounded from the walls, then back and forth, from cavern to cavern, and far down the labyrinthian windings, from murky crag to crag, and in the dark, unfathomable abyss re-echoed 'forever and ever!' And the pale train now

returning with torches waving, shouted 'forever!' And the appalling spectrums of the damned echoed 'forever!' And fiends, howling over the blistering links of their hot chains, resounded '*forever!*' And the rolling surges on the lake of fire answered 'forever!' And borne on by the whirlwinds of wrath, the swelling billows dashing against the red-hot rocks of damnation, echoed back, 'forever and ever!' Oh, the sorrows of my soul! I thought I was lost, and lost forever. I thought of the Bible lessons of my youth, and of a mother's prayers; I thought of the many times God's spirit had called me to repentance, the many revivals I had passed through, and of the many gracious promises I had slighted. I thought of this victim of my trade; how he went home delirious with the drugs of my poison; how his wife had entreated me, but in vain; how at home she had fallen asleep weary with watching, and suddenly awoke just in time, with her hands and eyes and prayers raised to heaven, to receive the axe in her forehead; how the children were hunted and murdered, and how in despair he finally drew the knife upon his own throat. Ah! now he appeared in the same shape as I saw him dying with his wound, and he was uttering the same oaths of blasphemy, and all the maledictions and curses seemed to be aimed at me. I saw that he must soon discover me; for I had no cloak for my sins, and could not turn from his gaze. I saw by his ordering the fireman round the furnace, and by his directing the course of the engine, that he was the chief engineer of Vengeance, and commissioned and supported by Law and Justice. I now saw ghastly forms, grim shapes, and howling fiends gathering round me · and they all had

javelins just ready to throw, and in a moment more their eyes must light on me. Though I could not hope to escape, it would be a satisfaction to make an effort; therefore, when I saw the engine preparing to sound the charge, I started to run. At this moment the bloody victim on the engine discovered me, and with a shuddering howl that shook the whole region, he cried—'*Behold, ye infernal Powers! There is Lounsberry, the rumseller! Seize him and pierce him, all ye devils of hell!*' And with that, the whole air was filled with spears; the whole region rung with shouts; the engine sounded such a shrill, whistling, deafening roar, that I fell down, or rather rolled and fell from my bed upon the floor and awoke; and surrounded by the darkness of the night, it was a long time before I could believe that I was not in a rumseller's hell." After relating the horrors of his conscience, and the story of the dream to his wife, he requested her to pray for him. She did not profess religion at the time, and could not pray; and as she had but little knowledge of spiritual things, she considered this but a freak of the imagination, and with a few consoling words desired him to retire till morning. In the morning she found him suspended by the neck in the barn. A short time after, during a revival of religion, she was convicted of her own sins, and embraced religion. But she could never forgive herself for her neglect of him on that memorable night.

RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

After addressing the convicts in Sing Sing State Prison I informed them that such as were anxious for

me to visit their cells, as they passed out, could leave their number with the Warden. One person was so anxious, and yet so fearful lest I should not have time to visit him, that he seemed almost distracted. When I approached his cell, he thrust his fingers as far through the grates as he could, to meet my hand,—then falling upon his knees, and striving to kiss my hand, the first words he uttered were: "My mother! O my mother! what will she say?" He sobbed and cried for some time before I could hear any thing more. "Ah!" said he, "that unbelief that you spoke of to-day has been my ruin. What might I have been if I had embraced religion? It was at a protracted meeting in a town in Maine, that I was upon the point of deciding my religious course for life. By the request and tears of my mother, I was almost persuaded to go to the anxious seat, when my companions, with whom I had one more engagement at a party, dissuaded me from the point, which was the turning point of my life. I promised her that after one more jolly hour I would seek religion; but no one covenanting to serve Satan first will be likely to seek the Lord afterwards. My convictions were distressing; I could neither eat nor sleep. I could not enjoy the party, nor the society of my companions; and I feared the meetings and a mother's face as I did the grave. From such an agony of mind I would have chosen relief in death; but I was not prepared to die. I resolved to seek relief in travel; and without apprising my mother or any of my friends, I went to the savings bank and got all the money I had, —some fifteen hundred dollars,—and started for Boston. In Boston, I sought a physician; but he was one of those spoken of in the Scriptures, as physicians of

no value. He said that I was religiously affected, and advised me to read Theodore Parker's works, and those of Tom Paine. They brought me no relief; I only grew worse; and at last, to shake off my disagreeable feelings, I resorted to drinking and to gaming. I became delirious, and lost almost all my money. At times I would think of home, and resolve to go back and confess my guilt; then I thought there could be no mercy for one who had done such despite to the Spirit of grace, so I wandered still further away. I spent all the money I had in getting to Worcester; then pawned my valise and part of my clothing to carry me still further on. At Springfield, I let go what clothing I could possibly spare, and went on foot. Finally, my wardrobe became so shabby that people would not receive me into their houses. Oh, how low I had fallen! I began to think of returning to Maine, but had no means and no friends. Still onward I went, without a purpose or a place, only to forget the past, until I arrived at the banks of the Hudson. And here, as I stood, cold, hungry, and almost naked, I formed the desperate resolution to steal. I thought, by breaking into a store at Poughkeepsie, I would steal enough to bear my expenses home; then ask my mother's forgiveness, and strive to lead a different life; and rather than to be caught, I would kill the first man that opposed me. Yet, oh, what a coward! I broke in, but was no sooner in than taken, and taken without the least resistance. I felt so bad when I was entering the building, my conscience troubled me so, and I trembled so, that I was glad to be taken, and the officers seemed friends to me. And, afterwards, I was thankful that I was discovered, for if I had succeeded in my first attempt, there

is no knowing where it might have ended. In this prison I have had time to read and reflect. I have examined the truth of divine revelation, and have found it to be just the thing needful to my soul. In it I have seen the reasons for a mother's anxiety for my conversion; and while praying in this cell, her shadow has many times appeared before me. Though it be in imagination, yet it has been a comfort to me, and I believe it has been through her prayers that I have found peace in believing. I am thankful for the prison; this punishment has been the means of saving my soul. For, 'before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word.' Now, in parting, I wish a favor of you; and that is, that you will write to my mother, and not mail the letter at this place, lest some may suspect where I am. My mother has not heard from me since that night that she asked me to go forward for prayers. Tell her, that at such a time I shall land at New York a Christian man, and will immediately repair for home." I mailed the letter at New York, according to directions; and many times have I reflected upon that young man's career, and the danger of resisting the convictions of God's Spirit.

A CHILD S ELOQUENCE

It was on a cold wintry morning, while travelling in the northern part of the State of Connecticut, that I entered the dwelling of an intemperate man to get his name to the pledge. He treated me respectfully, appeared quite intelligent, and in his sober moments seemed very kindly disposed. However, he was set against signing the pledge; he had covenanted with his

companions never to do it. He had recently been on a spree; and the bruises on his wife told but too well what might be her anxiety for his salvation from rum. I plead with him earnestly to pledge himself upon the question; and stated, that with his companions a bad promise had better be broken than kept. He said that he never intended to drink any more, but he should live according to his promise, and never sign the pledge. I knew that unless he got publicly committed, and had his name go abroad upon the pledge as a temperance man, he could not continue long in abstinence. I therefore, to awaken his feelings, began to talk of his family. Said I, "you must have a regard for your family, for your wife and child; you must love those who appear before *me* so lovely. "Love them!" said he; "God knows my heart; I do. If ever a man loved his family, I am the man; and if ever there was a family worthy to be loved, it is mine; yet, look! look! on that shoulder of my wife, and see the bruises that I have made. See how meekly she bears all this, and without a murmur. O sir, I shall never drink any more!" "Then," said the wife, taking advantage of his feelings, as she came in suppliant tones before him, "then why not sign the pledge?" "I have told you," said he, "that I have already pledged myself not to, and I shall keep my word." The firm tone in which he spoke, showed but too plainly the strength of his decision. It was a trying moment for that wife, and while I was still conversing with him, she retired behind him to the corner of the room, with much agitation of feeling. I saw her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on heaven, and her lips were moving; yet I heard no sound. Oh, what a struggle was there in prayer!

The happiness, and even the life of herself and child, seemed to hang upon the moment. Now, all broken down in spirit, and with the crystal pearls dropping from her eyes, — a wife's own eloquence, — she comes before him, and pleads again; but again is refused. He was only irritated by the appeal, and seemed more averse to the pledge than ever. But God had chosen a more eloquent voice than hers to do the work. The little girl came flitting by, with ringlets flying and countenance all beaming with innocence, with confidence and with hope, and, climbing up into his lap, as if she had full command there, she threw her little tender arms around his neck, imprinted love's own kiss upon his pale cheek, and looking wistfully in his eye, as if she had something wonderful to tell him, and could not be resisted—"Father," said she, "the school children say I am a drunkard's child, and they wont play with me: what does it mean? what is a drunkard's child? Is it because I be a naughty girl? Is it because mother has no other child? Is it because the baby died, while you was gone so long, and mother was so sick, and I am left alone? What makes them call me so? Is it because you drink rum? O father, sign the pledge, mother cry so! She be so lame; she feel so bad! Then, O father, sign the pledge! *do sign!* mother sign, Jennie sign, and father sign: you will sign, wont you, father?" "Yes, yes!" cried the father. "You shall no more be called a drunkard's child. Leap to my arms, my innocent! my darling! my angel! you have saved your father! He can never see you ragged in the streets, with none to play with you, while he spends his earnings for rum. He can never see you turned out of school, and abused for my

sake. No, I will not drink. No, *never! never! never!* will I drink any more." He then took down his Bible, and fastened a pledge in it, and recorded with his own hand the three names, a triune of happy persons. Oh, how winning is the eloquence of a child!

BAD COMPANY.

At the close of an address to the convicts of the South Boston Reform School, a boy begged of the Superintendent the privilege of conversing with me. His name was Thomas Walsh. Said he, "I am not of that class of persons you speak of, who are neglected by parents, and schooled in vice. My father and mother were praying parents; they had family prayers, morning and evening, and did all they could to educate me in the ways of religion. One year since they lived in Canada; but as they were well to do in the world, for my education, they resolved to sell out and move to Boston, that I might have the advantages of a city education preparatory to going into business. As I entered school, being unacquainted with the recklessness of the city youth, I formed acquaintances with a number of truant boys. I did not know them to be such at the time, and as I found them always cheerful, lively, full of fun, and having plenty of money, I thought them excellent companions. I soon, however, found where they got their money. They stole it from bakers' wagons, and from milk carts, and stole keys from the doors, and cut pieces of copper from the water spouts, and in the attic of a dilapidated building they found an old man living who would give them a few cents for their plunder. By sporting with them, at the

corners of the streets, I often became tardy, and soon caused the displeasure of my teacher, and learned to be a truant with them, and also to steal. My father heard of my truancy, and punished me; but he knew not the depth of my crime. This only exasperated me, and I resolved that if I could not have my liberty, as other boys did, I would not go home at all. So, for two long weeks, I remained away from home, sleeping anywhere I could; sometimes in the stables, and sometimes in old casks upon the wharf, until my clothes became worn, filthy, and ragged, and I found the officers were upon my track. During that two weeks, my mother spent most of the time in walking the streets to find me, and employed several officers for that purpose. On a Sunday morning, when I stood alone upon Central Wharf, facing the east, I thought of ending my life. All was still around me, the sun was just rising, and as its beams came over the glittering tide, I thought, to hide my shame, I would plunge beneath the briny wave. I was hungry and cold, and had slept but little during the night. What could I do? I could not live in this way. To go home I was ashamed; yet I was unprepared to die. While thus musing I heard footsteps behind me. I dared not look back, I was so guilty. Nearer they came. I thought I knew the sound; it was my mother! 'O Thomas!' said she, 'how could you serve me so?' She fell upon my neck, and wept—wept long and loud, and her tears spoke louder than words. 'O my son, you will break your poor father's heart; he has had no rest since you went away; he has sighed and groaned all the night long, and felt that he wanted not to live! He will not punish you; he only wants you to do well;

he came to Boston for your sake alone, and desires to live only that you, his child, may be happy. Only tell him that you will try to do well, and he will certainly forgive you all.' I resolved to go home. I met my father, with his venerable locks dishevelled in sorrow, and his eyes and hands raised towards heaven, weeping bitterly. It was the first time in my life that I saw him cry. 'O Thomas,' said he, 'my son, my son, you will break your poor old father's heart! Oh, that I had not lived to see this day! O my son, my property is yours, my prayers are for you, and my life is only for you! Then tell me that you will leave this bad company. Oh, that we had never come to this city! Oh, tell me that you will now attend school, and it is enough! I will question you no further.' I pledged him that I would return, and vowed to him that that should be the last of my wanderings. But, as I entered school, I found that I was behind the class; I had lost the confidence of my teacher, and my mind had become dissipated, so that it was hard to place it upon study. I struggled against many temptations and discouragements, and gained but little. I loved sports better than books, and soon became tired of study, and joined with the liveliest again. O sir, there is the boy [pointing to one of the convicts] that led me away the second time. I did not know him then, but afterwards learned that he had been several times in jail. I was late one morning — the school bell had rung. I met that boy and his truant companions; we took a sail, and the rest need not be told. My mother came in haste one morning to my father, and said to him, 'Thomas is again in the hands of the officer; you must go at once

and assist him, or he will go to prison.' 'No,' said the old man, 'I shall not go. I have done what I could for him. I cannot witness the sight. I cannot see a son bearing my name held in chains, bolted behind bars of iron, and sentenced to the granite cell. You may go, mother, and do what you can for him; but I feel faint, and will lie down till you come back." He laid down, but he never rose again. Fever came upon him, and delirium; and his last breath was spent in uttering the name of his son. 'O Thomas,' said he, 'your poor father is sick; he feels dizzy, and the room seems dark. I fear that I am not in my right mind. Why do you not come, as you used to do, and bring a light and read to me, and comfort me? Your poor father is dying!' Ah! he knew not what he said, and knew not that his son was beyond his hearing, and behind iron bars. In his delirium, and in his dying moments, he still called for his son, and rebuked him for not coming, and charged him with unfaithfulness, and, as he rolled back for the last time his wild, delirious eye, 'Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!' were the last words which he ever uttered.

This is not all. Yesterday, my mother came to tell me of my father's death, and to bid me farewell, perhaps forever. She said that this wicked city had cost her so much anguish, she felt such a gloom cast over her, that she could stay no longer. She could not stay in sight of this prison and gaze upon its bolted windows, while the only object she had to live for was immured behind its walls. She was going back to our old homestead, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and there, amid the flowers, where I sported with the school boys in my innocence, and on the green banks, and beneath the

shade where I learned my sabbath-school lessons, and by the little fruit-trees she planted for me — trees still living, growing and blooming — there she has gone, if it be possible, to forget her grief. 'O Thomas,' said she to me, 'as we part, don't forget your prayers. My example is not what I wish it had been; but if you forget your mother, and if you forget your poor, departed father, oh, do not forget your God! He is merciful; he will forgive you; and if you will trust him, he will restore you to liberty and honor again!' And with floods of tears and sobbings, as if her heart would break, she gazed upon me, and kissed me, and embraced me, and clung to my hands as if she could never leave me, until the keeper compelled us to part. Then, with a mother's tenderness, gazing upon me, perhaps for the last time, she looked upon me with a long, anxious, lingering look, and strove to say farewell. But the emotion of her feelings choked her utterance. Yet again she strove, and again failed to speak, until at last she covered her face, and weeping left me, perhaps never to see me again. Now, sir, the reason of my asking this privilege to talk with you is, that you may warn young persons against bad company. If I had never seen Boston, I might have been happy; and if, after coming to this city, I had known how to resist temptation, and to keep aloof from bad company, I should not have been in prison. But God has heard my prayer, and, I trust, forgiven my sins. I hope, if I live to get out, that I shall profit by this dispensation of his providence, and be a better man. Oh, warn the young by my example, and tell them to avoid the first appearance of evil associates. The first step is the guilty step, and after once taken, the way to destruc-

tion is easy. Warn them against lingering at the corners of the streets with such—against listening to their jokes, or looking upon their sports. Alas! sir, like a wrecked vessel upon the strand, we can warn others when it is too late to profit by it ourselves."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

While visiting the almshouse at South Boston, I saw a person in whom was exhibited the undying attachment of a mother's love. She was a young, beautiful, and somewhat accomplished widow, whose husband had died in California. He was poor, all his means were required for the expenses of the voyage; he had nothing to hope for, but from the fate of fortune, and his two hands; and had nothing to leave her, but a good name and the pledge of his affection. Fatigue, exposure, and the malaria of a hostile climate, soon laid him in the grave, and she, in her sickness, having nothing further to hope from him, was conveyed to the almshouse. Upon the return of her health, the bloom of her cheek, and the inexpressible loveliness of her form and temper, it was intimated to her, that if she could dispose of her child, by allowing some person who would care well for it to adopt it, she might better her situation. She at first refused to listen to the proposition; but the arguments were strong in its favor. She was young, beautiful, and peculiarly attractive; the melancholy which sorrow had penciled upon her features, combined with her ardent temperament and amiable manners, and her unceasing devotion to the memory of her husband, rendered her doubly interesting. She could start anew

in life, and, profiting by past experience, she could see fairer prospects than ever for a respectable station. Besides, she had no means, by which she might comfortably support or educate her child. It might be well situated, liberally educated, and prepared for more happiness and usefulness by leaving her. She therefore reluctantly allowed her child to be placed among others, as a candidate for adoption. The would-be sponsors arrived, and, as fate would have it, her child was chosen. The mother gazed with a jealous eye upon the strangers, as they passed back and forth, from one child to another, and trembled when their eyes were setting, more and more, upon the beautiful features of her love. A few days were left her before the child was to be taken, and these days were the shortest, the dearest days of her lifetime. The hours were counted, and the moments reckoned when she must forever part with this jewel of her soul. She untiringly gazed upon its features; she saw the father's image and the pledge of a father's love. She printed her burning lip upon its cheek, pressed it tenderly to her bosom, and wept. She wept violently. And as the little innocent, startled by her tears and sobbings, looked up and seemed to say, "What ails you, mother?" and nestled closer to her bosom, as if afraid of coming calamity, she loved it more and more.

The appointed hour at length arrived, and a carriage drove up. Now was the trying hour to her soul; but lest her resolution should fail, she hurried away to prepare the child for the journey. "Is the child ready?" was asked, in the stern, coarse voice of the male visitor. "It will be, shortly," was the reply. That gruff inquiry reached the ear of the listening

mother, and "Is the child ready?" stirred up the well-springs of a mother's heart. Ready? Ready for what? Ready to bless the arms of another,— to call a stranger mother,— where its palpitating heart could no more beat by the side of hers, and yield sweetness to the midnight hour,— where that mother never could gaze upon its angelic features again,— where her very name and being must be forgotten. And what could she do when night comes again, and no child for her bosom? There remains the cradle — the casket without the jewel; and there the toys, but no Julia to play with them. Oh, how desolate must be those arms, how desolate that watchful couch, and how desolate and lone those almshouse walls, with no Julia there! But if it must go, she would dress it for the journey in the best manner possible. All her treasures in the world would she give, not because the child might need them, but because they were a mother's offering, at the feet of a mother's idol. She had a few articles of fancy dress for it, which were the relics of her early fortune, and her husband's love. She kissed the child, and adorned it, and held it before the glass, and gazed upon its lovely blue eye and fascinating features by the side of her own. She gazed and wept. She wept over the last lingering look, the last embrace, and the last of its nestlings in her arms, and shed a flood of tears upon its little dimpled cheek, as if she could never come to the last. She seemed to have no soul or sense or feeling of her own; but all was poured out without restraint, generous as the floods of heaven, upon that child. That her selfish and unfeeling soul might become generous, and her harsh nature tender, she had long prayed to be a mother. God heard her prayers,

and here was the invaluable gift of Heaven in her arms. She had never known the tenderest ties of nature, until now,— had never measured the store-house of its hid treasures,— had never fathomed the ocean of its deep love,— had never drank from its highest fountain, till when first she gazed upon her breathing infant; and never before had she felt its priceless value as now. Nevertheless, brave as a hero, she determined to conquer nature, to subdue her womanish feelings, to choke the fountain of her tears, and hide the agony of her spirit, under affected smiles of cheerfulness. She suddenly clasps it to her arms, and wipes her tears, and hastens to present her child to the arms of the strangers; yes, to turn off the child that had blest so many a weary hour to her, and made the night sweeter than the day, and poverty better than costly treasures,— the child that God had given her, as a jewel more precious than rubies,— the child with which God had blessed her above many an anxious wife;— this pearl of purest transparency, she was now about to break from its parent shell, and give away as worthless. Ah! that thought was too much for her; and as she came down-stairs, and the cherub innocent, as if afraid of falling, or of coming danger, put its little tender arms so sweetly around her neck, and darted the glance of its eyes,—those gems, those brilliants,— so deep to her soul, and returned her gentle kiss, with prattling talk, and, plainer than she had ever heard it before, strove to lisp the name of "mamma,"— her courage wavered. And now, as the strange woman's arms were extended, and she was placing it into her lap, the child screamed out, and raised its little hands towards its mother, and cried, "mamma!" "mamma!" so piteously, that she flew to

its arms, and swift as thought clasped it to her bosom, hugged it with her might, and with dishevelled hair, and almost frantic with rage, cried, "Come to my arms, my Julia! That cruel stranger shall not have thee! No! you shall not be taken from these maternal arms; you shall never call her 'mother.' God never blessed her with a mother's love, she is not worthy of the name; yet she would rob me, because of my poverty, and she would teach thee to love and bless her, and thou wouldst call her mother in heaven. No! no! cling to my neck, my dearest Julia; you have but one mother, and she is thine forever. They say I can get a living much easier, if I let you go. No! I can work harder by your side. I can dart like the light of the morning, and sing the hours away when you are with me, and all the live-long day, you will relieve my toils; and when night comes, with your heart to mine, you make the sweetness of my rest a heaven to my soul. No! I will not let thee go. They say I can better my condition and make my fortune by parting with thee; but the whole world has no such fortune as thou art. And with the whole world at my command, I should be poor without thee. No! hang upon these arms, dearest daughter! So long as these arms can work, and these skin-dried bones can earn a morsel of food, you shall have it; and your pale mother shall look on and satisfy her appetite by feeding upon the sight. Let those be mothers whom God makes mothers, and let no other crave so glorious a gift! Come to my arms, my love, my jewel, my gem, the fairest pearl of ocean, the idol of my heart, the rapture of my soul, God's last, best gift, to a widowed wife! No, never! *never!*

NEVER! will I part with thee, so long as these lungs can breathe the name of Julia. With that, she flew away up-stairs with her treasure in her arms, still to enjoy the sweets of a mother's love.

MARY IN PRISON; OR, THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

After preaching to the male prisoners of the Connecticut State Prison, I was invited to pray with those of the female department. As they were entering the room, and passing the dim lights of the grates, with their eyes turned towards the ground, not allowed to look up, I saw a countenance which struck me with unusual interest. In her features, though pale and wan, and though she was dressed in the prison garb, I saw a form which I recognized as one of my pupils — one that used to join me in the prayers of the school-room. I remembered the light blue eye and rosy cheek, the lovely features and amiable disposition, the smiles of the days of her innocence. She was beautiful, and, to the poor children, she was exceedingly kind. Many a time has she divided her scanty meal with them, and given them of her writing paper, and ministered to their wants by all the means in her power. Many a cold morning witnessed her kindness and sympathy for them, in meeting them at the door, in brushing the snow from their feet, and leading them to the fire, and warming their chilled fingers with her lips. And many a cold, broken-hearted, innocent little child, far from a mother's care, while being relieved of its sufferings, has found the kisses of her kindness better than gold. She was of rare beauty and attractions, and little did I think that this would

be her fate. In the prison I joined in the same prayer that we used in the school-room; and perhaps she knew not the stranger of that sabbath-day, unless by his voice in prayer. I visited her mother. At my first appearance she burst into a flood of tears, and the first word she spoke was "Mary!" But her voice faltered, she could speak no further, and sobs and groans told the rest. "Mary," she said, after recovering a little, "Mary is gone. She is not here, and she has not gone to the grave. If she had died, and died in innocence, what a consolation it had been to me! But she is worse than dead—she is disgraced forever. Oh, could I go to yonder graveyard, where her father lies, and where her innocent little brother sleeps, and plant flowers over her tomb, and feel that she had died innocent and with a hope of heaven, I would be thankful! Oh, what a comfort it would be for me to sit by her tomb in a sabbath's twilight, amid autumn's falling leaves, and watch the fading flowers, and feel, as they would bloom again in the spring, so she might rise in the resurrection. Oh, Mary, my own dear Mary was too good a child to be lost! Seldom did I witness a fit of bad temper, or hear an unkind word from her until a short time before she left home. And even then, how kind to me! how attentive to her dying father! but oh, how cruel to herself! The intemperance and sickness of my husband made us poor, and I was obliged to go out by days' work, washing, for his support. While I was away, two fishermen bribed her father with rum. He sold her innocence, and lived to see her ruin. With these fishermen she went off in the night; she cooked the fowls of their stealing; and while they escaped to their boats, she was taken to prison.

This is not all. The landlord warned me out of this house — the heritage of my father. I saw the stern look — there was no mercy in his eye. Oh, rum! rum! what has it not done? It has murdered my husband, ruined my family, robbed me of my home, and turned me out upon the cold charities of the world. But, even now, if I had my Mary left, it would repay me for all my afflictions. Oh, if these faltering feet, weary with the fatigues of a long day's journey, could find my Mary here, my weariness would flee away! Oh, if these hands, worn to the quick, and blistered, could embrace my Mary, I would meet all my troubles willingly without a murmur! Oh, if she could kneel, as at former times, and call God's blessings down upon this poor, unworthy flesh, and if her heart, in the night season, could once more beat in unison with mine, my poverty and suffering would be nothing! But she is too far away for these hands to reach her; too far for these feet to find her; and too deep in the cell to fill my lonely couch again. A few days before she went, seeing how I was afflicted, she said, 'Mother, be not over anxious. You shall not want, you shall not suffer; while I live, I will be your help.' Alas! for her, poor girl, she cannot help herself! O Mr. Morgan, it don't seem possible that a pupil who spoke so much of you, — who held so deep an interest in your affections, — who was such a favorite among her classmates, — one so young, so beautiful, so amiable, — can it be possible that she is now guarded by cruel soldiers, housed by stone cells, secured by iron grates, feeding on a convict's fare, and sleeping on the hard pallet of the prison." I left her, determined to devote my life to the cause of suffering humanity. Wishing to learn how many had filled the

prisons by the intemperance and crimes of their parents, I visited the prisons and reform schools of Boston and New York and Philadelphia, and the prisons and almshouses in various parts of the United States and Canada, and presented my observations in public lectures. I have seen Maine Laws enacted; and temperance jubilees and celebrations; but alas! the evil continues! Rum runs riot; children are trained in iniquity, and schooled in crime! How long, O Lord! how long?

MINISTERIAL NOTES.

As I took the houses in course, in visiting at Westerley, R. I., I called at a splendid mansion. Servant came to the door. I asked, "Is the family at home?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Go and tell them that if they will allow me, I have come to pray with them." She soon came back and informed me that "the family were not at home."

Asked a man, "Will you allow me to pray in your house?" "No," said he. "You want to dupe me with priestcraft. There is no God to hear your prayers; do you take me for a confounded fool?" "Oh, no," I replied; "I hope you may never become a fool, for the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." So bowing politely, I left him.

Called at the house of an old man, asked him the privilege of praying. "Yes!" said he, with emphasis; "you may pray as much as you d——n please; but I sha'n't stay to hear you." And with that he slammed the door, and without his hat, ran into the street, then down into the cellar, and rattled among the barrels; but he could not flee from God, nor the word of his power. He was an old backslider; and thus to be suddenly approached, made him half crazy. But he could not avoid listening; the Spirit of God

got hold of his heart, and brought him back to his Father's house again.

Called on a family and asked if any person had been to my meeting? An old Baptist lady cried out very angrily — "Yes! I did go one night, and if I had gone again I should have lost all the religion that I ever had." "What! madam!" said I; "that is impossible! You cannot be a Calvinist then. If you are one of the elect, a little noise cannot make you apostate; it is said that none shall pluck them out of his hand, not even the Devil himself; and I cannot be worse than the Devil." Then I prayed with the family, and especially for the old lady. Poor woman! She was all broken down, she asked my forgiveness, and prayed that the Lord might bless my labors. One person from that family experienced religion that same night.

Entered a house when a young woman cried out — "O sir, last night in meeting your language broke my heart." "Ah! madam, indeed! Why I didn't know that you had any heart, your actions seemed so heartless." "O sir! you was so personal! I am ready to die!" "I am glad if you are ready," said I, "for I thought you unfit last night." She found there was no use in parleying in this way; she confessed her sins and cried for mercy. Oh, many such need bowing by the law, crushing to the very earth, before the Heavenly Physician will heal them.

"Ah, me!" says one, "they will think that I have no religion." "And," said I, "is it not true?" "O sir, you will drive me to despair!" "Just what I want,

madam! Despair drives out your cursed pride. Christ pities the tears of penitence, but has no fellowship with the haughtiness of pride." "Well," said she, "I know that I have a proud heart, and I hope it may be subdued. And though professing religion I am far from God, and pray the Lord to forgive."

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

Called at Mystic, Ct., on a converted Catholic, whose name was Mary, and whose experience was of some interest. She formerly lived in a Protestant family, and wanted very much to learn to read. She promised, if they would assist her in learning to read, that she would read the Bible. This she did simply to learn to read;—not to read the Bible, for she believed the Protestant Bible the text-book of the Devil. However, she could indulge in the sin for the sake of learning, as confession and penance would cost less than learning to read. She read until she came to the Psalms; and in them she saw such a description of her own wicked heart, and felt such a mysterious spell come over her, that she threw down the Bible, and believed, in truth, that it was the work of the Devil. She seized it and threw it down again, and cursed it, and finally hid it, calling on all the saints for imprecations upon it, burying it so deep that his Satanic majesty might never find it, to torment her soul. She went on foot many miles to confess and do penance, and again and again confessed, but found no relief. Finally, there was a prayer-meeting at the house where she lived, and as she could not run away, she resolved to stop her ears. But something made her hands fall from her ears, a fly lighted on her

nose or the baby squalled, or a forestick or something tumbled; she was compelled to hear. "Hear ye! hear ye the word of the Lord!" rung in her ears. She felt greatly distressed and cried for mercy. But she found no peace until she went and obtained her Bible from its hiding-place, and made up her mind that she would read it, if the priest killed her. She could not be in worse torment, and death would be a relief to her. She opened at the fifty-first Psalm: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." She fell upon her knees, and prayed. She prayed long and loud, until she found peace; and oh, the joy of her soul in believing! She grasped her Bible, and clasped it to her bosom and kissed it and wept over it, and felt that she could never love it enough for teaching her the way of salvation. And such language in describing the ecstacy of her joy, I never before heard from mortal. Her figures of speech were not taken from books; were simple, artless, as if inspired by the Spirit. For an hour and a half I sat and heard that simple-hearted woman relate her experience. I will not attempt to give much of her language; I could not catch the winged words, nor mark down the strong, pungent, burning figures of her speech. The gems of ocean, the sea of glass, and the crystal walls of glory, were all placed under tribute to describe the experience of a poor, unlettered Catholic. I thought, Can any one doubt the truth of God's word in this case? She had resorted to every expedient, in order to evade its power; but it was sharper than a two-edged sword, and would give her no peace until she found it in Jesus. And where could she get

such language? The truth is, she needed but a few shadowy outlines, a few texts from Scripture, and the filling up was by faith. Naturally of a fiery temperament, a strong imagination, and taking her images from the most tangible objects, the Holy Ghost made her eloquent. "O my Jasus!" said she, "no praste in the world can forgive like Jasus. I's paid the praste much money; but Jasus forgives for nuthin. Glory ba to his name. Oh, the dapthe of his goodness; oh, the raches of his grace! I is floatin on the ocean of his love. These worldly shores depart further and further from me, I cut the last line that holds me to arth, and I swim in the raver of God's pleasure. Far down the dape I seed the pearls; they were all full of eyes looking love. Round my ears rolled the swate waters of salvation; over my head shined the glory of his countenance; and 'way up above I seed the pearly gates of the New Jarusalem. Oh, the ocean of his glory! Oh, the swate waters of his love. Glory! glory! glory!" She clasped her hands as her face lighted up with gladness, and continued — "Could it be that Jasus would condescend to notice ma, a poor worm of the dust, a poor Irish woman? And will he not turn ma off when Christians have no charity for ma, and have thought ma thrunk? Oh, praise him, praise him, O my soul, and all that is within ma, praise his holy name!" But Mary had her trials. The priest came to baptize a child in another part of her house; she could not escape him, neither did she wish to. With her experience she was enough for a thousand priests. He stood over her with horsewhip in hand, and shook it in her face, and said: "Beware of her! beware of her! She hath a devil. See her rave! A curse

is upon her and her children. A great calamity will befall her; she will die and have no burial; and no priest will pray for her." "Nather," said she, "will any praste horsewhip ma in my own house. Ya has had much money for pardons, but ya cannot have another five dollars from ma." So the priest troubled her no more. Soon after this she married a man who was intemperate, and who opposed her in religion, and who waited late at night for her coming from meeting, to abuse and threaten her. But she had an exceedingly happy faculty of repelling him; for the moment she entered the house and he began to storm, she fell right down upon her knees before him, and closing her eyes in prayer, with clasped hands, cried mightily to God for "help! help! help!" That would silence him. He was alarmed when the Almighty was invoked for "help;" and the next that was seen of him, he would be leaning towards the chamber-door, crying, "I do wish you would stop your confounded noise; you are crazy! the devil is in you!" and off to bed he would go, filling the stair way with doleful mutterings as he went. They are now both professors; have a very comfortable place of their own, and live happily. But Christians of stiff formality and aristocratic pride, will scarcely allow her to speak in meeting, though her experience in the deep things of God is far superior to that of most of them.

CHARLIE IN HEAVEN.

Prayed in a family, where a youthful mother was holding in her arms her first-born. She was proud of her treasure, and so engrossed with its attention that

she could think of but little else. She had professed religion, and her husband was a praying man; but now the object of her worship was dancing in her lap. In vain did she strive to look upward; she could not disguise the fact—her idol was below. When we spoke of the love of Christ, she would look on little Charlie; when we sung, her chief object was to see whether he noticed it; and when we prayed, her thoughts could not go above the earth. True, she could sing psalms, but it was for his amusement; she could talk of love, but it was love to the child, not to God; and she could kneel, but it was at the cradle instead of the altar. And as to talking in meetings, she believed that St. Paul was right in ordering the women to keep silent in the churches. In short, she could talk happily, and laugh and sing, but she could not pray. There was no need of praying; she seemed to have nothing to pray for; all that she wanted she had, and all that she could have besides would be worth nothing. So she was very indifferent about religion, and could trifle a little, and indulge in a joke about professors. She thought if all the professors in the world were as good and pure as her baby was, they would all be saved at last, and go right straight to heaven, and no mistake. After this, I saw her in meeting. She was dressed in mourning; and her little Charlie was no more. By a single stroke, without an hour's warning, he had been taken, and was not, for God took him. What a change in that woman! Ah! she could speak in meeting now, she could not keep silent, the crushed flower could give forth its odor, and the pine-tree could sing in the winter's wind. "I am so unworthy," she cried; then she closed her hands together, and sobbed and

groaned, but she could speak no further. Again she cried, after recovering a little, "I had an idol that stood between me and my Saviour, and the Lord took it. I am so unworthy—unworthy to live. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. I was not fit to have so choice a treasure. It was too pure for so sinful a mother. As I saw it, when dying, raise its little eyes and its little hands, and look so wistfully, as it was going, going far from me, I thought of the story you told about a lamb. A sheep had wandered with her lamb away from the fold, and the farmer could not drive her back. After much fruitless running, he succeeded in catching the lamb, but not the sheep. He seized the lamb and held it in his bosom. The sheep ran away a few rods, but missing her lamb, she returned, bleating. The farmer turned towards the fold and the sheep followed. Nearer and nearer she came, looking up to him, and bleating desperately, until she followed him within the fold into the yard, and under the sheltering roof. This has been my case. While blessed with my little one I wandered from the fold. I grieved the Good Shepherd much by my wanderings. At last he took my little lamb to his bosom to bring me back. When it was going I thought how ungrateful I had been. I am now left desolate, and I want to follow my little Charlie to heaven. I can almost see him standing at the windows of heaven to beckon me home. There, he smiles as he used to do, and claps his little hands when he sees me coming. O my little Charlie! I come! I come!"

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

Called at a poor-house in Troy, N. Y., and found a woman dying. She had once experienced religion, but had lost the evidence. I prayed with her, but failed to assist her in making God's promises her own. She doubted, and even despaired. I read and prayed and sung, but all to no purpose. The wing of her faith would not mount upward, it was tied below. I stated that she must have some idol that she would not give up for Christ—something that she loved more than him. She replied, "What can I have? I am poor. I have nothing in this world. Even this bed and the clothes I have on are not my own. I have nothing that I can call my own. Why then am I not blessed?" At this moment a little child came prattling into the room, with string and stick and hobby horse. He was just beginning to lisp the name of mother. A flash came over her countenance as she gazed upon the dear object of her love. There was her idol. She had one object to live for, and she could not be resigned to die. That child was fatherless, and soon must be deprived of its only friend. Could that mother leave it? And now it dropped its playthings, and climbed upon the bed, and laid its little head upon the same pillow, and flung its little tender arms around her neck, and printed the pure warm kiss upon her cheek, and prattled gently, "Mamma be so sick! mamma die!" The poor, pale, dying mother threw her attenuated arms around it, and sobbing, cried, "No, my little Johnny, mamma cannot die; you would have no mother." Then, exhausted, she laid it upon the pillow, and gazed into its bright blue eyes, as they were looking back into

hers, and there she gazed and gazed, as if she would drink in its spirit by looking. She seemed unwilling even to move her eyes from the eyes of her darling, fearing to break the spell. There, gleaming from those little orbs, was the image of the father — the father that had been suddenly carried to his grave. And, there were the features of purity and innocence, and, as to actual transgression, pure as a snow-flake just from heaven. And could she leave that child to the cold charities of the world? — to the stranger, who would abuse it, starve it, whip it, with no mother to take its part? She could not die; she must not die. No! no! she could not give up all for Christ. Others were allowed to live, who had no children; and others could leave friends and patrimony to their children if they died. But her child could have nothing left without a mother — its mother was its all. And the little innocent seemed to drink in of the mystery, as it kept so still, and gazed so intently on the suffused features and despairing countenance of that dying mother. What the mother could mean it could not understand; but the charm of the excitement kept it still as a stone. I asked the mother if she was aware of her condition, and that she must certainly die. "The Lord will take care of your child; he will be a Father to the fatherless; food will he be to the hungry, and garments to the naked. He will be a Friend to the friendless; and we are to trust him with all that we have. Trust him, trust him, is the chief command." She turned her face to the wall, and she prayed. She prayed silently, but long; and, judging by the quivering of the lip and the flashes and shadows that came over her features, she was excited to no common emotion. Her

eyes were closed, and, in the dark gloom of God's mysterious providence, she was looking for a ray of hope. Could she turn her eyes from the child? Could she see through the mystery, and could she trust Heaven with her treasure? She prayed that she might —that she might give up all for Christ, and bless the rod that smote her. She uttered no sound save whispering sighs, for the Spirit was interceding with groanings that could not be uttered. At last, with her eyes and hands extended towards heaven, she cried, "I yield! I yield!" and in a moment her countenance lit up with joy, and she clapped her hands and said, "Oh, the joys of believing! Oh, the love of Jesus! If I had a score of children I would give them all for Jesus! She died very happy, trusting her only earthly care in the hands of her Jesus.

Called on a Congregational family. Asked a young lady if she spoke in our last conference meeting. "No," said she; "I did not; and I shall not. I will not stay in another conference meeting if you call on me." "Very well," said I; "when the time comes for you to speak, I will pass you by; and when I say "the next, the next," when your turn comes, I will say "the next but one." But when she saw others speaking nearer and nearer to her, and feeling that she had been considered one of the most pious of the neighborhood, and now the Lord called for his witnesses, her Congregational scruples began to waver; and every time "the next, the next," was spoken, it became an arrow to her conscience, until at last, fearing "the next but one" would come to her, she tremblingly arose before the time, without waiting for the call, and related her relig-

ious experience in a most affecting manner. She consented to be a leader of the young ladies' meeting, and for one whole year she kept the band together, without the assistance of church organization or preacher. Young ladies are not the most stable persons in the world, when surrounded by fashion and frolic; and it is surprising how one young lady, without any human authority, or guardian elder's assistance, could wield such an influence over them as to persuade them to forego the pleasures of the world for the circle of prayer. Oh, how much of such talent now lies buried, that might be exerted for good!

Called on a poor colored man, who was living in a small cellar alone. He was cooking his scanty meal; and with his Bible on his knees, was feeding upon the word at the same time. Oh, how glad he appeared to see me! I read and prayed and sang with him, and talked of the love of a blessed Saviour, till our souls were greatly blessed, and we parted in tears. In the evening meeting, the old man was so full of the sanctifying power, that he could hardly speak. He told the audience that a minister had come to visit a poor colored man, and he felt it was as an angel of God that had come beneath his roof. He felt so grateful, so humble, so unworthy, and yet so happy, he could not tell it; but said when he came along to meeting, the rocks and trees and winds and the waves of the river all seemed to be clapping their hands and singing praises to the Lord. He sobbed a while, and then, with his hands clenched, looking upward, he cried out, "Oh, dat bressed Jesus! dat dear Sabiour! dat took pity on poor me! He be so forgibin, so lubin to de poor col-

ored man, so condescending to notice a poor worm. Oh, shout, all ye angels! and clap your hands, ye saints! for de Lord he be good, and his mercy enduref foreber!"

Called on a poor man, who with his decrepit wife were sitting round the stove, weeping and lamenting over the loss of their only son. The son was a captain of a vessel—a pious man, and the only support of his parents in their old age. News had just come that he had died at sea. The old man said to me, "Welcome! sir; you are welcome here. I am near my grave. Let me hear of another country. My John was my staff and my support; but he is gone. My poor wife could once help me in my infirmity, but now she cannot help herself. This old cane was once a prop to my tottering feet; but now I cannot walk. I have leaned upon the arm of my John; but now that arm is broken." Then raising his watery eyes towards heaven, and with a trembling hand stretching out his cane, he said, "Ah! I have no staff but Jesus! And though he slay me yet will I trust in him. The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Called on a poor widow, who had just lost both of her sons at sea. One of them had died with the fever; and the other going on board to bring the vessel into port, took the fever and died also. Such weeping, such heart-bursting grief, none but a poor, lone, and desolate mother can imagine. After praying with her, she told me that she wanted to make an offering to the Lord; the affliction was hard, but she was such a sinner that she had been unworthy of two such noble boys. She felt forebodings, before this, that the Lord

would take them away, and should then have renewed her covenant, and lived more faithfully. She held a quarter of a dollar in her hand till it was covered with tears; and after recovering her speech she said, "I know that this will be of but little service to you, but it will be a relief to me to give an offering to the Lord; it is all I have got,—it is the widow's mite." And shaking with sighs, and shuddering with grief, she placed in my hand the tear-stained offering, saying, "The Lord bless you; the Lord bless you; may your poor mother never feel the loss that I suffer."

Found an old lady, knitting by the fire, mourning over the loss of her son, who had died out West. The son was ambitious to make a fortune; and he was quite successful until sickness came. Then he thought of his mother; and of his father, who was a deacon; and desired to come home. He could not die — must not die without seeing home. I read the letter which he dictated while sick. "O my father!" said he, "I am sick, and desired to come home. I cannot be sick here,—I have no mother. Father, I *must* come home; indeed I must." The physician, however, would not allow the undertaking. The young man plead, but in vain. Finally he said, "Let me get up and look towards home. "They told him if he did, he could not walk; he would fall. "Oh," said he, "let me try, and let me fall, if I may only *fall towards home!*" As might be expected, such news was a terrible blow to the mother. She received the news of his sickness about the time of his death. And the only legacy worthy to leave his mother was his bones. So he ordered them to be disjointed and sent home, to

be buried in the family burying ground. Her pilgrimage to the graveyard was frequent; her lamentations were excessive, and her weeping knew no bounds. She asked if I was not in want of something that she could give me. I told her — Nothing. She said she desired, for my poor mother's sake, to do something for me. "Oh," said she, "you must not stay away so long from your mother! She wants to see you; she watches for your coming; her imaginings are turned towards you in the twilight, and you are uppermost in her prayers; you must go and see her."

Called at a low shanty beneath the bank by the side of the road. The shanty was built of a few boards and slabs, without a window, covered with brush and turf, and with an old blanket for a door. The snow was on the ground without, and on the bed and scanty furniture within. The mother and the two children were in bed to keep from freezing. The children nestled towards each other; then strove to see which could keep the stillest, to drive the cold away. But their hunger would rouse them up; for fasting people cannot sleep much; and they would weep for bread until they wept themselves to sleep, but they could feed their hunger only with dreams. The mother turned her wild, despairing eye towards me, as if astonished that anybody should enter such a dwelling. When she saw that I came in kindness — "God be praised," she said, "that his messenger has found me out! I thought I had been forsaken of God and man. We have been turned into the street, and sought this shelter for a few days. My oldest daughter is in the Connecticut State Prison, my two children are starving, and my husband

is away, drunk. Little did I think of this when I left my father's house. What ruin has rum wrought? What will it not do? Heaven only knows what I have suffered. Oh, it would be a relief for me to die, if it were not for these children!" When I heard her pitiful story, and saw her forlorn condition, I could not refrain from weeping. "O my God!" I cried, "is there no eye to pity the drunkard's children; no ear to hear their cry, and no hand to save? Look down in mercy, if there be mercy in store for such poor pitiful mortals, and pity the needy. Be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow, a protector to the defenceless, and a support of the hungry poor." I interceded for her, and the town authorities took her in charge, while yet her husband was away upon his drunken spree.

While addressing the soldiers at Plattsburg barracks, I had occasion to speak of a poor widow in the almshouse, who was deprived of her reason on account of her son. At the close of the service, one of the soldiers, a young man, came to me in deep emotion, and with streaming eyes, said — "O sir, is my mother yet alive? I have broken her heart. I am the wild boy that has caused all her sufferings. I have since repented of my sins, and trust I have been forgiven. But as I have enlisted I cannot see my mother nor soothe her wandering mind. I believe it is through her prayers that I have been converted, though she may never be conscious of it. The distress she exhibited when I was about leaving home, haunted me in every step I took. Her tears, her prayers, her distracted features, never left me till I found my Saviour. I was fearful she might come to an untimely grave. Oh, that

I could see her! Oh, that I could pray at her feet! Go, sir, and tell her that her son is alive, and a Christian; it may relieve her mind." I went, and took a little Testament to her with his name written in it by himself, and presented it to her. But she gazed on it, and then on the wall, and muttered incongruous sounds, but could not be restored. Oh, how careful ought a wayward son to be, if only on a mother's account!

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Reader! were you ever troubled with the hypo,—the regular, genuine kind,—the real quintessence of gloom,—the double, confounded shades of melancholy,—the deep down, fathomless, chaotic abyss of—of—well, I don't know what to call it? I once saw a true specimen, a real representation, in the person of a man in Plattsburg poor-house. The gloomy man was determined to die. He wasn't going to live another hour, no how. There was no use in breathing. Breath must stop, should stop, did stop. Then, strange to say, it started again. To stir, would be instant death. A wink, a look, a hit, or a kick, would destroy the charm, break the spell, snap his heart-strings, and smash the pitcher of his existence all to pieces. Oh, the charm of the submundane revery! To feed on gloom as on a roast turkey; to dig up the wet locks of melancholy, as you would clams; to dive into the ocean of blues, to find the pearl of pevishness; to gaze on vacancy till you become silent as a tombstone; to fall into complete-give-up-don't-care-sort-of-ism. This man couldn't live if he would, wouldn't live if he could. He was dying, dying, dying, dead! Yet, wonderful to tell, still he breathed. To stir him would be

sacrilege, and deserving of endless punishment. Oh, how solemn every thought! It would be the height of wickedness to smile in his presence. All his reveries were solemn as eternity, and all his predictions must be true as the Gospel. No sin was so great as a smile; no unbelief so heinous as to doubt his predictions. To smile at such a solemn thing!—a man dying! Oh, the depth of wickedness! Though he had been two years about it, yet this *must* be the time, this the certain hour, and no mistake. He could already feel the shades come over him, and the shroud to cover him; could hear the grating of the coffin, as it moved along on the floor; could already see himself laid in the box, and could see the mourners standing all round him. Yet, strange to say, they would not sigh nor weep. Plague take the mourners! they weren't fit to have a man die in their presence. The keeper could not reason with him, nor make him rise from the bed. The only logic available, was to pull the bed clothes from him in a cold morning, and tumble him on the floor. That would break the spell; he would give up at once, and cry —"There, I snumb! I told you so! I'm dead! I'm dead! booho! booho!" and in a few minutes would get up and feel better, and go to work. Nothing could completely cure him; his melancholy was constitutional, and had become a seated disease. Had he been a politician, he would have declared that he stood in the last days of his country's glory. As a religionist, he would have watched for the world to come immediately to an end. As a speculator, he would have hung himself at the fall of stocks. As a pauper, perhaps he may live the longest, enjoy himself the best, and trouble mankind the least with his idiosyncrasies.

THE FASTING MAN.

Called on the fasting man. Heard that he had fasted forty days; did not at first believe it. But when I found that the physician had testified to the fact in public print, and when I heard the testimony of his wife and neighbors, I could but believe the fact. Calvin Morgan is a farmer, living in the town of Groton, near New London, Ct. Naturally, he is a man of strong passion, craving disposition, voracious appetite, and very avaricious for gain. He would eat like a lion, drive like Jehu, toil all day and all night, and then think that he had not done enough. Nothing but the grace of God could curb his ferocious nature, or break his iron will. Yet, as a Christian, he is one of the most docile, humble, lamblike disciples, that I ever saw. He generally prays by the hour, and he fasts often to keep his nature subdued. Whether travelling the road, or at the plough, he almost invariably stops at the appointed moment, drops upon his knees, and calls upon his God. He is one of the few prophets who has the greater honor in his own country, or more honor at home than abroad. No man acquainted with him can doubt his sincerity, the purity of his motives, or the depth of his piety

In the year 1840, he was impressed that, to have a closer walk with God, he must fast more than was his custom, which was twice a week. He saw so little faith in professors, so little trust and venture upon God, that he thought it no presumption to take God at his word. His nature is full of daring, full of venture, and full of the marvellous. He felt that man should not live by bread alone, and that God would sus-

tain life for a certain period without bread, if we would trust him, and be wholly consecrated to his service. He laughed at men of little faith, and gloried in the chance to venture out upon God's promises. He believed that God would sustain man now in fasting, the same as he did Elijah and Moses, provided his faith should be unwavering; and the day that his faith should waver, that day would he die. He had no idea of dying; his faith was his meat and drink, and was more than life.

On the seventeenth day, the physician came to visit him, and continued every day but one, until the forty days had expired. He came of his own accord, or by the solicitation of friends, as the patient had no need of him, and desired not his counsels. He placed a little salt upon his tongue to allay the fever, and drank a little water, and this was all his nourishment. The physician declared that he could have told in a moment if he had received any other nourishment. During the last days many thought he would die, and poured forth many fruitless prayers that he would eat. But he was inflexibly firm in his purpose, and as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. He declared that he had meat they knew not of, — that wine and milk were making fat his soul; and, in his dreams, he had been fed with all manner of delicious fruits and food, and he should never die so long as by faith he could have access to the tree and river of life. His wife, who is a woman of good sense and strong faith and judgment, demanded that the friends, who now crowded the house, should not tease him any more; for, if it were the will of God, that same God would sustain him. His flesh had nearly dwindled away, his eyes were sunken,

and his "knees were weak through fasting," so that he could not rise from prayer without assistance; yet he could sit up, and, when once upon his feet, could walk around the house almost every day. He was an object of curiosity to many visitors, and especially to the physician. But he came to regard these visitors of but little account, as they could not comprehend his motive, nor the holy joys of his experience. And, as many of them were determined to have him die, he might truly say to them, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" When the last day and hour had come, his wife proposed to him that he should now take a little gruel, as it was six o'clock in the evening, — the time when he commenced. Yet he insisted on waiting till *morning!* But his wife was now imperious in her demands, and now came the most critical moment. The moment he takes food his fast is ended, and the spell of faith is broken, and Nature is left alone to rally. Therefore, when he took the first nourishment, he was in the greatest danger, and then life became wellnigh extinct. He undertook to stand up, and, Samson-like, "to go out as at other times before, and shake himself," and he wist not that the strength of his faith had departed from him. He reeled and fell backward; and now, more than ever, alarmed his friends. However, he revived, and gradually recovered his strength, and still remains a giant of faith, and a practical advocate of fasting. Faith and Fasting! The one a means, and the other a principle of grace, almost in disuse in our degenerate times. Hail! thou champion of primitive times! thou successor of the apostles and martyrs! May thy example and thy faith meet a reward of a hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come

life everlasting. The first time that I heard of him was at New London, when we were under high pressure, and were pushing the battle to the gates. A very loud voice of prayer rose above the confusion of the conflict, when a local preacher whispered to me, "Do you know that man?" "No," said I. "Well, you need n't be afraid of him," said he; "that man is of true steel; he is the man who fasted forty days!" And so I found him. His prayer seemed to move heaven and earth. And from that day forth we labored in many a hard-fought battle, and won by faith many glorious victories. His presence at a strange place always awakens curiosity; and, at a camp-meeting or a protracted meeting, he is the lion of the day. His talent is not superior, and what he accomplishes must be purely by faith, and such faith as comes only by prayer and fasting.

GOING HOME.

A WEARY pilgrim here I roam;
No place on earth can be my home;
The friends I loved have gone before;
They're calling me to yonder shore.

CHORUS—"I'm going home," etc.

On Jordan's banks with palms they stand,
To greet me on the golden strand;
They're standing there, by faith I see,
And wave their hands to welcome me.

On zephyr's breeze they fan my breath;
On seraph wing they smile at death;
Their spirits fan this cheek of clay;
Their voices call me far away.

A cherub child, with angel charms,
There calls a mother to its arms;
And oh, the rapture! how she smiled,
To meet her lovely, long-lost child!

A poor old father's left to moan
The last sad bird that sings alone;
He joys to think the hour has come,
That brings the pilgrim to his home.

While tottering down this vale of tears,
He's found a staff to stay his fears;
And for his dim and dusky sight,
He's found a lamp his path to light.

O friends, I come! I'm almost o'er;
One parting pang, and death's no more;
Down Jordan's banks I trembling go,
And feel the floods my soul o'erflow.

Ah! Jesus leads me safely through;
Th' immortal shores now heave in view;
Farewell, my friends! I bid you come;
My friends, farewell! I'm going home.

PASSING AWAY.

Life's but a dream that lasts an hour,
Joy's but a meteor through the skies,
Youth's but the dew that decks the flower,
Hope but a glowworm — soon it dies.

Chorus — We are passing away; we are passing away;
We are passing away to the great judgment day.

As morning clouds and early dew,
As flowers fade and fruits decay,
As bubbles break and sink from view,
As autumn leaves we pass away.

As mountain rills we seek the shore,
And quickly find the billowy strand;
Death as a boatman plies the oar,
And swiftly hurries us from land.

How blessed the saint when called to die,
How calm he sinks to heavenly rest,
How mildly beams his closing eye,
As sinks the sun in parting west!

How sweet to die and be at rest,
When weary life's day's work is done!
Yea, sweet to lie on Jesus' breast,
And feel the heavenly work begun!

Oh, may I die as sets the sun,
To rise and shine in brighter sky!
Oh, may I lay my head upon
The arm of Jesus when I die!

ANCHOR HOPE.

We've launched our bark, unfurled our sail,
Our anchor — Hope, we hold;
We'll ride secure through every gale,
In every storm be bold.

Chorus — We'll stem the storm,
It won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by.

When clouds arise, and stars all fail,
And all is lost in night,
We'll cast our Hope within the veil,
And wait till morning light.

Sometimes our Captain seems asleep;
O Master! save — we die!
Now calm and hushed the troubled deep —
"Be not afraid — 'tis I."

We now behold th' immortal shore,
Yet breakers dash our prow;
To prayer! then pull! oh, pull the oar!
And safe we'll anchor now.

When death's dread breakers damp our joy,
And sink this bark below,
The watchman cries, "There's land, ahoy!"
And on to heaven we go.

We'll climb upon our cable — Faith,
When ribs and spars give way;
And shout defiance unto death,
Throughout an endless day.

BETHLEHEM.

We're marching through a desert waste,
In hopes to find a resting-place,
Away in Bethlehem.
Through sorrow's night we've travelled far,
But see at last the rising star,
Away in Bethlehem.

On Pisgah's height at length we stand,
And view from far the promised land,
Away in Bethlehem.
Our 'raptured spirits catch the sight,
And leap to bask within the light,
Away in Bethlehem.

We soon shall strike the golden shore,
And sing and shout for evermore,
Away in Bethlehem.
When marching through the golden street,
We'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
Away in Bethlehem.

LOST PILGRIM.

Deep sinking down in mire and clay,
A helpless victim lone I lay,
  Beneath a mighty load;
My path was dark, no friend was nigh,
I settled down at last to die,
  Far from the heavenly road.

But now a stranger came that way;
He saw me sink beneath the clay,
  And heard my bubbling cry;
He caught and placed me on a rock;
But oh, to tell!—the dreadful shock
  Made him, not me, to die!

I saw his hands — his bleeding side;
I heard him groan; for me he died —
  Thrice-blessed Son of God.
Praise him, my soul, give thanks and sing;
Strike loud thy harp, strike every string,
  And sound his praise abroad.

But when, alas! again I fell,
Oh! who my dread despair can tell —
  My groans, my prayers, my tears?
The only friend who could relieve,
Now doubly injured, could I grieve?
  Ah, dreadful were my fears!

Oh! now, my God, to thee I cling;
To thee I pray, give thanks, and sing;
  And may I never fall.
Oh! may I strive to reach the shore,
Where Satan's power is felt no more,
  And Christ is all in all.

SONG OF CREATION.

CREATION'S FIRST WORK.

CREATION'S natal morn, whose orient beams
First shot athwart the realms of Chaos, Night,
And Erebus, I sing. And Eden's streams,
Gold, bdellium, onyx stone, and all 't was bright
In Paradise, to charm the dazzling sight;
Hiddekel, Gihon, Pison, rivers old,
And birds whose dulcet warbles of delight
Vied with th' Four Rivers as they rippling rolled
Their ever-tuneful tides o'er sparkling sands of gold.

II.

"God said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light."
Light leaps electric from th' omnific throne,
Upon the sable brow of ancient night;
The shades retreat; the first day's work is done;
Light beamed before that spark was struck—the sun.
God called it day, and darkness he called night;
Though darkness reigned—no star nor rising moon—
'T was darkness pure as noonday's holy light.
Sin ne'er had garbed its blackness with her cursed blight.

III.

The Evening and the Morning call young Time,
With pendulum of years, to mark the strand
Where past and future *Everlasting* chime.
Flushed with unwrinkled youth he takes his stand,
One foot on sea, and one on forming land,
And notes the reverend age of field and flood.
Three sunless days moved round with dial hand,
And at the close of each the angels stood,
To answer from the watchful heavens that all was good.

IV.

God said, "With form and shape, O earth! uprear
Thy head, and let thy waters backward roll;
Let mountains rise, and let dry land appear."
Forthwith the elements, from pole to pole,
From centre, through vast circuits, round the whole
Of this great globe, unite to form the brow
Of embryon earth's emerging infant soul.
Baptized she rises as a rising prow;
Back roll the whirling waters where they 're rolling now.

V.

God said, "Let earth bring forth grass, herbs, and flowers,
And fruit-trees yielding fruit; and it was so."
And swift, as by Enchantment's magic powers,
Up Vegetation's kingdom sprung, in glow
Of green, pink, purple, scarlet, and the blow
Of Amaranths. The third day's work is done;
The rose in beauty blooms, no thorn to know,
No poisonous herbs t' infect each new-born son,
No nipping frosts, no chilling winds, no winter—none.

VI.

Behold, in chambers of the gorgeous east,
As opening wide morn's golden gates display
The rising painter of the flow'ry feast!
Lo, there! in majesty's august array,
O'er Eden's hills, the matchless King of Day!
Face of Omnipotence! Ancient of Days!
Glory ineffable! Hail, holy dawning ray!
I stand aghast in rapture's silent gaze,
O'erwhelmed in wonder at thy glory's peerless blaze.

VII.

God said, "Let earth and seas bring forth in kind
Abundantly, fish, fowl, and creeping things."
Now every hill and shore with life is lined;
Birds rising praise their God on buoyant wings,
And strike on Nature's harp a thousand strings;
Beasts waking from their lairs with dance adore;
And fish in frolic rise from ocean's springs,
All free from pain, no hook their gills to gore,
No fisher's baited line to fright them from the shore.

VIII.

The lion and the lamb in concord rest,
And sanguine blood ne'er stained the savage jaw;
The turtle coos upon the feline breast,
Nor trembling fears the prowling panther's paw.
All Nature's ruled by this one common law—
The law of love. No 'lectric clouds are rife
With bursting fires, or earth with quaking flaw;
No warring beasts engender bloody strife;
No flaming sword debars them from the tree of life.

IX.

'T is sweet to gaze on Eden's sinless bowers:
'T is sweet to hear the ripple of her rills,
And taste the odor of her thornless flowers;
'T is sweet to hear the warblings from her hills,
Of birds that never knew of winter's chills,
Nor pain, nor pining, nor the artful snare.
Oh, let me wander from life's troubling ills!
Here, bid my weary, sin-sick soul to share
One moment of forgetfulness from earth's despair.

X.

Eden! thou wast my dream when but a boy;
When fatherless and penniless I sought,
Unwelcomed, sad, from door to door, employ,
And found the world's cold charities but naught.
Eden! towards thee I turned my wandering thought,
When my poor mother sick, lay sorrowing, low,
In cottage old, and snows I deemed had wrought
Her winding sheet; as o'er her couch they 'd blow,
I thought of thine Elysium, by her widowed woe.

XI.

Ah! boyhood 's fled, and manhood 's made to bow;
This cheek is fading, and this heart repines.
Oh! let me linger round thy precincts now,
As Time's harsh fingers mark these furrowed lines.
These eyes have seen enough of crafts and crimes,
These ears have heard enough of sighs below;
These feet have sped o'er many thorny climes,—
Enough of sorrow's flood they 've felt to flow;—
Then give me bowers that never knew of mortal woe.

XII.

Be there in all this earth a chosen spot
  Where spirits disembodied deign to dwell,
In vestal vale, or grove or silent grot,
  'T is here in Eden! Reader! come and swell
  Thy heart's sweet music with the spirit spell.
Come, let 's forget our grief of life,
  And by Siloa's stream, with tuneful shell,
Converse with spirit scenes unknown to strife,
Where sickness, sin, deceit, and anger ne'er were rife.

XIII.

Is this a dream? What sylphlike forms I see
  Floating on fairy footsteps' flow'ret bed!
What voices these? What wipes this tear from me?
  'Tis sweet to converse with the sainted dead;
  'Tis sweet to feel bereavement's tears we've shed,
Now wiped by unseen hands as mine seem now.
  Oh, be my wandering footsteps ever led
From Eden's brink to Calvary's hallowed brow,
With saints, to love, forget, forgive, in holy vow.

CREATION OF MAN.

Creation 's incomplete. Lo! fields and flowers
We 've seen, beasts, birds, and beauteous Eden's bowers,
But no majestic form, no stately frame,
No ruling power to guard them or to name.
Th' Almighty seems to pause, as if t' impress
Our minds with nobler powers of godliness.
"Let us make man."—Empyrean regions rung
With hallelujahs loud, by angels sung,

To greet a rising race of higher grade,
"A little lower than the angels made."
Fire, water, air, and earth combine to plan,
With flesh and bone, the sinewy frame of man.
And there he lay, a cold and lifeless clod,
A marble form, cold as the heathen's god;
Eyes, hands, and organs felt no mortal strife,
Till "God breathed in his nostrils breath of life."
Erect he stands! Majestic, Godlike frame,
Earth's sovereign lord, o'er peopled realms to reign.
Dominion thrones his brow, earth maps his chart;
Beasts bow for names, then two by two depart.
Earth's deep foundations now complete are laid,
Now living creatures rise, now man is made.
And sons of God enraptured shout for joy,
And morning stars their sweetest songs employ.
By all creation—earth, saints, seraphs, heaven—
Is one eternal, glorious anthem given,
Save one;—'tis Adam. Why is he thus mute—
The lord of earth and fish and fowl and brute?
He was *alone*. Deep thoughts his bosom heaved.
Alone he sat, he sighed, alone he grieved.
All creatures in companionship rejoice,
In mellow accents to each other's voice;
In twain beasts rested, folded in their lairs;
In twain birds nested—sweetly singing pairs;
In twain are all save him! Each sigh, each moan
But tells too plainly, he's *alone! alone!*

CREATION OF WOMAN.

Then Adam, lone and weary, bowed in sleep,
Elysian flowers in sweet ambrosia steep
With dreams his senses—happy, glorious dreams,
Enchanting more than Eden's banks or streams.
He dreamed a beauteous image stood before,
With slender frame and tresses waving o'er,
And rosy cheeks that blush at mortal stain,
And eyes that seeing once we wish again.
Her looks all loveliness, her form all grace,
The *beau ideal* of a new-born race,
Too fine for earth, and yet too gross for heaven —
An intermediate being, gracious given,
So fair that Heaven's collected charms seemed spent,
In matchless beauty's generous lavishment.
He dreamed that from his side was gone a part,
To circle round another lovely heart.
And now, in misty shades, approaching near
His waking, misty eyes, strange sights appear!
He wakes! Lo, Eve, the Queen of Paradise,
In magic beauty, greets his glowing eyes! —
God's last, best gift — Creation's crowning deed,
The heart of man to bless, perchance to bleed.
She 's bending o'er, in Nature's sculptured grace,
With holy love's bright, beaming, conquering face.
"Is this a dream?" he cries — "a phantom shape,
A fairy, come to bless, and then to 'scape?"
He raised his head — the vision's still in view;
It stands before, nor with his dream withdrew.
He rose — his eyes waxed brighter as he gazed;
Now reaching forth, half hopeful, half amazed,
He seized her hand; — such joy before unknown!
"'Tis! 'Tis!" he cries, "*my* flesh — my bone of bone!"
And on his knees, as if his God t' adore,
With hands still clasped in hers, he bows before;

Thus meeting, face to face and eye to eye,
Thus hand to hand and heart to heart, on high
Is seen the holy radiance of Shekinah's power,
Distilling glory on the nuptial bower.
New bands now formed to bless our lovely earth,
New joys create now take their lively birth,
New odors gush from Eden's opening flowers,
New music rolls through Eden's 'chanted bowers,
As opening flow'rets shed their fragrant store,
And wings of zephyr waft the perfume o'er;
Angelic choirs hymenean hymns prolong—
"*Hail, wedded love! best boon of man!*" the song.

WARNING.

Oh, for a warning voice, whose sounding breath
Could reach fair Eve, and save a world from death!
Oh, for a trumpet's sound, whose dread alarm
Could break the spell — the wily tempter's charm!
O Eden! can it be that all thy light
Of glory sets in one eternal night?
Shall rivers run with blood, beasts howl with wails?
Shall skies all filled with wrath pour pestilential gales?
Shall deeds of murder seek the sheltering night,
And make night hideous to the rules of right?
Harken! O heavens! Is there no angel power
To guard the precincts of this nuptial bower?
Shall Lucifer, that fall'n, rebellious star,
Smite infant Earth with blasts, blights, blood, and war?
Ye sages! deeply versed in wisdom's ways,
Behold the wisdom Satan here displays!
Ye thieves and robbers! villains! scamps!— what not?
Behold the crafty founder of your lot!
Whom first shall he address? What guise assume,
To turn to wilderness an Eden's bloom?

What arts devise? What lies with truth to swell,
To pave in Paradise the path to hell?
Stern *man!* incredulous and cold in heart,
By reason braced, he'll heed no tempter's art—
Too cold, too miserly, he'll count the cost,
Reck'ning by mites and mills, what gained or lost;
Alone, or by his bride, all arts must fail,
Should him the wily tempter first assail.
But *woman!* — generous, gentle, passive, warm,
Confiding woman! — she must stem the storm
Of tempest trial; she, the weaker part,
Must bare her bosom to the venomed dart.
As sweetest flow'rets soonest feel the hand,
As prowling wolves seek out the tender lamb,
As unfledged birdlings caught within their nest,
Thus unsuspecting beats her generous breast —
All confidence! — to Love a willing slave,
Let come what will — Elysium or the grave.
Then she must be th' unwilling medium power,
Through which the 'lectric shock of sin shall shower
Destruction on the globe — *she* bear the blame
Of all this world's iniquity and shame —
She spread sin's virus, to increase with rage,
Through every climate, kindred, country, age.

TEMPTATION.

Consummate skill! a serpent form appears!
The fairest creature genial Nature rears;
For then no dread associations fell,
With sound of serpent as the voice of hell.
Nor, prone to earth, his lofty pride inclines,
But high the bough each circling fold entwines,

With changing hues, to match the matchless skies!
With double tongue! gazelle's enchanting eyes!
What em'rald lustre! vari'gated scales!
What vocal strains, on aromatic gales!
What matchless charms, to soothe each passion still!
What magic eyes!—Who can resist his will?

Yet Eve without a struggle ne'er can yield;
Her pure, warm heart by *Conscience* firm is steeled—
Uncompromising Conscience, throned in state
Supreme, nor yielding easy as in after date.
But she, now lonely wandering far away,
Felt hunger on her laboring vitals prey.
Food is the bait the wily fiend displays;
'Twas thus with Christ when fasting forty days.
Forbidden fruit now strikes her wistful sight,
Now doubly preys her longing appetite;
'Twas pleasant to behold; so then she'd look;
'Twas good for food; so then—*almost*—she took!
But Conscience, louder than the thunder stroke
That shocks the murderer, as first he wakes
From deeds of death, to Eve in terror spoke:—
"Stay! stay thy hand! one prohibition makes
God's firm allegiance: this but small, once broke,
Though easy kept, thy *life* the forfeit takes!"

Now, swift as lightning, Satan seized a bough,
And round and round in serpent coil he drew,
On that forbidden tree where Eve had gazed,
And in chameleon colors there he blazed!
Eyes rolled with dimmed but yet celestial fire;
Voice tuned, though sad, by heaven's melodious lyre.
Hues rich as rainbows o'er the sea of glass,
But now in glory's ruin all! alas!

Attracted by the novel, wondrous sign;
Eve gazed with half surprise and half delight;

Pleased with the dulcets of his syren song,
She stood enchanted, fixed, nor knew how long.
Now Satan o'er her mind his meshes wove;
He praised, he flattered, and he talked of love;
Her pious passion, modest, gentle, coy,
Her peerless beauty and her speaking eye,
Her upright frame, chaste as the silver moon;
Such beauties n'er aspire for heaven too soon;
So grand seemed woman,—highest, latest given,—
She scorns her Paradise and gasps for heaven.

"And hath God said, It cannot be?" he cried;
"For I have taken—eaten—have not died.
Food's not the sole inducement for this deed,
And not for appetite alone I plead;
Besides its vigor for thy tender frame,
To swell life's tide in every throbbing vein,
Diviner powers this fruit shall thee impart,
And higher motives now must swell thy heart.
By this is *knowledge*—wondrous wisdom given,
To 'stablish thee among the thrones of heaven.
And Wisdom is an attribute of God!
No sin in Him to whom the mountains nod!
No sin in thee! Then reverently aspire
To throne thyself with heaven's eternal Sire.
Knowledge is food on which the angels feed;
Knowledge is power—the strength of mightiest deed;
Knowledge shall throne thee o'er the sons of earth,
Till men and angels mark thy rightful birth,
When all creation shall rejoice to see
Thee look, speak, walk, and move, a deity!
Thou sovereign Grace! this moment taste, when, lo!
From ruby lips divinest wisdom flow!"

Now Conscience plied her unavailing lash;
Eve's heart's quick throbbings 'gainst her bosom dash,

As doth a fluttering bird compulsive caged;
Thus heaven's and hell's opposing forces raged.
Her hand stretched forth had seized the tempting prize,
And held it distant from her longing eyes.
Her ravished eyes on vacancy grow dim;
Distracting thoughts now o'er her temples swim—
When lo!—forbid it Heaven!—th' unwilling hand,
Slow moving at her troubled thoughts' command,
As Conscience, foiled, reluctantly retreats,
Now brings it to her *lips!*—she *tastes!*—she *eats!*

CONSTERNATION OF ADAM.

O Adam! where wast thou that fatal hour
When Eve, far from thine arms' protecting power,
There met—what scarce an angel could endure?
Saw'st thou the unequal combat on that field?
Her firm resolve to ne'er submit or yield?
Th' alternate passions furious raging there—
Joy, grief, ambition, hope, and now despair?
As forest trees, when warring winds engage,
Now here, now there, they bow to fiercer rage,
Till monarch oaks, deep-rooted, firm and tall,
Now swerving, yielding, breaking, crashing fall,
So in her breast does passion's tempest rise;
Two foes engage in fight—the world the prize.
And Satan wins, by treachery and guile;—
Mankind the captives—peopled earth the spoil.

And Adam waited long her slow return;
Warm in his heart does love's sweet passion burn·
Her absence leaves such vacancy within—
To be alone! it is almost a sin!

Her cherub charms are imaged in each flower,
Her seraph voice seems echoing from the bower,
Her smiling features dance upon the sun,
And where she is has heaven below begun.

To make this meeting glad as was their first,
When soul to soul first met, and glories burst
From worlds on high, to bless their nuptial bands,
He forms a flow'ry wreath with tender hands;
He plucks from sloping banks of richest hue,
Such "flowers as ne'er in other climates grew,"
With incense sweet. 'Twas worthy her and him,
To crown her with a floral diadem.

Now Fancy paints Eve's footsteps coming slow;
Birds sing, buds opening bloom, sweet zephyrs flow;
All Nature smiles with fragrant, dewy tears; —
When, lo, in path unlooked for, Eve appears!
How changed! Her features fallen! eyes inflamed!
Her hair dishevelled! cheeks abashed! ashamed!
Intemperance in her veins! her burning breath! —
But tell too plainly there the work of death.
Oh, shame! Is this the maid to Adam given —
Pure as the bolted snow-flake lit from heaven —
A seraph form, scarce doomed to touch the earth —
First of the genii whose celestial birth
Should bless the Paradise of man, and flood
The earth with love, with glory, and with God?

Astonishment sits throned on Adam's brow;
He ne'er felt grief before, but feels it now!
His hand lets fall the wreath! his blood is chill!
Eyes stare! cheeks blanched! heart frozen as a stone
that's still.
And thrice he strove to speak — again essayed
To vent his sorrow o'er his Eve betrayed!

"O Eve! where hast thou been? what hast thou done?
I warned thee of the tempter; he hath won
Thy soul. How couldst thou leave me? why thus die?
Why bless these arms a day, then withering lie
With worms, deep buried in the cold, cold ground?
No Eve for me! No eye, voice, look, touch, sound!
Alas! why did I for a help-meet pray?
O fairest flower! thou soonest fad'st away!
Ten thousand times no wedded joys I'd choose,
Than once these joys to have, and then to lose.
I'll not survive to bend me o'er thy tomb,
To read thy beauty, love, and early doom
On mem'ry's tablets of my breaking heart, —
How first we met, — how lived, — how sadly part!
No! no! Each flower, each stream, each spot would speak
Associations that my heart would break.

"Sweet dreams! When cares disturbed my troubled breast,
Fatigued with naming beasts I fell to rest —
All weary, lonely, sad, I silent lay.
What heavenly visions blessed my opening ray!
Thou didst appear, with love's sweet glancing eye —
A lovely angel from thy native sky,
To bless my hopes, my soul, my sense, my arms,
With seraph, love-enraptured beauty's charms.
Mixed in embrace we met, nor soon we knew
Of time — unheeded, swift or slow, it flew.
From speaking eyes our answering spirits drank
Sweet cordial nectar of cherubic rank.

"But now, O Eve, my love, my life, my all,
Thou art to die! Lo! death now weaves thy pall,
In fretting network on thy fading cheek
Thy sinking frame, thy poisoned limbs all weak;
And sure, alas, the redness of thine eye
Tells unmistakably that thou must die!

No more thine unveiled frame, in beauty fair,
Shall bow with me in humble evening prayer; —
No more the mellow warbles of thy voice
Shall make the music of my soul rejoice; —
No more the grace and glory of thy holy charms
Shall bless with joy these lonely, vacant arms.
O cruel Eve! why break my anguished heart?
Why leave me so? why heed the tempter's art?
But still not all to blame — thou wast deceived;
Oh, tenfold worse! I am indeed bereaved!
Witness, ye stars! with her by fate I'm led;
I cannot live to see her cold and dead.
Farewell to life! With thee, O Eve, I go!
Farewell to hope! We sink to shades below!
Farewell to Eden! Eden has no bloom
When thou, the fairest, liest in the tomb.

"Together we've been joined by Heaven above,—
Together we have lived in holy love,—
Together all this paradise to share,—
Together we have kneeled in solemn prayer,—
Together felt our melting hearts unite,
In bands more strong than death, in worlds of light.
Should I but share the best, and not the worst?
Should I with thee be blest, and not be cursed?
Thou art the weaker vessel, doomed to share
A mighty curse, too great for both to bear.
Oh, could my willing arm's protecting power
Have shielded thee in that momentous hour!
As one we've wandered through fair Pison's vale,
As one our voices warbled o'er the dale,
As one we've slept by Gihon's gentle wave;
One place we've filled—we'll fill a single grave.
O Eve! *together* we've been joined from high —
Together lived — together will we die!"

Swift seizing from her hand the fruit, he eats—
Swift coursing through his veins the poison beats—
Swift shades come swimming o'er his dizzy eyes,
And Innocence resumes her native skies.
Grieved Nature sighs, and whirlwinds rend the air,
And earthquakes heave with groans of dread despair;
Sad weeping tear-drops fall from every flower;
Clouds angry roll with pestilential power,
From caves far westward, near the setting sun.
Through hell's wide gate now first diseases sprung—
A pale, cadaverous, ghastly train, whose breath
Bears fever, famine, plague, contagion, death!
Death's flaming sword now guards the tree of life;
Wild, warring beasts begin their bloody strife;
Dread thunders flame along the troubled sky;
And shuddering angels bear the tidings high,
Thrice echoing back, o'er frightened Eden crossed,
The sad intelligence that *"All is lost!"*

EXPULSION.

Sweet Innocence! bright daughter of the skies!
Thou cam'st with sunny smiles and sparkling eyes,
With buoyant step and silver-tinseled wing,
To bless earth's infant, blooming cheek of spring,—
A cherub fair, fresh from thy heavenly home,
O'er amaranths to revel and to roam,
Imbibing incense from each rosy wild,—
Heaven's fairest, happiest, holiest, sweetest child!
Thrice-welcome guest, to earth's first banquet spread,
For thee ambrosial flow'rets fragrance shed,
And sons of God with thee their harps first string,
With morning stars Creation's hymn to sing.

Thou knew'st no blush, nor felt the sting of shame,
Nor sought earth's woven vestures for thy frame,—
Nor fig-leaf garbs,—to shield from shame, from cold,—
O Innocence! lost! lost! thy days of old!

Hark!—from the garden in the cool of day,
A voice!—the walking of the Lord that way.
"O Adam! where art thou? He calls for thee.
Come forth and hear thy woful destiny!"
The disobedient pair now prostrate fall,
With sin-stained lips for mercy piteous call.
Forthwith He drives them out. High o'er the way
The cherubim their fiery flames display,
To guard the tree of life, and show that Law
Demands of Justice every broken flaw.
From Eden east expelled—oh, grief, see there!—
The happy once, but now the wailing, pair.
With them distracted Nature's all at war.
The fiend of storm with brow portentous frowns,
And rumbling on the mountain-peaks from far,
Now peal on peal from peak to peak resounds;
And louder, nearer now, with hideous jar,
Malignant Thunder rolls his rattling car.
Beneath the lightning's flash, the thunder-stroke,
Eve's bursting heart in anguished terrors broke.
On all sides round, the wails of death are heard;
Beast feeds on beast, rapacious bird on bird;
The weak with panting breath, Eve circling round,
Look up in prayer for help from savage wound;
Imploringly with tears they lick the dust;
Their eyes now ask in pity whom to trust;
And gentle birds, that once with matin song
Would, resting on her hand, their notes prolong,
Receiving seeds, nor felt the slightest fear,
Now chased by vultures fierce, are hovering near.

"O Justice, come!" she cries. "Now clog this breath.
Oh! why delays the tardy stroke of death?
Beneath this lightning's flash, this thunder's peal,
Let me, and me alone, the venom feel!

"Ye innocents! why cast on me your eyes?
And why upbraid me with your piteous cries?
O guilty hand that seized the poison store!
Now withering, die — accursed for evermore.
These eyes that gazed on that forbidden fruit —
These ears that heard the lying serpent brute —
These lips that tasted of the tempting bait,
Now see, hear, taste, no more! — but death await!
O bleeding bosom, burst! eyes, swim with tears!
All sons of earth I've cursed — eternal years!
Yes, I, their mother! I — O heavens! — have hurled,
Through their deep graves, to hell an unborn world!
Ye future cells and caves of dark despair!
Ye echoing groans from death-doomed victims there!
Ye sighs that from the broken-hearted heave! —
Resound in woe the frightful name of Eve!
Let no fair child be christened with my name —
Mother of murder, guile, and guilt, and shame!
Oh, howl, thou coiling fiend, thy deeds are done!
My innocence thou'st robbed, my soul thou'st won!
Ye suffering daughters of each coming age,
When serpent eye and double tongue shall rage
In face of man, beware! Hell helps his hand
To scatter thick-strown tombs throughout the land."
This said, she reels — she falls! Now cold and chill,
Nor breath, nor pulse — one sigh, and all is still.
There lies the fairest form e'er made of clay,
In angel sweetness, on the thorny way.

CONSOLATION.

Now Adam bent him o'er in act to speak.
Kindly he spoke, with tears he bathed her cheek.
"O Eve! why yield to grief? why thus despair?
Do I not with thee all thy sorrows share?
Why wish to die? Life yet has charms in store.
What though we leave our home, our bdellium shore,
And Paradise? We are *together* yet —
Together live to tug and toil and sweat.
Labor will make us vigorous and bold,
Sorrow will melt our hearts in tenderest mould,
And suffering will seal our souls as one.
Then live, my love, for we are not undone!
As grapes are closest joined when hardest pressed,
As frightened birdlings nearest hug their nest,
So we will cling together up life's steep,—
Together toil and strive,— together weep.
We'll make an Eden of the mind. With thee
Is Eden, and no wilderness to me.
Then live! Now rise and stand upon thy feet;
Life hath its cares, 'tis true, yet life is sweet."

His words she heard as sounds the far-off shore,
So indistinct, as waves in one they roar.
She wakes! Slow comes sensation back again,
With life's slow pulse on pulse and pain on pain.
Where is she? Still she seems to hear the wails
Of suffering innocents, and, shuddering, fails
To rise from o'er death's brink. A sigh — a chill —
And now again her fainting heart is still.
Yet Life, reluctant, from the shades below
Returns with tortures to prolong her woe.
With opening eyes, half hopeful, half in doubt
Whether she's in the body or is out,

She rises on her knee to taste the air,
And breathe to Mercy's God an humble prayer —
A deep-felt, earnest prayer, such as is heard
By injured maiden waking from despair,
By human fiend too cruelly deceived.
"O Adam! why thus waste thy breath on me?—
I'm so unworthy, so unfit for thee!
My frame is frailty, and my name is woe—
Wo-man! to him who has with me to do.
Oh, let this quaking earth with rocky jaws
Hide me from woes of which I am the cause!
Oh, let me now on death's delirious brink,
Forever, ever to its bottom sink!
Urge not my stay. Thou hast not sinned; 'tis I,—
'Tis I alone, and I alone should die.
God will create for thee another Eve,
To comfort, love, obey, and not deceive.
And when thou liest on thy couch of pain,
And burning fever whirls thy giddy brain,
And she all meekness shall approach thy side,
To 'suage, with prayers and tears, life's burning tide —
Tell her my fate; that I beneath the clod,
Caused all thy sin, thy pain, thy curse of God,
And loss of Eden; I, who loved thee well,
Hath made thy soul a burning, torturing hell.
When bending o'er thy couch, an angel fair,
She pours for thee the ardent, holy prayer,
And with affection's gushing, crystal waves,
Thy burning brow in tenderness she laves,
And calls thy answering spirit back from woe,
And makes another paradise below, —
When lip to lip in love, and eye to eye,
She feels thy passion, drinks each melting sign,—
Tell her the fate of Eve, thy first-born bride,
Unworthy proved, though taken from thy side."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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